FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division SCC

Section 4571

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Calvin College

http://www.archive.org/details/churchmusicwiths00stpe

PRINCETON
OCT 7 1936

Church Music;

WITH

SELECTIONS FOR THE ORDINARY OCCASIONS OF PUBLIC AND SOCIAL WORSHIP,

FROM THE

PSALMS AND HYMNS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ADOPTED AND RECOMMENDED BY

St. Peter's Church, Rochester.

ROCHESTER:
PUBLISHED BY E. DARROW & BROTHER.
65 MAIN STREET.

1855.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by

E. DARROW & BROTHER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of New York.

THOMAS B. SMITH,
STEREOTYPER AND ELECTROTYPER,
82 & 84 Beekman Street, N. Y.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE USE OF THIS BOOK.

I.—TO THOSE WHO CONDUCT PUBLIC WORSHIP.

This book is designed to be used for congregational singing, in connection with the Psalm-Book "approved and authorized by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States of America." Accordingly, the psalms and hymns have been copied into it with the same numbers which they bear in that collection. So that, in using the two books together, it will be necessary to announce the *number of the selection*, and the *number of the psalm or hymn*. When the present book is used by itself, the *number of the selection* only need be named.

II.—TO THOSE WHO DIRECT THE SINGING.

1. In order that the continued and successful coöperation of the congregation in congregational singing may be secured, it is absolutely essential that those psalms in which they are expected to sing should be unfailingly set to tunes perfectly familiar. A single disappointment of the congregation by the substitution of an unfamiliar tune where an old one was expected, may undo all that has been accomplished in many weeks, for the encouragement of hearty and unanimous singing from all the people.

The tunes in this book have been chosen chiefly on the ground of their familiarity to the people; and of these it will be well, for the first few Sundays, if the minister will give out hymns for the commonest and easiest. If there are three or four tunes in it which are not already known to all the people, they will soon become so when the book is faithfully used.

It is a great and obvious advantage to singing in public worship, where a particular hymn is strongly associated with a particular tune. This advantage also will be secured by the proper use of this book, according to its plain intention.

It is, therefore, very urgently recommended, that this book be *not* introduced into the worship of any church, except with the explicit understanding that the hymns which it contains, when read in those parts of the service appointed for congregational singing, shall be *invariably* sung in the tunes with which they are here printed.

2. This book is not intended in any measure to embarrass or discourage the choir. It has been prepared with a full recognition of the usefulness and importance of the choir, not only to lead in the singing of the congregation, but also to perform church-music with reference to its impression upon the people as listeners. But it is evidently impossible to unite these two sorts of singing in the same exercise. It is impossible to have tasteful, impressive, and effective choir-singing, so long as scattering voices in the congregation attempt to join in it, at the pleasure of each individual. It is also impossible to have unanimous, hearty, devout singing from the whole congregation, so long as there is a studious effort after *choir effects*, either in the selection or in the performance of the music, on the part of those who conduct it. Sudden pauses and holds, *crescendoes* and *diminuendoes*, *accelerandoes*, *ritardandoes*, &c., are among the necessary arts of choir-singing, although even in this they are often used injudiciously and excessively; but if used by the choir in leading congregational singing, they serve only to distract the attention of the worshiper, and to discourage the less practiced voices from joining in the psalm.

It is therefore recommended to the choir, in leading the singing of the people, to attempt nothing more than to maintain correct tune and a proper and steady movement.

3. It should be the duty of the director of the music to see that the tunes to be used by the congregation are taught by rote, if not to the whole congregation, at least to all the younger portion of it.

III.—TO THE CONGREGATION.

1. Devotional singing is not a proper subject for criticism. It is not intended to be impressive upon those of the congregation who listen to it in silence, but to be the means of expressing the feelings of those who engage in it. Congregations should remember that it devolves on *them*—and not upon any particular portion of them—by God's help to make this exercise what it should be; and that if it is feeble, and insincere, and unedifying, it is not necessarily by any fault of the choir, but rather of themselves.

2. Wherever, in our American churches, congregational singing is attempted, the result is apt to be a confused and feeble *hum*, accompanying the music of the choir and organ. Some of the causes of this result have already been adverted

to. Where these are obviated, there seems to be no reason why the songs of Zion should not be taken up boldly and confidently—why the great congregation should not learn to make "a *loud* noise," "a *joyful* noise to the Rock of their salvation." When such singing as this shall have become general, there is no man so uncultivated in voice, or so untutored in ear, that he need fear to join the chorus. Individual peculiarities and defects will be drowned in the tide of harmony, and voices otherwise uncertain or discordant will be sustained and carried along in the general current.

3. It ought to be a care to all parents to see that their children learn the tunes which are used in the services of the Lord's house.

IV.—FINALLY:

By all means let there be a PERFECTLY PLAIN UNDERSTANDING *between minister, choir, and people, as to what part the latter two are to take in public worship.* Where there is a choir whose performances are attractive, impressive, and edifying, let it be decided by the proper authority in the church, what part, if any, in the services of the Lord's house, shall be assigned to them; and then let the sentiments of their song be listened to with silence and respect. Let it also be decided at what place in the service the people shall unite in a psalm of worship, and then let familiar words be sung in a familiar tune, and let *all the people* sing with a loud voice. Thus the singing of the choir will not be disturbed by a confused attempt, on the part of one and another in the congregation, at humming an unfamiliar tune; and, on the other hand, the psalm of praise will not be the feeble, hesitating song of a few individuals, but the full, hearty, and sincere voice of the great congregation.

LEONARD W. BACON.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Rochester, August, 1855.

DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

YE angels, round the throne,
And saints, that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise:
With all our powers, eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

L. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heavenly host,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures draw their breath,
By whom redemption blessed the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

L. P. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal power and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

7s. 6 lines.

PRAISE the name of God most high;
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

8s & 7s. Double.

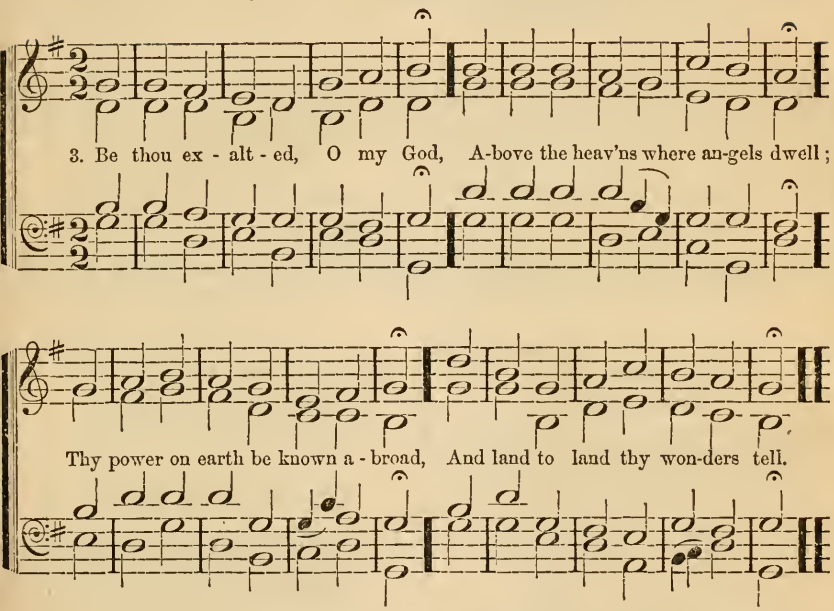
MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

8s, 7s & 4s.

GLORY be to God the Father;
Glory to th' eternal Son;
Sound aloud the Spirit's praises;
Join the elders round the throne:
Hallelujah!
Hail the glorious Three in One.

Church Music.

OLD HUNDREDTH.


3. Be thou ex - alt - ed, O my God, A-bove the heav'ns where an-gels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known a - broad, And land to land thy won-ders tell.

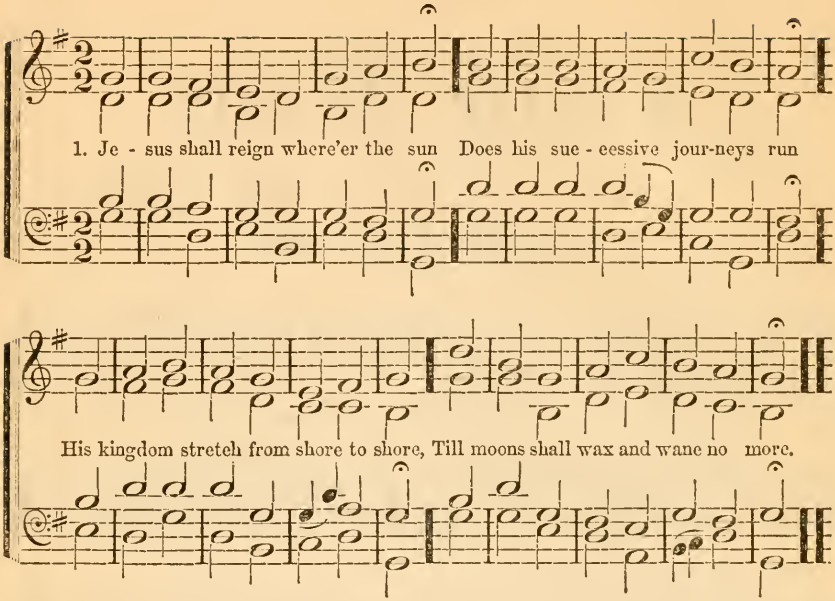
Selection I. Psalm 57.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 omitted.]

4. My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6. Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.


1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his sue - cessive jour-neys run
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Sel. II. Psalm 72, ii.

[Stanzas 2 and 3 omitted.]

4. For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head,
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise,
With every morning's sacrifice.

5. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

6. Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

7. Where He displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more,
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

8. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

Sel. III. Psalm 100, i.

1. YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2. The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3. Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Sel. IV. Psalm 100, ii.

1. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2. His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3. We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5. Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Sel. V. Psalm 117, ii.

1. FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

Sel. VI. Psalm 148, iv.

[Stanzas 2—9 omitted]

1. LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell:
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

10. Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

11. Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12. Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

Sel. VII. Hymn 367.

1. ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2. Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make:
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

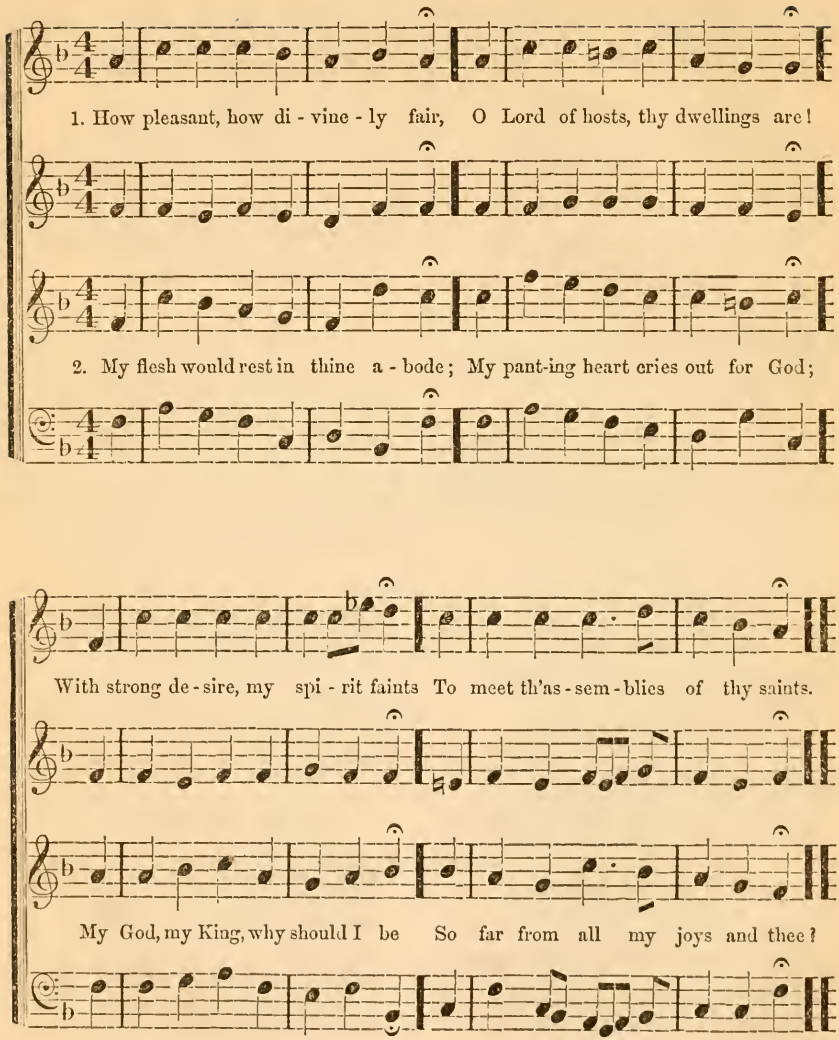
3. O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4. Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Sel. VIII. Hymn 480.

1. DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Though we are guilty, Thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood:
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.


1. How pleasant, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
2. My flesh would rest in thine a - bode; My pant-ing heart cries out for God;
With strong de - sire, my spi - rit faints To meet th'as - sem - blies of thy saints.
My God, my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?

Sel. IX. Psalm 84, i.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want?

4. Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne above the sky;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5. Blest are the saints who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6. Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

7. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Sel. X. Psalm 85, ii.

1. SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord:
And grace descending from on high
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2. Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3. Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4. His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

Sel. XI. Hymn 351.

1. JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days

2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3. Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5. Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

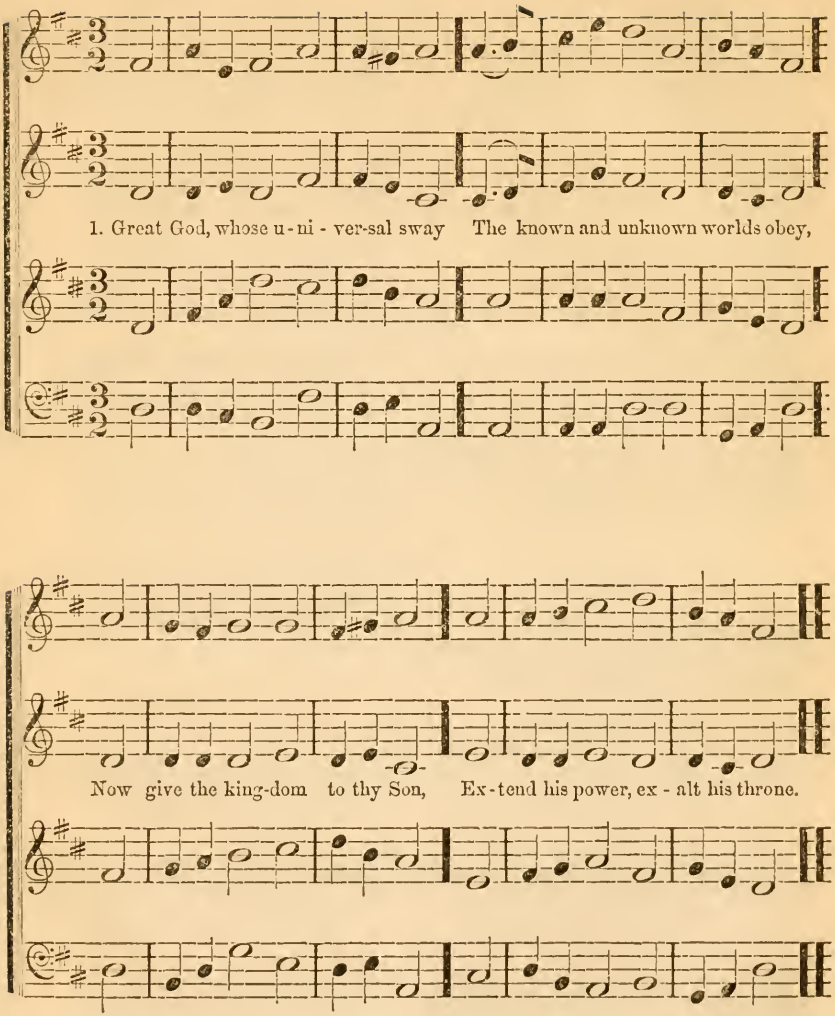
6. Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain:
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Sel. XII. Hymn 446.

1. MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.


1. Great God, whose u - ni - ver-sal sway The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the king-dom to thy Son, Ex - tend his power, ex - alt his throne.

Sel. XIII. Psalm 72, i.

[1st stanza in the music.]

2. Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3. With power He vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5. The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6. The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Sel. XIV. Psalm 97, iii.

1. THE Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2. O! ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3. Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4. Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

Sel. XV. Hymn 195.

1. NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2. See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3. The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4. But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

6. O! may I live to reach the place
Where He unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Sel. XVI. Hymn 238.

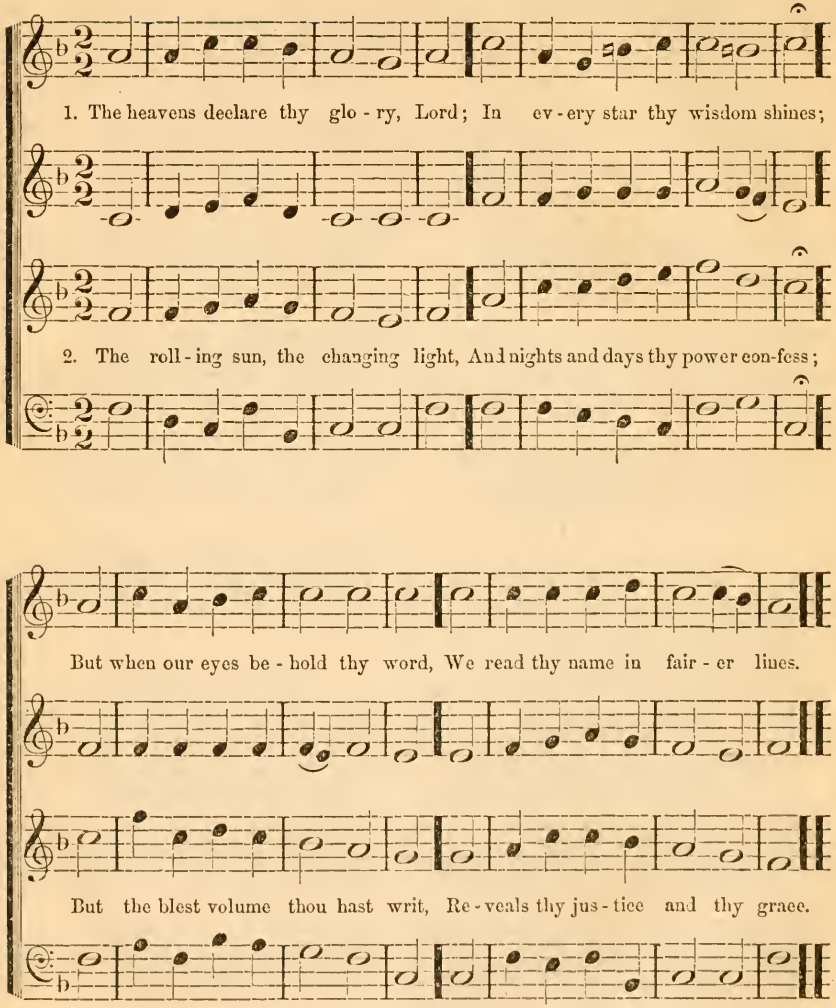
1. WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name!

2. Worthy is He that once was slain, [died,
The Prince of Peace, that groaned and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's side.

3. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—Amen.

UXBRIDGE.

L. MASON. "Carmina Sacra." By permission.


1. The heavens declare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star thy wisdom shines;
2. The roll - ing sun, the changing light, And nights and days thy power con-fess;
But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.
But the blest volume thou hast writ, Re - veals thy jus - tice and thy grace.

Sel. XVII. Psalm 19, iii.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand,
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5. Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6. Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Sel. XVIII. Psalm 36, i.

1. HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2. For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3. Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4. My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5. From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast,
There, mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6. Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Sel. XIX. Psalm 87.

1. GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Sion loves to dwell.

2. His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows:
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3. What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4. Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5. When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourished there.

Sel. XX. Hymn 275.

1. AH wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin,
A nobler toil may I sustain;
A nobler satisfaction win.

2. May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

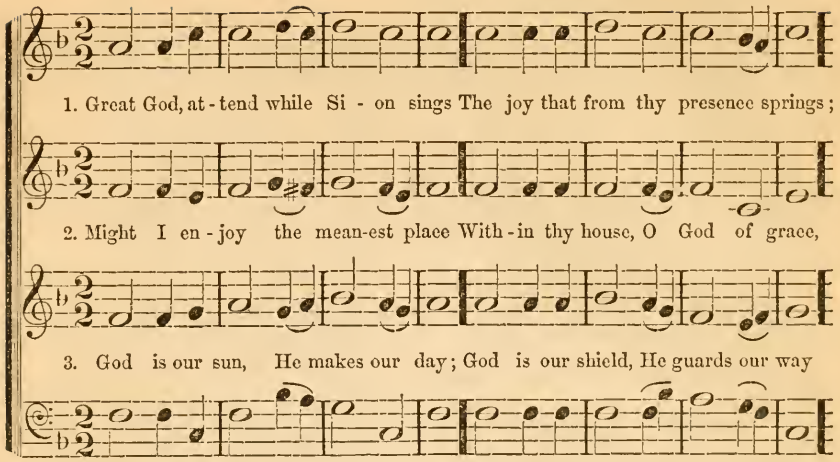
3. O! be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine,
'Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

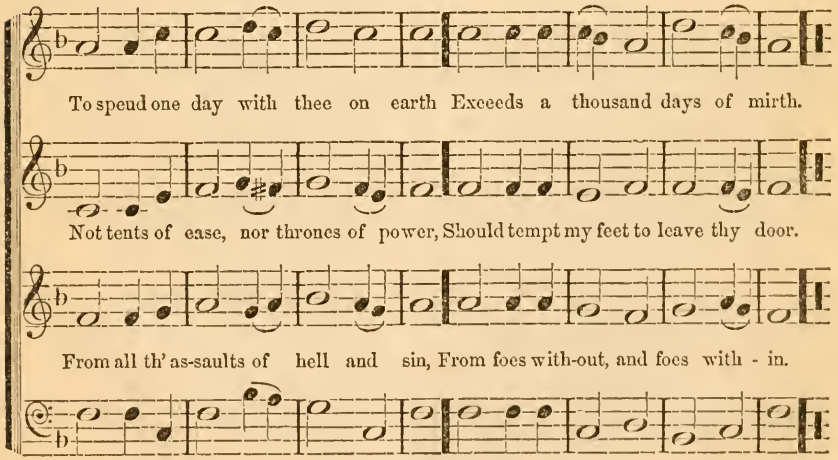
4. Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

5. O! may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HAMBURG.

Arrangement by L. MASON. By permission.


1. Great God, at-tend while Si - on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;
2. Might I en-joy the mean-est place With-in thy house, O God of grace,
3. God is our sun, He makes our day; God is our shield, He guards our way


To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
From all th' as-saults of hell and sin, From foes with-out, and foes with - in.

Sel. XXI. Psalm 84. ii.

[Stanzas 1—3 in the music.]

4. All needful grace will God bestow.
And crown that grace with glory, too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5. O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Sel. XXII. Hymn 108.

1. NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2. Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in Him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4. The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Sel. XXIII. Hymn 349.

1. SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2. Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3. Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Sel. XXIV. Hymn 454.

1. COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine immeasurable grace.

3. Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

Sel. XXV. Hymn 577.

1. O SUN of righteousness, arise,
With gentle beams on Sion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2. On all around let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend;
That we may hail salvation ours.

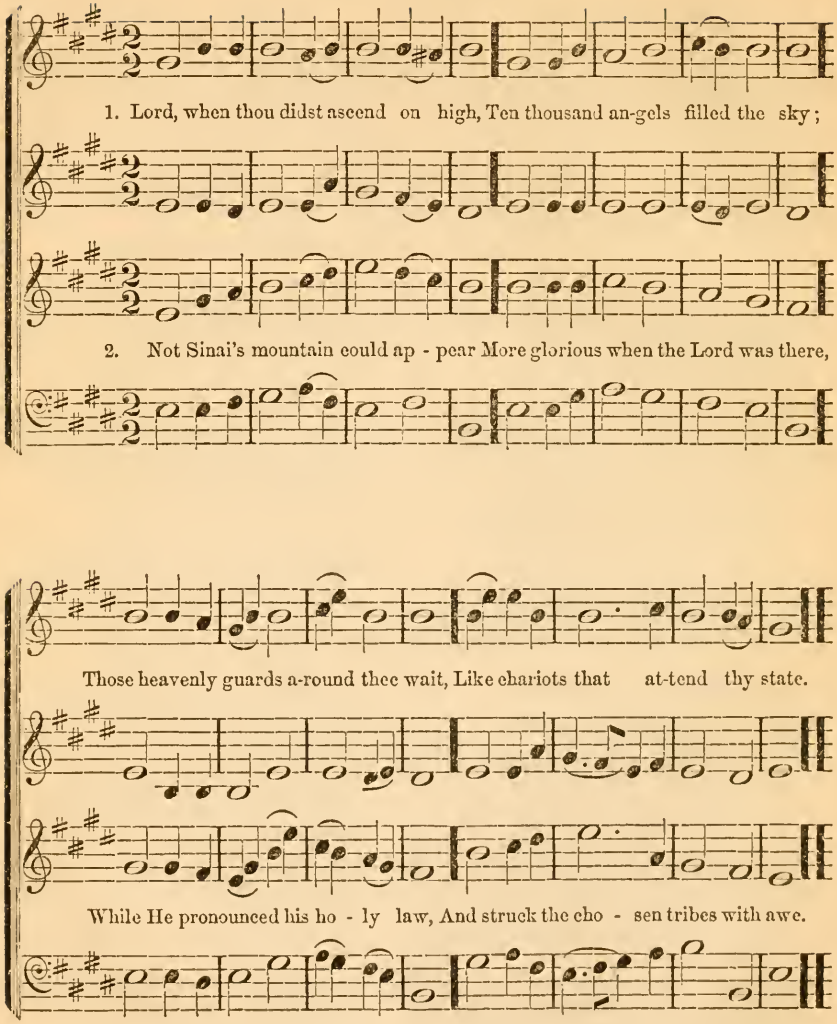
Sel. XXVI. Hymn 639.

1. UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invades thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch his soft repose.

3. So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4. Break from his throne, illustrious morn,
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.


1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an-gels filled the sky;
2. Not Sinai's mountain could ap - pear More glorious when the Lord was there,
Those heavenly guards a-round thee wait, Like chariots that at-tend thy state.
While He pronounced his ho - ly law, And struck the cho - sen tribes with awe.

Sel. XXVII. Psalm 68, ii.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all, in chains, like captives, led.

4. Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

Sel. XXVIII. Hymn 207.

1. NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2. 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3. To Jesus our atoning Priest,
To Jesus our exalted King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4. Behold, on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see Him move;
Tho' with our sins we pierced Him once,
Still He displays his pardoning love.

5. The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

Sel. XXIX. Hymn 553.

1. ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2. Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3. No more let human blood be spilt,—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, declare thy name,
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

Sel. XXX. Hymn 561.

1. SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power,
Be this thy Sion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2. Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On western wilds, and heathen plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And be the universe thine own.

3. Speak—and the world shall hear thy voice'
Speak—and the nations shall rejoice;
Scatter the shades of moral night,
With the blest beams of heavenly light.

Sel. XXXI. Hymn 661.

1. DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.

2. Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3. O, for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4. Adoring saints around Him stand,
And thrones and powers before Him fall;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5. O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.

6. When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

WARD.

Arrangement by L. MASON, By Permission.

1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress in - vade;
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and bu - ried there;
3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar, In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide;
4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God;
Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be-hold Him pres - ent with his aid.
Convulsions shake the sol - id world, Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.
While every na - tion, ev - ery shore, Trembles, and dreads the swell-ing tide.
Life, love, and joy still glid-ing thro', And wa-tering our di - vine a - bode.

Sel. XXXII. Psalm 46, i.

[Stanzas 1—4 in the music.]

5. That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6. Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power

Sel. XXXIII. Hymn 219.

1. MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4. Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Sel. XXXIV. Hymn 263.

1. SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2. Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3. Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4. Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5. God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6. Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O, shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

Sel. XXXV. Hymn 267.

1. COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2. The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.

3. Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4. Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

Sel. XXXVI. Hymn 487.

1. THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.

2. In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3. No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4. O, long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

Sel. XXXVII. Hymn 526.

1. COME, Holy Ghost, descend from high,
Baptizer of our spirits, Thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

2. Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child, a child of God.

1. Shew pi-ty, Lord; O Lord, forgive; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live; Are
2. My crimes are great, but don't surpass The power and glo-ry of thy grace; Great
3. O! wash my soul from ev-ery sin, And make my guilt-y conscience clean; Here
4. My lips with shame my sins confess, A-gainst thy law, a-gainst thy grace: Lord,
not thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin-ner trust in thee?
God, thy na-ture hath no bound, So let thy par-doning love be found.
on my heart the bur-den lies, And past of-fen-ces pain my eyes.
should thy judg-ments grow se-vere, I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

Sel. XXXVIII. Psalm 51, i.

[Stanzas 1—4 in the music.]

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Sel. XXXIX. Psalm 51, ii.

[Stanzas 1—4 omitted.]

5. A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

7. Then will I teach the world thy ways:
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8. O, may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

Sel. XL. Psalm 88, iii.

1. WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
"Come, sinners, haste, O! haste away,
While yet a pardoning God He's found.

3. "Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear, or save.

4. "In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

5. No wonders to the dead are shown,
(The wonders of redeeming love;)
No voice his glorious truth makes known,
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

6. Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In these forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

Sel. XLI. Hymn 278.

1. BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2. "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3. The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

Sel. XLII. Hymn 424.

1. WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still;
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

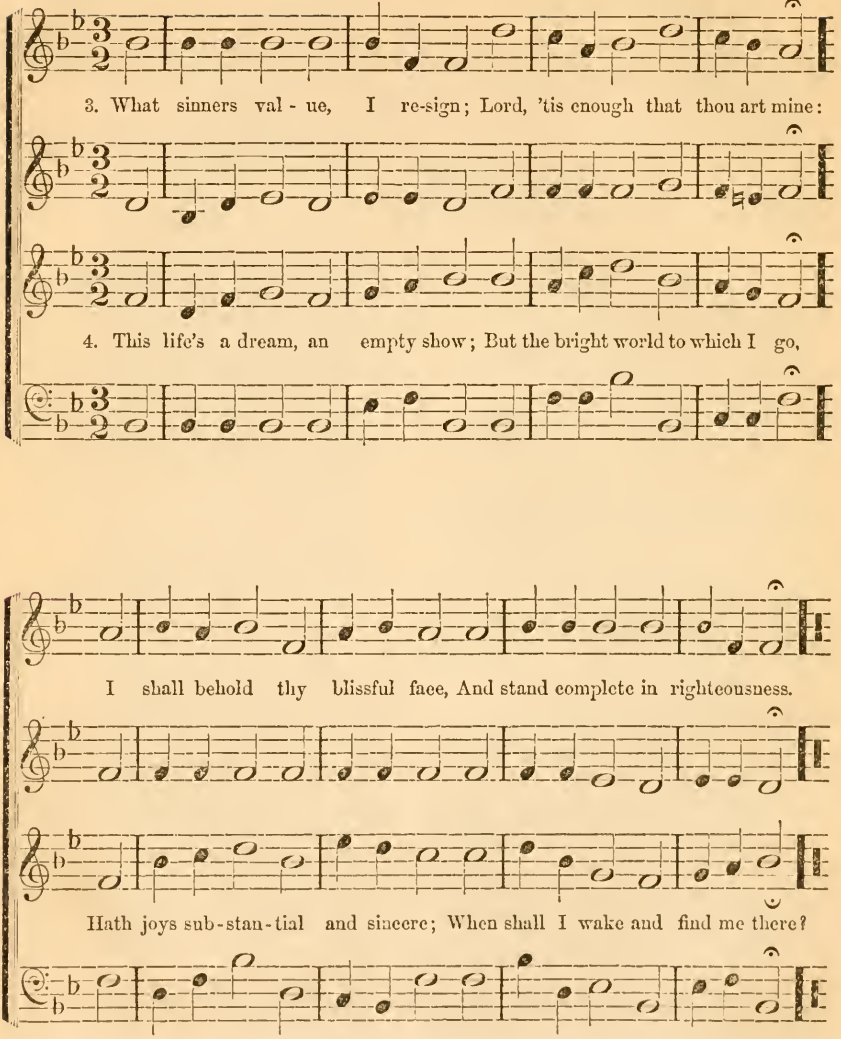
2. He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
And tho' his footsteps are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3. In heaven and earth, in air and seas,
He executes his wise decrees;
And by his saints it stands confessed,
That what he does is ever best.

4. Then, O my soul, submissive wait,
With reverence bow before his seat;
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HEBRON.

L. MASON. By permission.


3. What sinners val - ue, I re-sign; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
4. This life's a dream, an empty show; But the bright world to which I go,
I shall behold thy blissful face, And stand complete in righteousness.
Hath joys sub-stan-tial and sincere; When shall I wake and find me there?

Sel. XLIII. Psalm 17.

[Stanzas 1, 2, omitted; 3, 4, in the music.]

5. O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Sel. XLIV. Psalm 92, i.

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6. Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more,
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7. Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Sel. XLV. Psalm 121, i.

1. UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2. He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens, with all their hosts, He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3. He guides our feet, He guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4. Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5. No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6. Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord; his heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.

7. On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Sel. XLVI. Hymn 486.

1. ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

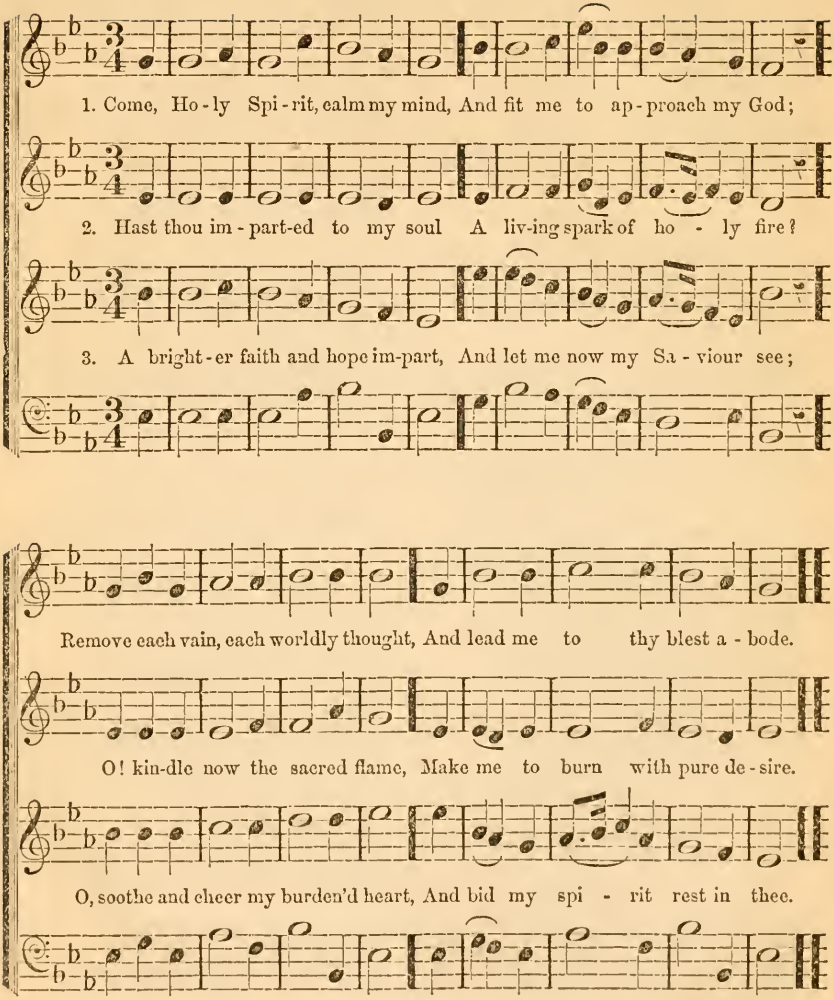
2. O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3. This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4. In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

LUTON.

Sel. XLVII. Hymn 269.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, calm my mind, And fit me to ap - proach my God;
2. Hast thou im - part-ed to my soul A liv-ing spark of ho - ly fire?
3. A bright - er faith and hope im-part, And let me now my Sa - viour see;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought, And lead me to thy blest a - bode.
O! kin-dle now the sacred flame, Make me to burn with pure de - sire.
O, soothe and cheer my burden'd heart, And bid my spi - rit rest in thee.

Sel. XLVIII. Hymn 279.

1. I SEND the joys of earth away;
   Away, ye tempters of the mind,
   False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
   And empty as the whistling wind.

2. Your streams were floating me along,
   Down to the gulf of black despair,
   And whilst I listened to your song,
   Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3. Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
   That warned me of that dark abyss,
   That drew me from those treacherous seas
   And bade me seek superior bliss.

4. Now to the shining realms above
   I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes:
   O for the pinions of a dove,
   To bear me to the upper skies.

5. There from the bosom of my God,
   Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
   There would I fix my last abode,
   And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Sel. XLIX. Hymn 283.

[Stanza 4 omitted.]

1. WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
   On which the Prince of glory died,
   My richest gain I count but loss,
   And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
   Save in the death of Christ, my God;
   All the vain things that charm me most,
   I sacrifice them to his blood.

3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
   Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
   Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
   Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
   That were a present far too small;
   Love so amazing, so divine,
   Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Sel. L. Hymn 447.

1. MY God, permit me not to be
   A stranger to myself and thee;
   Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
   Forgetful of my highest love.

2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
   And thus debase my heavenly birth?
   Why should I cleave to things below,
   And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3. Call me away from flesh and sense;
   One sovereign word can draw me thence;
   I would obey the voice divine,
   And all inferior joys resign.

4. Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
   Let noise and vanity be gone;
   In secret silence of the mind,
   My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Sel. LI. Hymn 672.

1. NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
   Rise from the vanities of time;
   Draw back the parting veil, and see
   The glories of eternity.

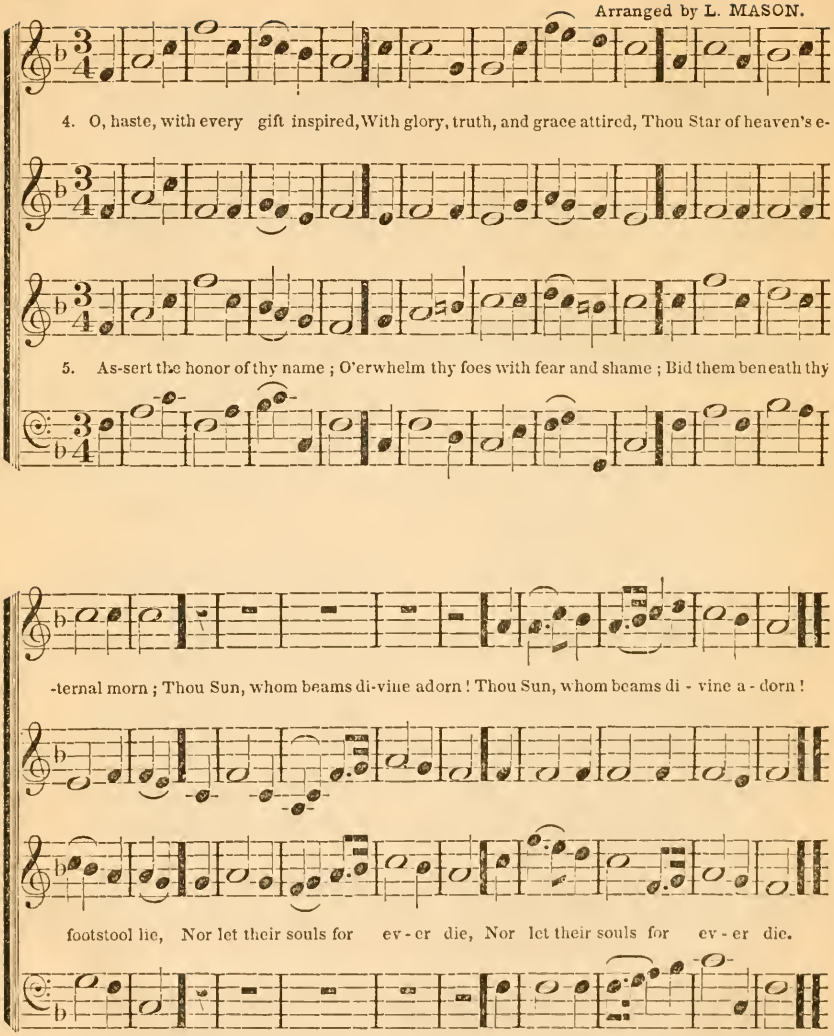
2. Born by a new celestial birth,
   Why should we grovel here on earth?
   Why grasp at transitory toys,
   So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3. Shall aught beguile us on the road,
   When we are walking back to God?
   For strangers into life we come,
   And dying is but coming home.

4. Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
   That sets our longing souls at large;
   Unbinds our chain, breaks up our cell,
   And gives us with our God to dwell.

5. To dwell with God, to feel his love,
   Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
   And the sweet expectation now,
   Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Arranged by L. MASON.


4. O, haste, with every gift inspired, With glory, truth, and grace attired, Thou Star of heaven's e-
5. As-sert the honor of thy name ; O'erwhelm thy foes with fear and shame ; Bid them beneath thy
-ternal morn ; Thou Sun, whom beams di-vine adorn ! Thou Sun, whom beams di - vine a - dorn !
footstool lie, Nor let their souls for ev - er die, Nor let their souls for ev - er die.

Sel. LII. Psalm 70.

[Stanzas 1—3, omitted; 4, 5, in the music.]

6. Saints shall be glad before thy face,
And grow in love, and truth, and grace;
Thy church shall blossom in thy sight,
And yield her fruits of pure delight.

7. O, hither, then, thy footsteps bend;
Swift as a roe, from hills descend;
Mild as the Sabbath's cheerful ray,
Till life unfolds eternal day!

Sel. LIII. Psalm 110, i.

1. Thus God, th' eternal Father, spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet."

2. "From Sion shall thy word proceed,
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

3. "That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4. O, blessed power! O, glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Sel. LIV. Hymn 21.

1. FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2. Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3. Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4. Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Sel. LV. Hymn 212.

1. NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ the Son of God appear:
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword or thunder there.

2. Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of men so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

Sel. LVI. Hymn 470.

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

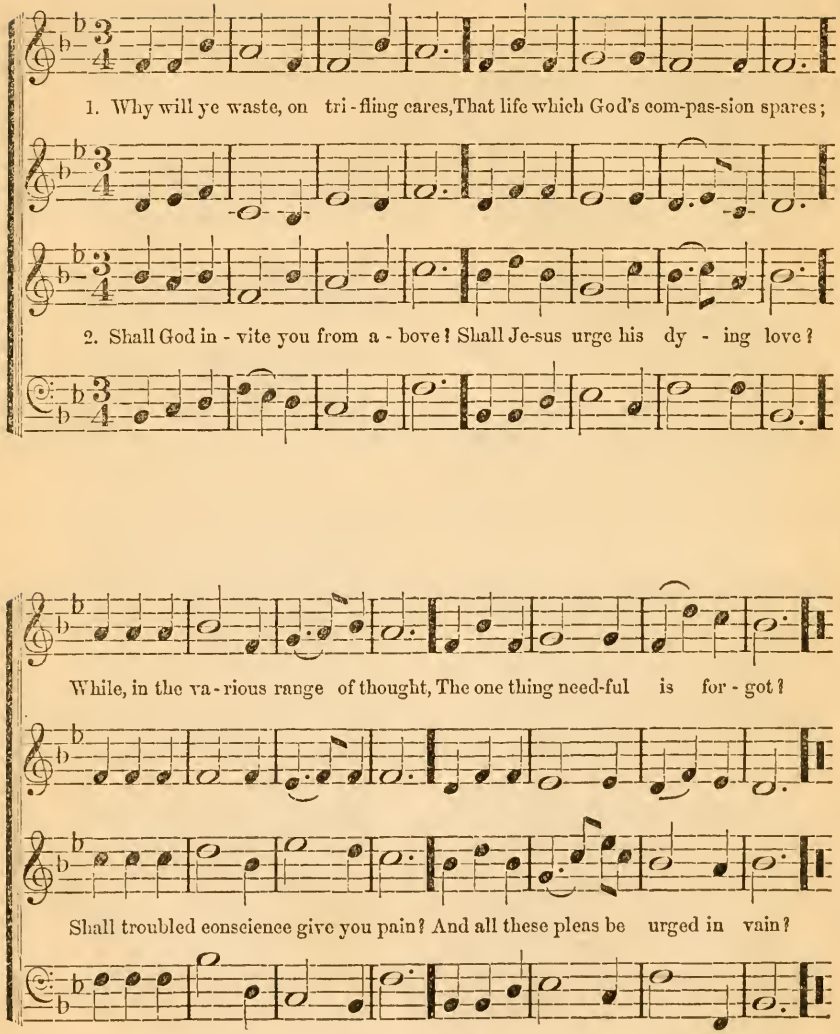
2. There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5. There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

6. O, let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue, be silent, cold, and still,
This sounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget thy mercy-seat.


1. Why will ye waste, on tri - fling cares, That life which God's com-pas-sion spares;
2. Shall God in - vite you from a - bove? Shall Je-sus urge his dy - ing love?
While, in the va - rious range of thought, The one thing need-ful is for - got?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain? And all these pleas be urged in vain?

Sel. LVII. Hymn 144.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the Music.]

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4. Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares,
That life which thy compassion spares.

Sel. LVIII. Hymn 155.

1. COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2. They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3. Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4. Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

Sel. LIX. Hymn 451.

1. COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice, and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2. Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

Sel. LX. Hymn 528.

1. HERE at thy cross, incarnate God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2. Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes;
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved, for that's my last defence,
If I must perish, there to die.

4. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

5. Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honors to his name.

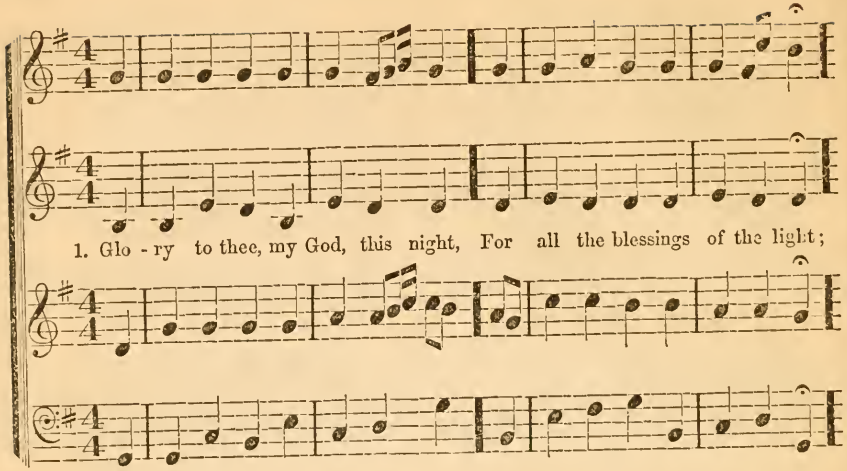
Sel. LXI. Hymn 557.

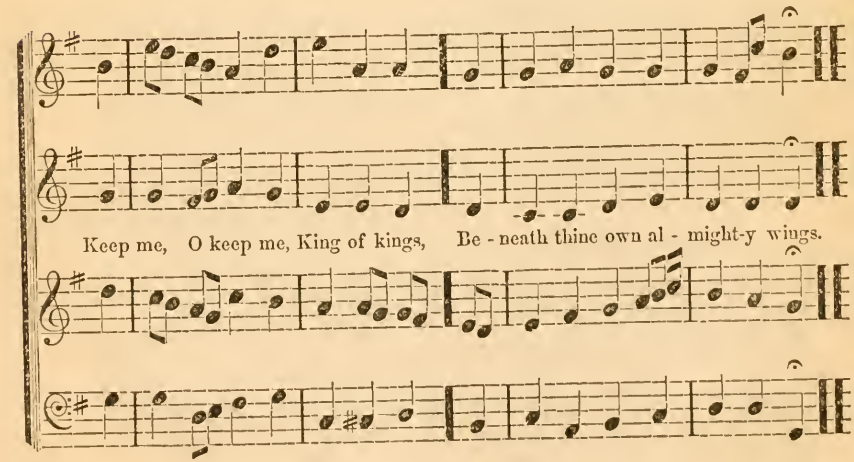
1. O, SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race,

2. Be darkness, at thy coming, light,
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

3. Baptize the nations; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him, Lord.

4. God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through thee.


1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;


Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - might-y wings.

Sel. LXII. Hymn 438.

1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2. Redeem thy misspent time that's past;
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3. Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4. Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.

5. I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotions me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6. May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will:
O may I never more do ẍl.

7. Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

8. Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all my might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

9. All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Sel. LXIII. Hymn 459.

1. GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

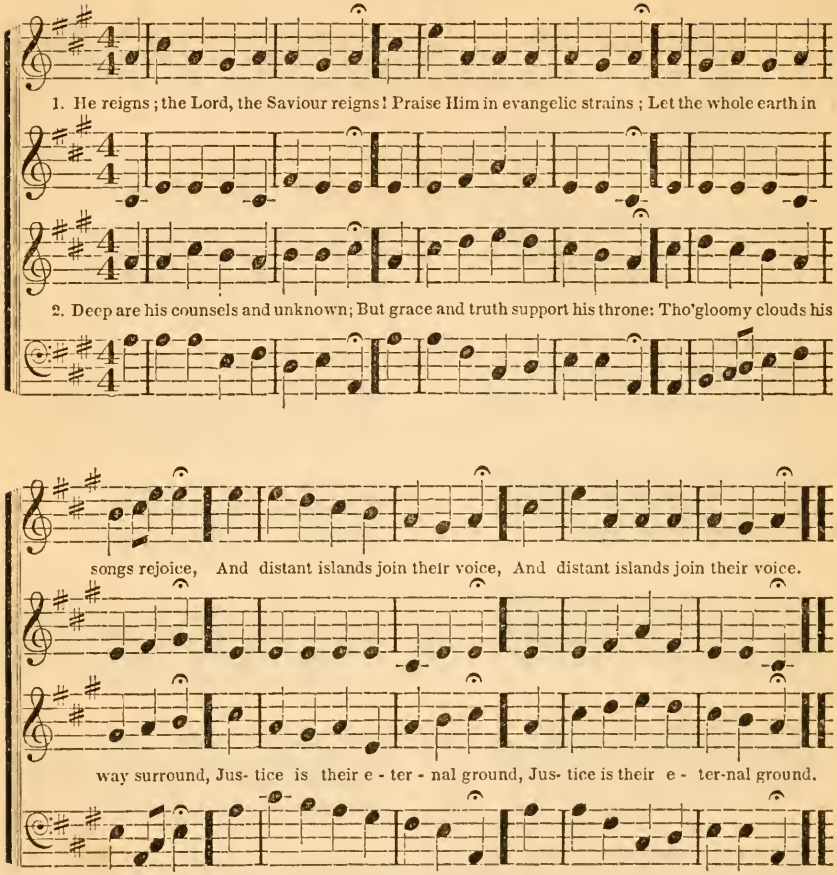
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious, at the awful day.

4. O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close:
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5. If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6. O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King?

7. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures below;
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.


1. He reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Praise Him in evangelic strains ; Let the whole earth in
2. Deep are his counsels and unknown; But grace and truth support his throne: Tho'gloomy clouds his
songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice, And distant islands join their voice.
way surround, Jus- tice is their e - ter - nal ground, Jus- tice is their e - ter-nal ground.

Sel. LXIV. Psalm 97, i.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3.

In robes of judgment, lo! He comes,
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day ;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

1. Awake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me, not - withstanding all·
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He justly claims a song from thee; His lov - ing - kindness, O! how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate; His lov - ing - kindness, O! how great!
He safely leads my soul a - long; His lov - ing - kindness, O! how strong!
His lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing - kindness, O! how free!
His lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing - kindness, O! how great!
His lov - ing-kindness, lov - ing-kindness, His lov - ing - kindness, O! how strong!

Sel. LXV. Hymn 381.

[Stanzas 1, 2, and 3, in the music.]

4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul hath always stood;
His loving-kindness! O! how good!

5. Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6. Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7. Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

1. Behold a stranger at the door! He gently knocks; has knocked before—Has waited
2. O, lovely at-ti-tude! He stands, With melt-ing heart and bleeding hands; O, matchless
3. But will He prove a friend indeed? He will! the ve-ry friend you need; The friend of
long—is wait-ing still; You treat no other friend so ill, You treat no other friend so ill.
kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to his foes, This matchless kindness to his foes.
sinners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Calva-ry, With garments dyed on Calva-ry.

Sel. LXVI. Hymn 152.

[Stanzas 1, 2, and 3, in the music.]

4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,—
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5. Admit Him, ere his anger burn:
His feet, departed, ne'er return:
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

T. HASTINGS. By permission.

1. Hail! sov'reign love, that first began The scheme to rescue fallen man; Hail, matchless, free, e-
2 A-gainst the God that rules the sky, I fought with hands uplift-ed high; Despised the of-fers
3. Enwrapp'd in dark E-gyptian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Mad-ly I ran the
- ter - nal grace, That gave my soul a hiding-place, That gave my soul a hiding-place.
of his grace, Too proud to seek a hiding-place, Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
sin - ful race, Se - cure with-out a hiding-place, Se - cure with-out a hiding-place.

Sel. LXVII. Hymn 227.

[Stanzas 1, 2, and 3, in the music.]

4.

But thus the eternal counsel ran:
"Almighty love! arrest the man:"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.

5.

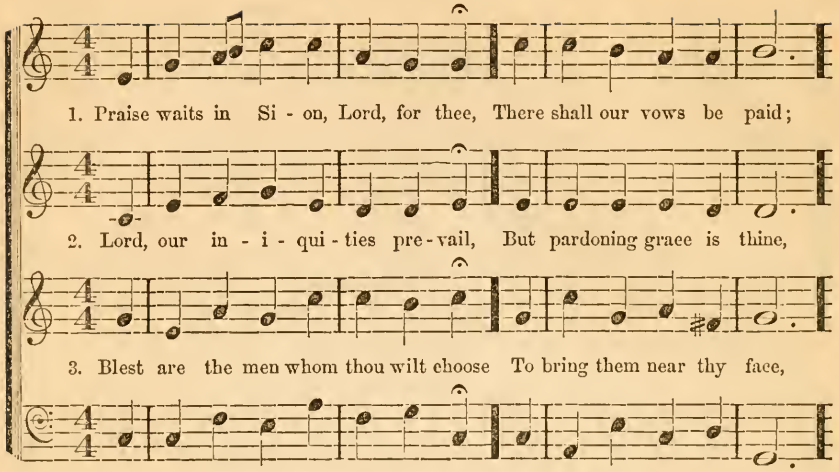
Vindictive Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

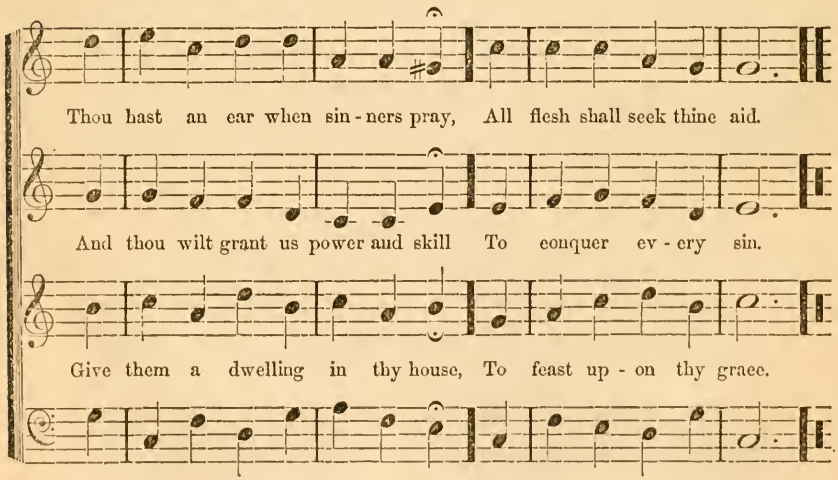
6.

But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
Who led me on, a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding-place.

7.

On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And now He is my hiding-place.


1. Praise waits in Si - on, Lord, for thee, There shall our vows be paid;
2. Lord, our in - i - qui - ties pre - vail, But pardoning grace is thine,
3. Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose To bring them near thy face,


Thou hast an ear when sin - ners pray, All flesh shall seek thine aid.
And thou wilt grant us power and skill To conquer ev - ery sin.
Give them a dwelling in thy house, To feast up - on thy grace.

Sel. LXVIII. Psalm 65, iii.

[Stanzas 1, 2, and 3, in the music.]

4. In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill thy kind design.

5. Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

6. They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

Sel. LXIX. Psalm 67.

1. SHINE, mighty God, on Sion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.

2. When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3. Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise
And every heart rejoice.

4. He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds He made,
And bids them taste his love.

5. Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase;
Our God shall crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

6. God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favors here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Sel. LXX. Psalm 150, i.

1. IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace He there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2. Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3. All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise Him best.

Sel. LXXI. Hymn 81.

1. ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in thy God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2. He raised me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3. The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul He placed,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

4. The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

5. Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.

6. Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

1. Our God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
3. Thy word commands our flesh to dust, "Re - turn, ye sons of men;"
4. A thousand a - ges in thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
From ev - er - last - ing thou art God, To end - less years the same.
All na - tions rose from earth at first, And turn to earth a - gain.
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ri - sing dawn.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.

Sel. LXXII. Psalm 90, ii.

[Stanzas 1—5 in the music.]

6. Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Sel. LXXIII. Psalm 40, i.

[Stanzas 2, 5, 6, omitted.]

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

3. Firm on a rock He made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.

4. I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God,
Their only hope and fear.

Sel. LXXIV. Psalm 139, iv.

1. IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2. Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4. O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

5. So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Sel. LXXV. Hymn 4.

1. GREAT God! how infinite thou art!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2. Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3. Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

4. Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5. Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Sel. LXXVI. Hymn 214.

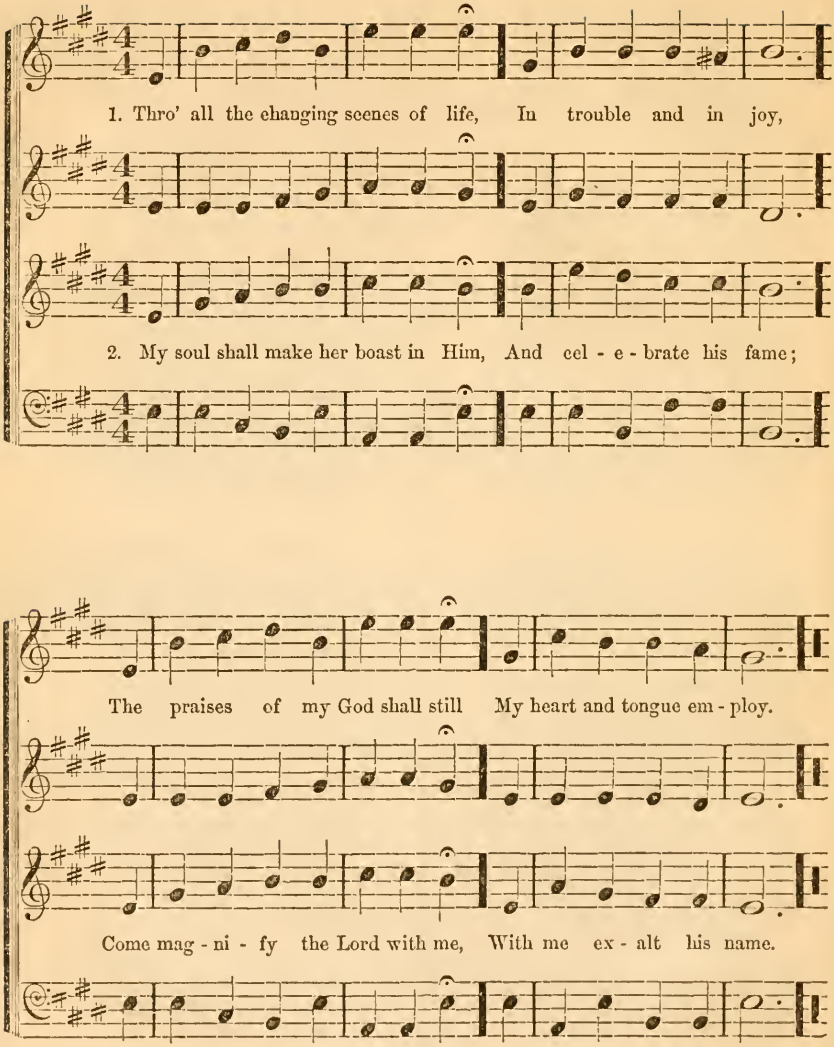
1. THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2. My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4. My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows

5. Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.


1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trouble and in joy,
2. My soul shall make her boast in Him, And cel - e - brate his fame;
The praises of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy.
Come mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, With me ex - alt his name.

Sel. LXXVII. Psalm 34, i.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. The hosts of God encamp around,
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4. O! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide,
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5. Fear Him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Come, make his service your delight;
He'll make your wants his care.

Sel. LXXVIII. Psalm 119, iii.

1. THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2. I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3. The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4. If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

6. Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfill;
And thus till mortal life shall end
Would I perform thy will.

Sel. LXXIX. Psalm 125, i.

1. UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' Almighty hand.

2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3. While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion will assuage
The fury of the rod.

4. Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradise,
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5. But if we trace those crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

Sel. LXXX. Hymn 77.

1. HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2. Can aught beneath a power divine,
A stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3. 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upward rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

4. To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live:
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

5. Renew these wretched hearts of ours—
O! give us life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers
Almighty Lord, be thine.

1. O! how I love thy ho - ly law! 'Tis dai - ly my de - light:
2. My waking eyes pre-vent the day, To med - i - tate thy word:
And thence my med - i - ta-tions draw Di - vine ad - vice by night.
My soul with long-ing melts a - way, To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.

Sel. LXXXI. Psalm 119, v.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

4. Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

5. No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6. When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope;
And there I write thy praise.

Sel. LXXXII. Psalm 122, i.

1. HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
In Sion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.

2. I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3. Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4. He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5. Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6. My soul shall pray for Sion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Sel. LXXXIII. Hymn 37.

1. HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

Sel. LXXXIV. Hymn 266.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cend-ing high;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his saints,
3. Thou art a God, be - fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand;

To thee will I di - rect my prayer, To thee lift up mine eye.
Pre-sent-ing at his Fa-ther's throne Our songs and our complaints.
Sin-ners shall ne'er be thy de - light, Nor dwell at thy right hand.

Sel. LXXXV. Psalm 5.

[Stanzas 1—3, in the music; 6—8, omitted]

4. But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5. O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Sel. LXXXVI. Hymn 158.

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast;
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2. See, Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3. Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4. O! come, and with his children, taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5. There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6. And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,—
Approach, there yet is room.

Sel. LXXXVII. Hymn 400.

1. SWEET was the time, when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4. But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns:
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5. Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail,
O make my soul thy care;
I know thy mercy cannot fail,
Let me that mercy share.

Sel. LXXXVIII. Hymn 463.

1. LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.

2. Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my false heart retain!

3. How cold and feeble is my love
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4. Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5. Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

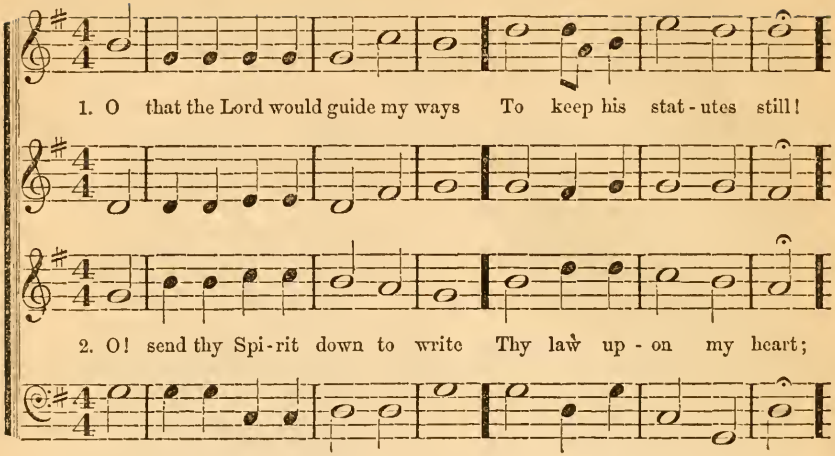
Sel. LXXXIX. Hymn 489.

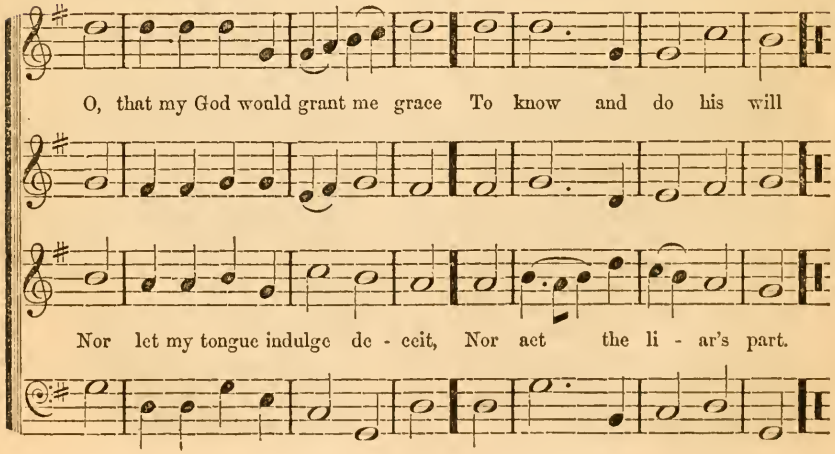
1. FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2. Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our frailties, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4. Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.


1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his stat - utes still!
2. O! send thy Spi - rit down to write Thy law up - on my heart;


O, that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will
Nor let my tongue indulge de - ceit, Nor act the li - ar's part.

Sel. XC. Psalm 119, xi.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4. Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5. My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

6. Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

Sel. XCI. Psalm 145, iii.

1. SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2. God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4. How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon He sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

Sel. XCII. Hymn 111.

1. SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow our humble claim;
Nor while poor worms would raise their heads,
Disdain a Father's name.

2. Our Father God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3. Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4. Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
Thou knowest I, Abba, Father, cry,
Nor can thy word deceive.

Sel. XCIII. Hymn 390.

1. AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2. Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

1. I'll speak the hon-ors of my King, His form di - vine-ly fair;
1. I'll speak the hon-ors of my King, His form di - vine-ly fair;

None of the sons of mor-tal race May with the Lord com-pare.
None of the sons of mor-tal race May with the Lord com-pare.

Sel. XCIV. Psalm 45, i.

[1st stanza in the music.]

2. Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite,
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

3. Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

4. Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

5. Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

Sel. XCV. Psalm 71, ii.

[Stanzas 3, 4, omitted.]

1. MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2. Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

5. How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King;
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

6. My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And saved me by his blood.

7. Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Sel. XCVI. Hymn 35.

1. THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I, unseen, adore;
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

2. Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in thy sacred word,
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3. 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4. Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
O come, with blissful ray;
Break radiant through the shades of night,
And chase my fears away.

5. Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of thy love;
But the full glories of thy face
Are only known above.

Sel. XCVII. Hymn 335.

1. JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3. All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4. Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5. I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, laboring breath,
Then speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

1. Lord, I have made thy word my choice, My last - ing her - it - age;
2. I'll read the his - t'ries of thy love, And keep thy laws in sight,
There shall my no - blest pow'rs re - joice, My warm-est thoughts en - gage.
While thro' the prom - i - ses I rove, With ev - er fresh de - light.

Sel. XCVIII. Psalm 119, viii.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4. The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

Sel. XCIX. Hymn 218.

1. WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
   Who comes with truth and grace;
   Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word,
   Shall lead us in thy ways.

2. We reverence our High Priest above,
   Who offered up his blood,
   And lives to carry on his love,
   By pleading with our God.

3. We honor our exalted King;
   How sweet are his commands!
   He guards our souls from hell and sin,
   By his almighty hands.

4. Hosanna to his glorious name,
   Who saves by different ways;
   His mercies lay a sovereign claim
   To our immortal praise.

Sel. C. Hymn 449.

1. I LOVE to steal awhile away
   From every cumbering care;
   And spend the hours of setting day
   In humble, grateful prayer.

2. I love in solitude to shed
   The penitential tear,
   And all his promises to plead,
   Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mercies past,
   And future good implore,
   And all my cares and sorrows cast
   On Him whom I adore.

4. I love by faith to take a view
   Of brighter scenes in heaven;
   The prospect does my strength renew,
   While here by tempests driven.

5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
   May its departing ray
   Be calm as this impressive hour,
   And lead to endless day.

Sel. CI. Hymn 517.

1. HOW large the promise, how divine,
   To Abraham and his seed!
   "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
   Supplying all their need."

2. The words of his extensive love,
   From age to age endure;
   The Angel of the covenant proves
   And seals the blessings sure.

3. Jesus the ancient faith confirms
   To our great father given;
   He takes young children to his arms,
   And calls them heirs of heaven.

4. Our God! how faithful are his ways!
   His love endures the same;
   Nor from the promise of his grace,
   Blots out the children's name.

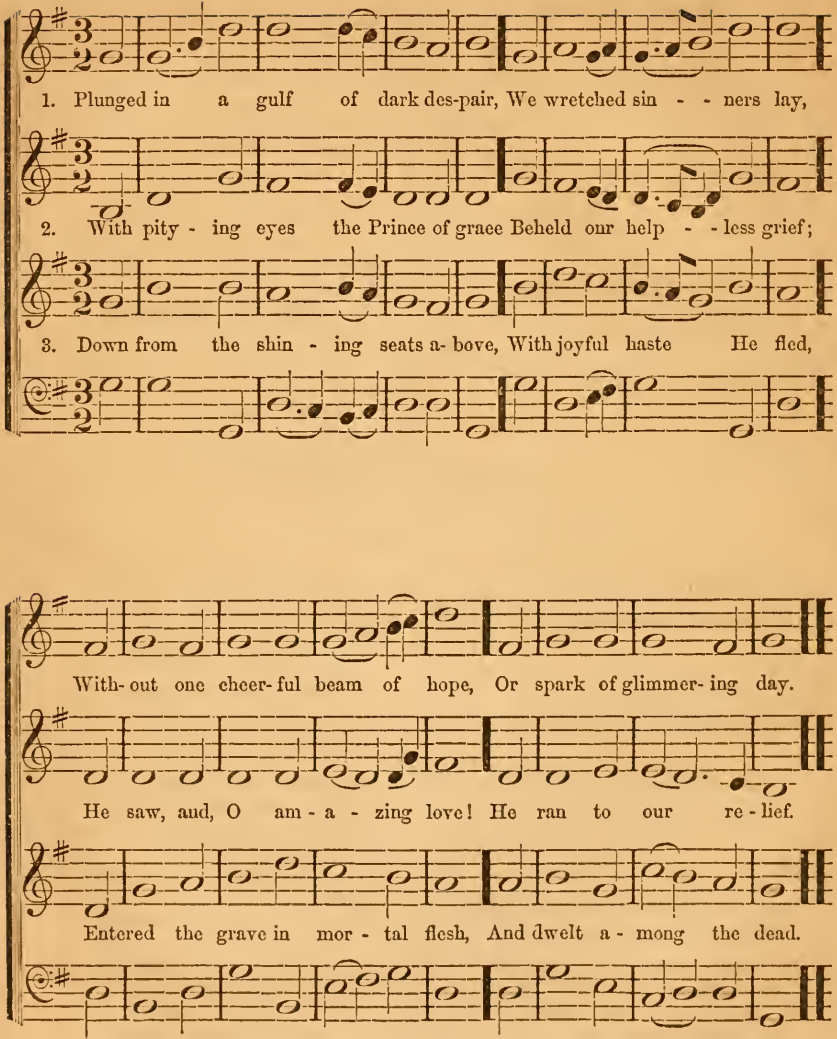
Sel. CII. Hymn 665.

1. WHEN I can read my title clear,
   To mansions in the skies,
   I'll bid farewell to every fear,
   And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
   And hellish darts be hurled,
   Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
   And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
   And storms of sorrow fall;
   May I but safely reach my home,
   My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
   In seas of heavenly rest,
   And not a wave of trouble roll
   Across my peaceful breast.


1. Plunged in a gulf of dark des-pair, We wretched sin - - ners lay,
2. With pity - ing eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our help - - less grief;
3. Down from the shin - ing seats a- bove, With joyful haste He fled,
With- out one cheer- ful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmer- ing day.
He saw, and, O am - a - zing love! He ran to our re - lief.
Entered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a - mong the dead.

Sel. CIII. Hymn 88.

[Stanzas 1, 2, and 3 in the music.]

4. He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5. O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Sel. CIV. Hymn 95.

1. FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise! [signs,
Known through the earth by thousand
By thousands through the skies.

2. But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—

3. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

4. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5. O may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Sel. CV. Hymn 98.

1. DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2. 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3. 'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4. But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins,
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5. While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Sel. CVI. Hymn 119.

1. FIRM as the earth thy Gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust:
If I am found in Jesus hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2. His honor is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.

3. Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must forever rest.

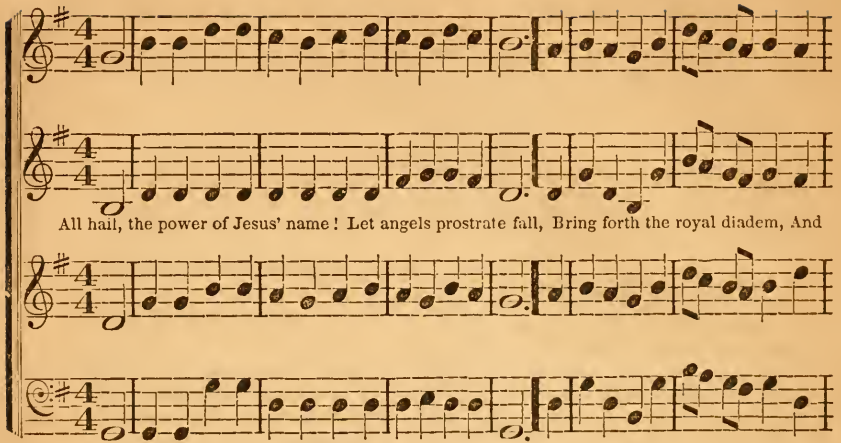
Sel. CVII. Hymn 348.

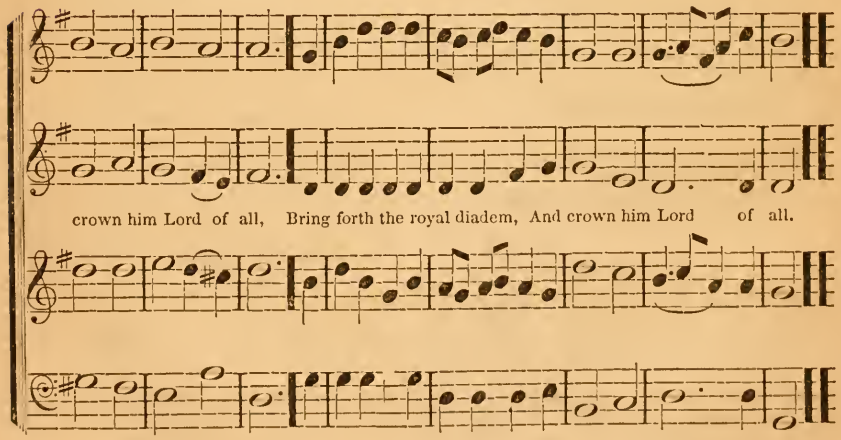
1. I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2. Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4. Then will He own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.


All hail, the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And


crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

Sel. CVIII. Hymn 378

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5. O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sel. CIX. Hymn 388.

1. SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2. Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3. Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Sel. CX. Hymn 547.

1. BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2. To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they say.
"And to his courts we 'll go."

3. The beams that shine on Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Sion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4. No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5. Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Sel. CXI. Hymn 673.

1. SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Sion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2. A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3. The garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled,

4. March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

1. Blest are the souls that hear and know The gospel's joy - ful sound;
1. Blest are the souls that hear and know The gospel's joy - ful sound;
Peace shall at - tend the path they go, And light their steps surround,
Peace shall at - tend the path they go, And light their steps surround,
And light their steps surround, And light their steps sur - round.
And light their steps surround, And light their steps sur - round.

Sel. CXII. Psalm 89, iv.

[1st stanza in the music.]

2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope
And fills their foes with shame.

3. The Lord our glory and defense,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

Sel. CXIII. Psalm 98, ii.

1. JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2. Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Sel. CXIV. Hymn 377.

1. COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2. Behold your king, your Saviour crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright these glories shine.

3. Infinite power and boundless grace
In Him unite their rays;
Ye that have e'er beheld his face,
Can ye forbear his praise?

4. When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5. And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise;
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6. O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

Sel. CXV. Hymn 656.

1. JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2. When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

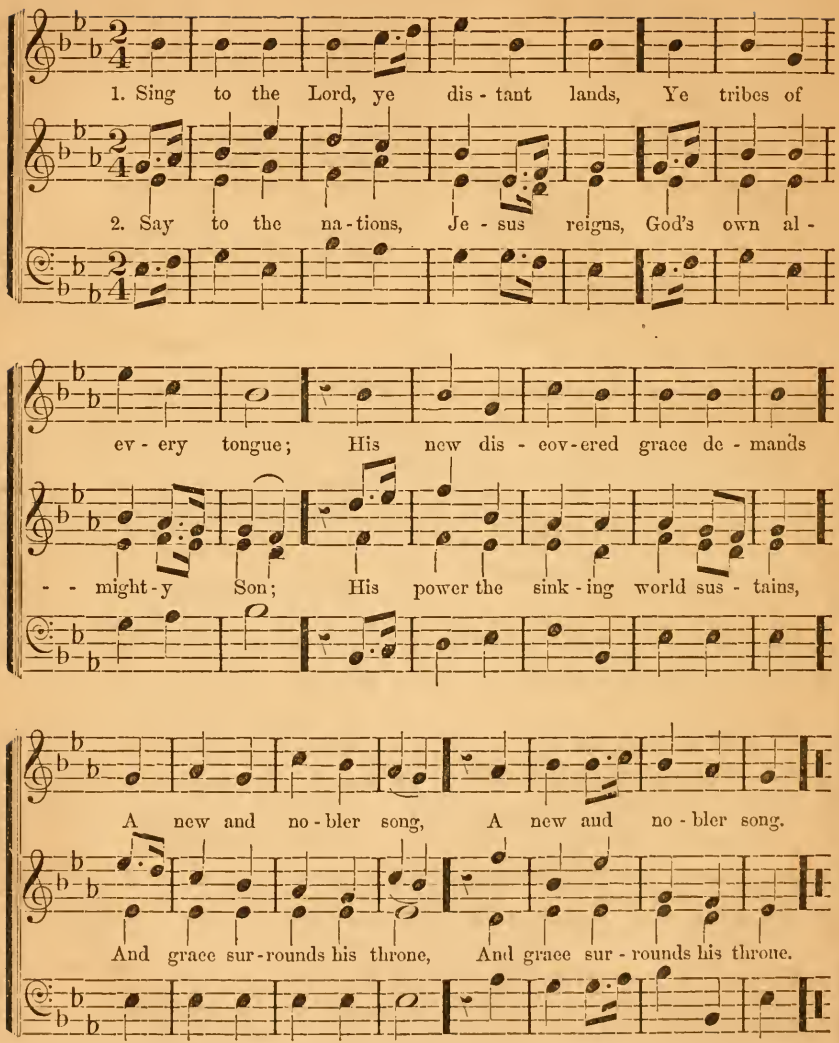
3. O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

4. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scene
I onward press to you.

5. Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6. Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7. Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.


1. Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of
2. Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own al -
ev - ery tongue; His new dis - cov - ered grace de - mands
- - might - y Son; His power the sink - ing world sus - tains,
A new and no - bler song, A new and no - bler song.
And grace sur - rounds his throne, And grace sur - rounds his throne.

Sel. CXVI. Psalm 96, i.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen:
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4. The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

5. Behold He comes, He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6. His voice shall raise the slumbering dead,
And bid the world draw near;
But how will guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

Sel. CXVII. Hymn 326.

1. MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2. In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Sel. CXVIII. Hymn 337.

1. FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2. The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3. There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heaven's unmeasured space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4. Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5. Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

6. Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

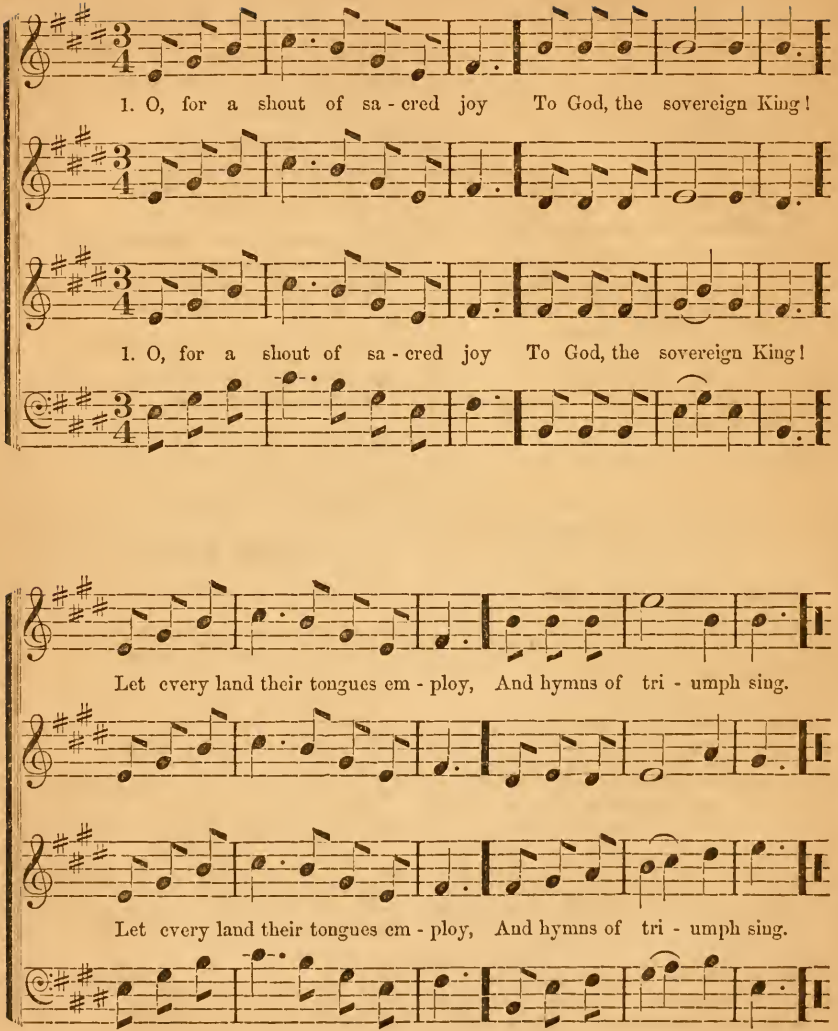
Sel. CXIX. Hymn 492.

1. DAUGHTER of Sion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

2. Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3. They come, they come—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

4. Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.


1. O, for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the sovereign King!
1. O, for a shout of sa - cred joy To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues em - ploy, And hymns of tri - umph sing.
Let every land their tongues em - ploy, And hymns of tri - umph sing.

Sel. CXX. Psalm 47.

[1st stanza in the music.]

2. Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
   His heavenly guards around
   Attend Him rising through the sky,
   With trumpet's joyful sound.

3. While angels shout and praise their King,
   Let mortals learn their strains;
   Let all the earth his honors sing;
   O'er all the earth He reigns.

4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
   Let knowledge guide the song;
   Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
   Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5. In Israel stood his ancient throne;
   He loved that chosen race;
   But now he calls the world his own,
   And heathens taste his grace.

6. The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
   There Abraham's God is known;
   While powers and princes, shields and swords
   Submit before his throne.

Sel. CXXI. Hymn 259.

[1st stanza omitted.]

2. A glory gilds the sacred page,
   Majestic, like the sun;
   It gives a light to every age,
   It gives, but borrows none.

3. The hand that gave it still supplies
   That gracious light and heat;
   His truths upon the nations rise;
   They rise but never set.

4. Let everlasting thanks be thine
   For such a bright display,
   As makes a world of darkness shine
   With beams of heavenly day.

5. My soul rejoices to pursue
   The steps of him I love,
   Till glory breaks upon my view
   In brighter worlds above.

Sel. CXXII. Hymn 657.

1. ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
   And cast a wishful eye
   To Canaan's fair and happy land,
   Where my possessions lie.

2. O the transporting, rapturous scene,
   That rises to my sight;
   Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
   And rivers of delight.

3. There generous fruits, that never fail,
   On trees immortal grow;
   There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
   With milk and honey flow.

4. On all those wide extended plains
   Shines one eternal day;
   There God the Son forever reigns,
   And scatters night away.

5. No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
   Can reach that healthful shore;
   Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
   Are felt and feared no more.

Sel. CXXIII. Hymn 674.

1. GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
   Within the vail, and see
   The saints above, how great their joys,
   How bright their glories be.

2. Once they were mourning here below,
   And wet their couch with tears;
   They wrestled hard, as we do now,
   With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3. I ask them, whence their victory came?
   They, with united breath,
   Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
   Their triumph to his death.

4. They marked the footsteps that He trod,
   His zeal inspired their breast;
   And following their incarnate God,
   Possessed the promised rest.

5. Our glorious leader claims our praise
   For his own pattern given;
   While the long cloud of witnesses
   Show the same path to heaven.

1. The Lord of glo - ry is my light, And my sal - va - tion, too;
2. One priv - i - lege my heart de-sires; O! grant me mine a-bode
3. There shall I of - fer my requests, And see thy beauty still,
God is my strength; nor will I fear What all my foes can do.
A - mong the church - es of thy saints, The tem - ples of my God.
Shall hear thy mes - sa - ges of love, And there inquire thy will.

Sel. CXXIV. Psalm 27, ii.

[Stanzas 1, 2, and 3, in the music.]

4. When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God is a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5. Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

Sel. CXXV. Psalm 108, i.

1. AWAKE my soul to sound his praise,
   Awake my harp to sing;
   Join all my powers the song to raise,
   And morning incense bring.

2. Among the people of his care,
   And through the nations round,
   Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
   And there his name resound.

3. Be thou exalted, O my God,
   Above the starry train;
   Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
   And teach the world thy reign.

4. So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
   And throng thy courts above;
   While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
   And taste redeeming love.

Sel. CXXVI. Psalm 118, iv.

1. THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
   He calls the hours his own;
   Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
   And praise surround the throne.

2. To-day He rose and left the dead,
   And Satan's empire fell;
   To-day the saints his triumph spread,
   And all his wonders tell.

3. Hosanna to th' anointed King,
   To David's holy Son;
   Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
   Salvation from thy throne.

4. Blest is the Lord who comes to men
   With messages of grace;
   Who comes in God his Father's name,
   To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
   The church on earth can raise;
   The highest heavens, in which He reigns,
   Shall give Him nobler praise.

Sel. CXXVII. Psalm 119, xiii.

1. WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
   O! let me never stray
   From thy commands, O God of grace,
   Nor tread the sinner's way.

2. Thy word I've hid within my heart,
   To keep my conscience clean,
   To be an everlasting guard
   From every rising sin.

3. I'm a companion of the saints
   Who fear and love the Lord;
   My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
   When men transgress thy word.

4. While sinners do thy Gospel wrong,
   My spirit stands in awe;
   My soul abhors a lying tongue,
   But loves thy righteous law.

5. My heart with sacred reverence hears
   The threatenings of thy word;
   My flesh with holy trembling fears
   The judgments of the Lord.

6. My God, I long, I hope, I wait
   For thy salvation still;
   While thy whole law is my delight,
   And I obey thy will.

Sel. CXXVIII. Psalm 132, ii.

[Stanzas 1—3 omitted.]

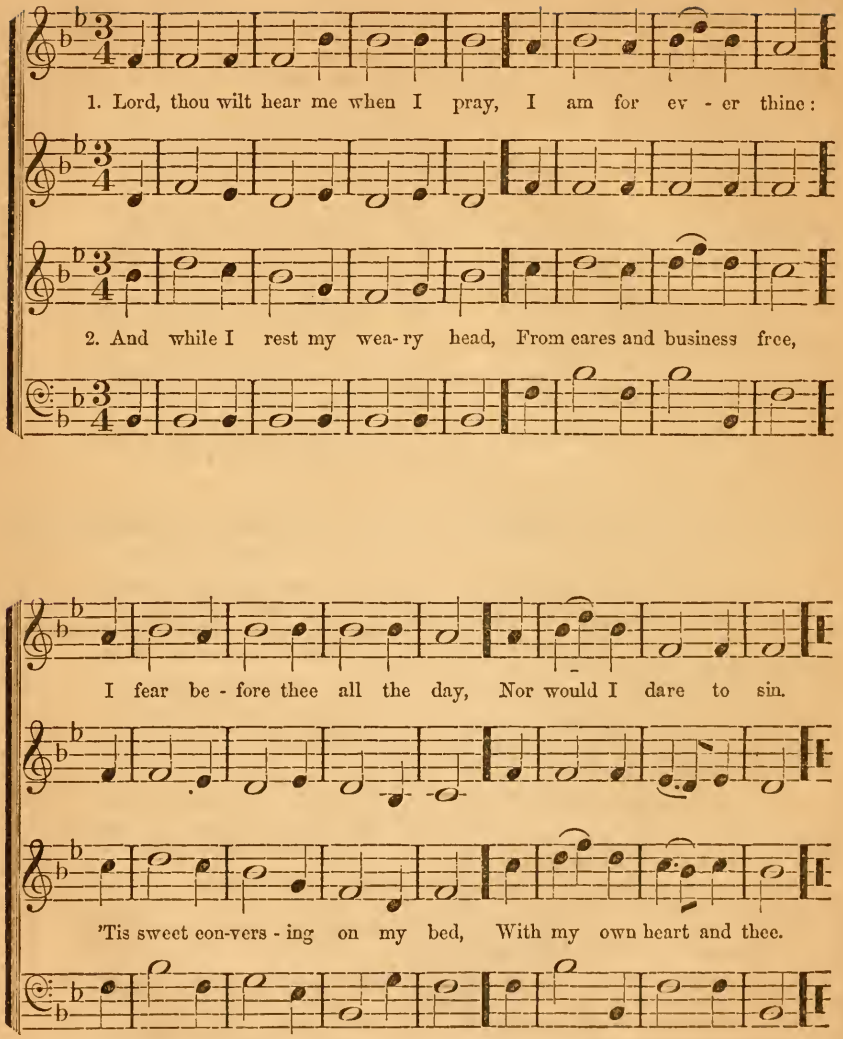
4. Arise, O King of grace, arise,
   And enter to thy rest;
   Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
   Thus to be owned and blest.

5. Enter, with all thy glorious train,
   Thy Spirit and thy word;
   All that the ark did once contain
   Could no such grace afford.

6. Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
   Here let thy praise be spread;
   Bless the provisions of thy house,
   And fill thy poor with bread.

7. Here let the Son of David reign,
   Let God's Anointed shine;
   Justice and truth his court maintain,
   With love and power divine.

8. Here let Him hold a lasting throne,
   And as his kingdom grows,
   Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
   And shame confound his foes.


1. Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for ev - er thine:
2. And while I rest my wea-ry head, From cares and business free,
I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.
'Tis sweet con-vers - ing on my bed, With my own heart and thee.

Sel. CXXIX. Psalm 4, ii.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4. Thus with my thoughts composed to peace
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Sel. CXXX. Hymn 64.

1. COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2. "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3. "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4. "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose scepter pardon gives:
Perhaps He may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5. "Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6. "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

Sel. CXXXI. Hymn 392.

1. O! FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2. Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4. Return, O holy Dove, return
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5. The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Sel. CXXXII. Hymn 533.

1. HOW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2. While all our hearts, in this our song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3. "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

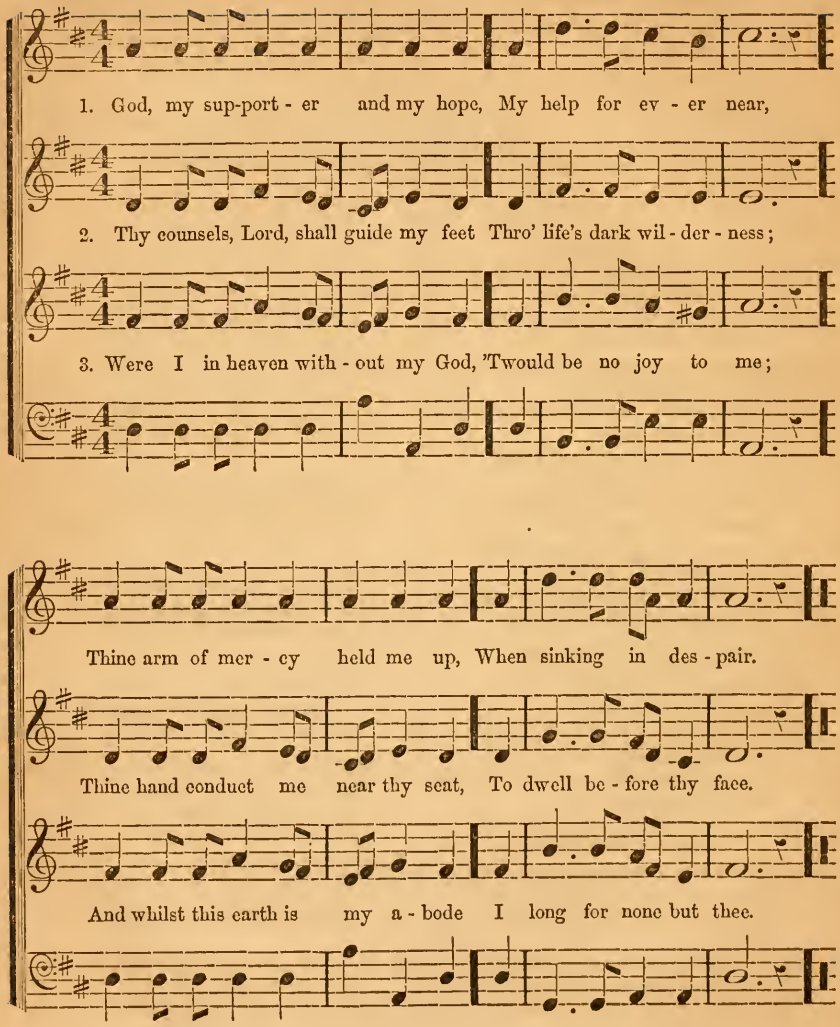
4. 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in:
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

5. Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

6. We long to see thy churches full,
That all the chosen race
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.

NAOMI.

L. MASON. "Carmina Sacra." By permission.


1. God, my sup-port - er and my hope, My help for ev - er near,
2. Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Thro' life's dark wil - der - ness;
3. Were I in heaven with - out my God, 'Twould be no joy to me;
Thine arm of mer - cy held me up, When sinking in des - pair.
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat, To dwell be - fore thy face.
And whilst this earth is my a - bode I long for none but thee.

Sel. CXXXIII. Psalm 73, i.

[Stanzas 1—3 in the music.]

4. What if the springs of life were broke,
   And flesh and heart should faint,
   God is my soul's eternal rock,
   The strength of every saint.

5. Behold! the sinners that remove
   Far from thy presence, die:
   Not all the idol-gods they love
   Can save them when they cry.

6. But to draw near to thee, my God,
   Shall be my sweet employ;
   My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
   And tell the world my joy.

Sel. CXXXIV. Hymn 371.

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
   Thy sovereign will denies,
   Accepted at thy throne of grace,
   Let this petition rise:—

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
   From every murmur free;
   The blessings of thy grace impart,
   And make me live to thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
   My life and death attend;
   Thy presence through my journey shine,
   And crown my journey's end.

Sel. CXXXV. Hymn 466.

1. O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
   Thy people still are fed;
   Who through this weary pilgrimage
   Hast all our fathers led;

2. Our vows, our prayers, we now present
   Before thy throne of grace;
   God of our fathers, be the God
   Of their succeeding race.

3. Through each perplexing path of life
   Our wandering footsteps guide;
   Give us each day our daily bread,
   And raiment fit provide.

4. O spread thy covering wings around,
   Till all our wanderings cease,
   And at our Father's loved abode
   Our souls arrive in peace.

5. Such blessings from thy gracious hand
   Our humble prayers implore;
   And thou shalt be our chosen God,
   And portion evermore.

Sel. CXXXVI. Hymn 532.

1. THE promise of my Father's love
   Shall stand forever good;
   He said, and gave his soul to death,
   And sealed the grace with blood.

2. To this dear covenant of thy word
   I set my worthless name;
   I seal the engagement to my Lord,
   And make my humble claim.

3. Thy light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
   And glory shall be mine;
   My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
   And all my powers are thine.

4. I call that legacy my own
   Which Jesus did bequeath;
   'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
   And ratified in death.

5. Sweet is the memory of his name
   Who blessed us in his will,
   And to his testament of love
   Made his own blood the seal.

Sel. CXXXVII. Hymn 619.

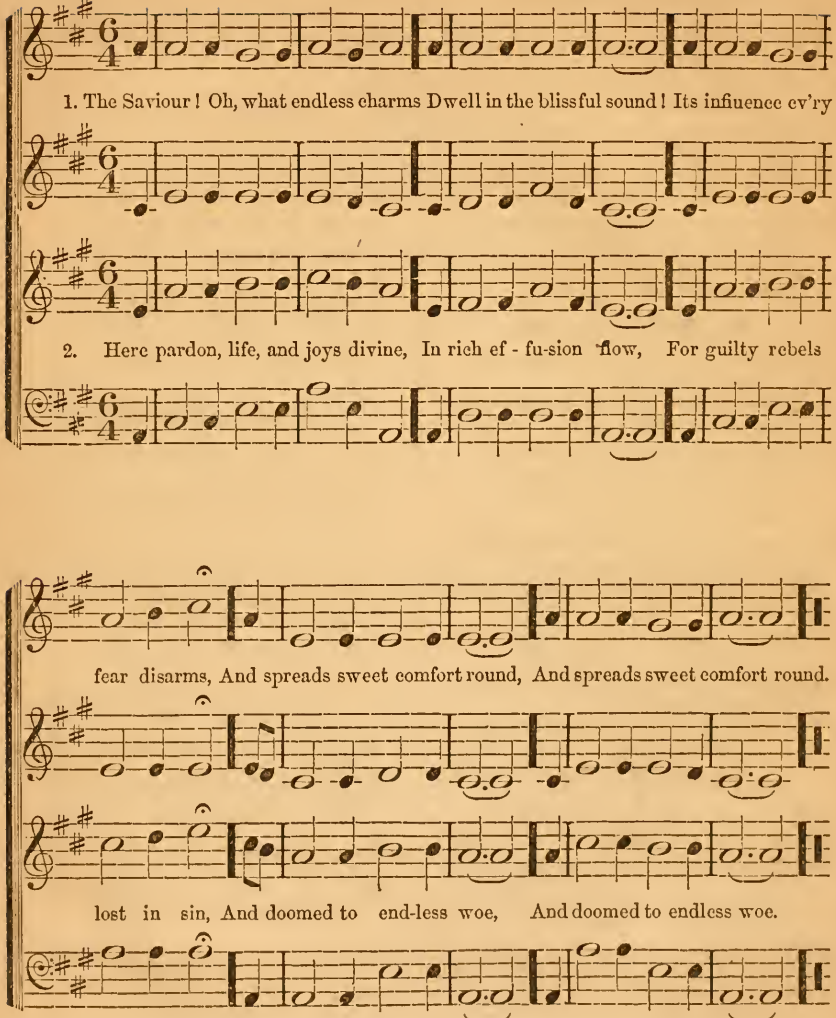
1. HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
   For all the pious dead;
   Sweet is the savor of their names,
   And soft their sleeping bed.

2. They die in Jesus, and are blest
   How calm their slumbers are!
   From sufferings and from sin released,
   And freed from every snare.

3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
   They 're present with the Lord;
   The labors of their mortal life
   End in a large reward.

ORTONVILLE.

T. HASTINGS. By permission.


1. The Saviour! Oh, what endless charms Dwell in the blissful sound! Its influence ev'ry
2. Here pardon, life, and joys divine, In rich ef - fu-sion flow, For guilty rebels
fear disarms, And spreads sweet comfort round, And spreads sweet comfort round.
lost in sin, And doomed to end-less woe, And doomed to endless woe.

Sel. CXXXVIII. Hymn 193.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the Music.]

3. The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4. O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

5. On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

Sel. CXXXIX. Hymn 330.

1. HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2. It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4. Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5. Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Sel. CXL. Hymn 338.

1. O! FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3. Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears:
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4. He breaks the power of reigning sin;
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5. Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven:
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

Sel. CXLI. Hymn 537.

1. ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility
This will I do, my dying Lord—
I will remember thee.

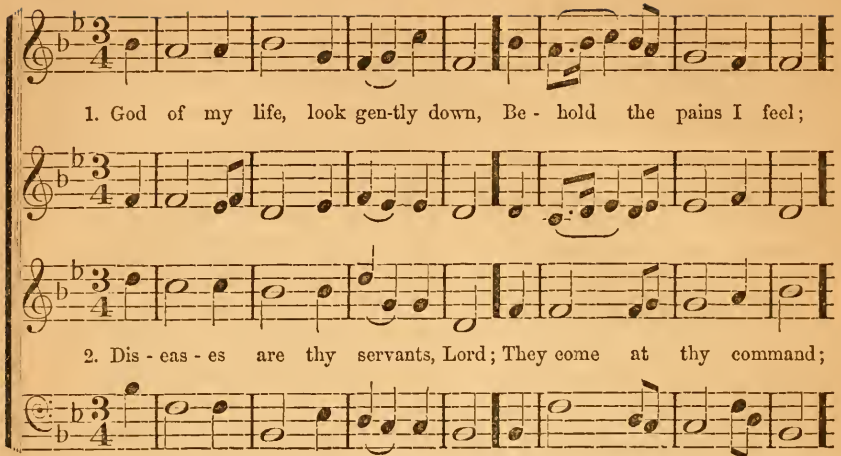
2. Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

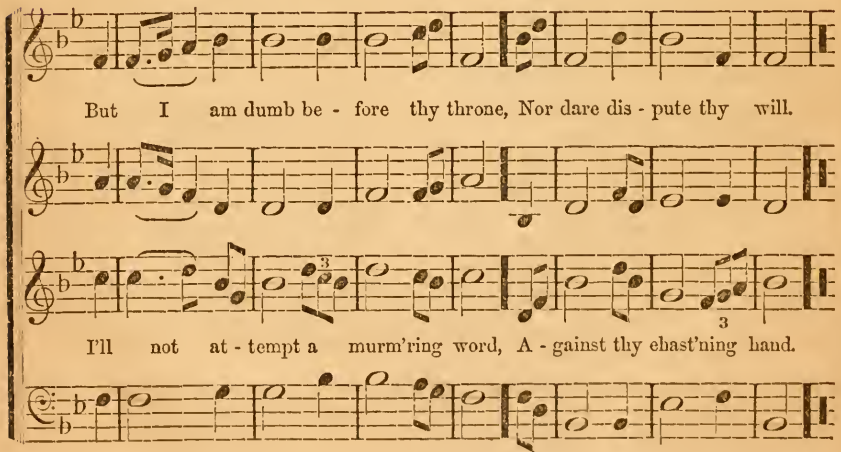
3. Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee:

5. Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6. And when these failing lips grow dumb
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.


1. God of my life, look gen-tly down, Be - hold the pains I feel;
2. Dis - eas - es are thy servants, Lord; They come at thy command;


But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.
I'll not at - tempt a murm'ring word, A - gainst thy chast'ning hand.

Sel. CXLII. Psalm 39, iii.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4. Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,
We molder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty 's lost.

5. I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear!

6. And if my life be spared awhile
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

Sel. CXLIII. Psalm 130, i.

[Stanzas 5 and 6 omitted.]

1. OUT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to reach thine ear.

2. Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3. But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son hath bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4. I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

7. Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his grace.

8. There 's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be saved.

Sel. CXLIV. Hymn 72.

1. O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye:

2. See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said—Return?

3. And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

4. Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way!

5. O! shine on this benighted heart:
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

Sel. CXLV. Hymn 622.

1. WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

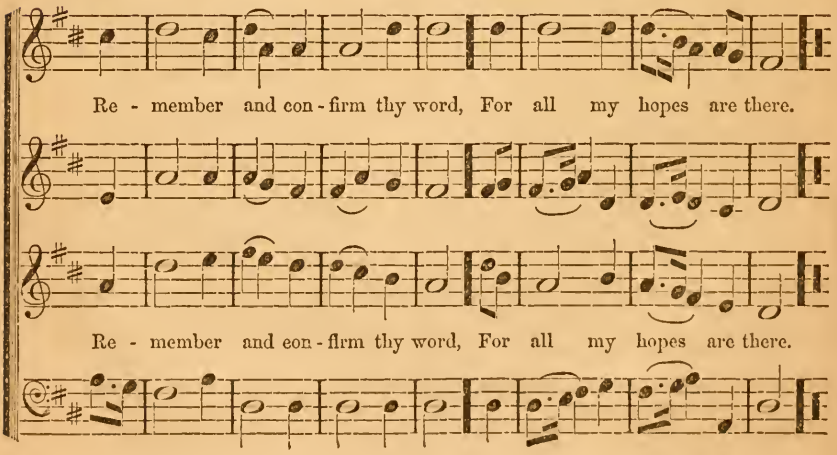
2. Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish our hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4. The graves of all the saints He blest,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5. Thence He arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.

1. Be - hold thy waiting ser - vant, Lord, De - vot - ed to thy fear;
1. Be - hold thy waiting ser - vant, Lord, De - vot - ed to thy fear;


Re - member and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.
Re - member and con - firm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

Sel. CXLVI. Psalm 119, x.

1. BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
   Devoted to thy fear;
   Remember, and confirm thy word,
   For all my hopes are there.

2. Hast thou not sent salvation down,
   And promised quickening grace?
   Doth not my heart address thy throne?
   And yet thy love delays.

3. Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
   O bear thy servant up;
   Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
   Who dare reproach my hope.

4. Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
   Then let thy truth appear:
   Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
   And trust as well as fear.

Sel. CXLVII. Hymn 376.

1. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
   My rising soul surveys,
   Transported with the view I'm lost
   In wonder, love and praise.

2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul
   Thy tender care bestowed,
   Before my infant heart conceived
   From whom those comforts flowed.

3. When in the slippery paths of youth,
   With heedless steps I ran,
   Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
   And led me up to man.

4. When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
   With health renewed my face;
   And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
   Revived my soul with grace.

5. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
   My daily thanks employ;
   Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
   That tastes those gifts with joy.

6. Through every period of my life
   Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
   And after death, in distant worlds,
   The glorious theme renew.

7. Through all eternity to thee
   A joyful song I'll raise,
   But O! eternity 's too short
   To utter all thy praise

Sel. CXLVIII. Hymn 529.

1. JESUS, with all thy saints above
   My tongue would bear her part,
   Would sound aloud thy saving love,
   And sing thy bleeding heart.

2. Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
   Who bought me with his blood,
   And quenched his Father's flaming sword
   In his own vital flood.

3. All glory to the dying Lamb,
   And never ceasing praise;
   While angels live to know his name,
   Or saints to feel his grace.

Sel. CXLIX. Hymn 549.

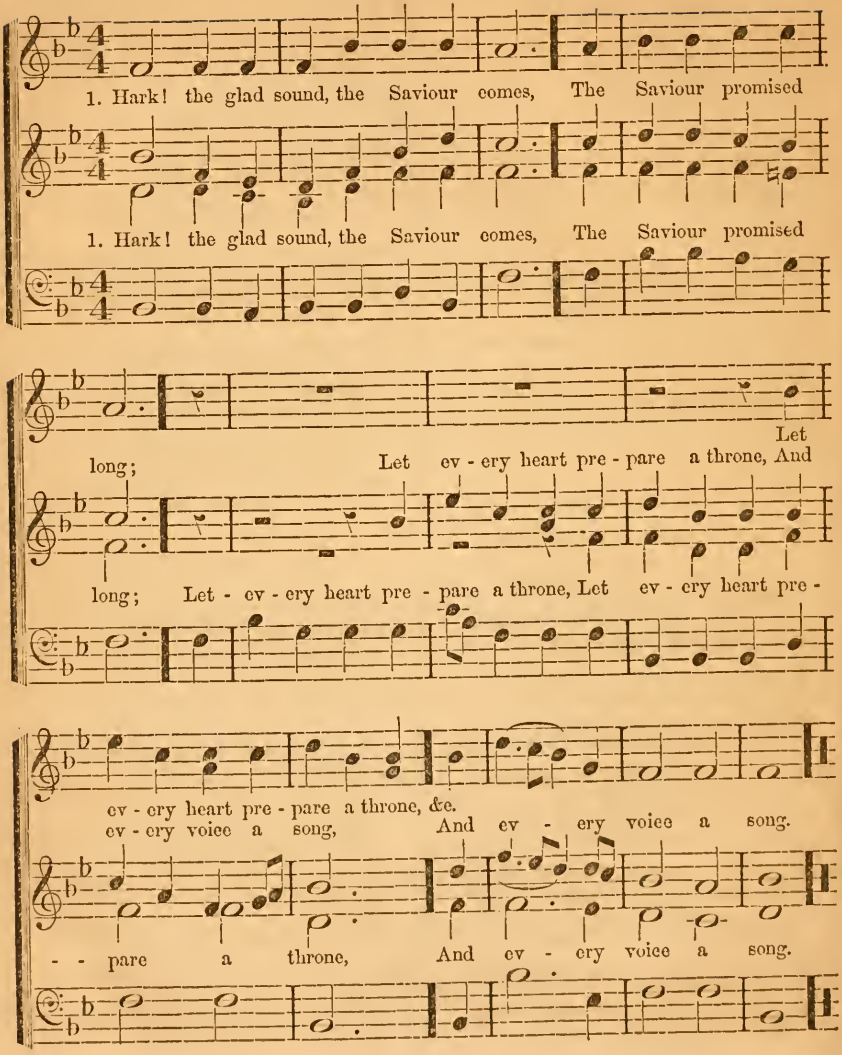
1. HAIL, mighty Jesus, how divine
   Is thy victorious sword!
   The stoutest rebel must resign
   At thy commanding word.

2. Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
   They pierce the hardest heart;
   Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
   And joy succeeds to smart.

3. Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,
   Ride with majestic sway;
   Go forth, great Prince, triumphantly,
   And make thy foes obey.

4. And when thy victories are complete,
   And all the chosen race
   Shall round the throne of mercy meet,
   To sing thy conquering grace;

5. O may my humble soul be found
   Among that favored band;
   And I, with them, thy praise will sound,
   Throughout Immanuel's land.


1. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised
1. Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes, The Saviour promised
long; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, And Let
long; Let - ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, Let ev - ery heart pre -
ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, &c.
ev - ery voice a song, And ev - ery voice a song.
- - pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song.

Sel. CL. Hymn 172.

1. HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
   The Saviour promised long;
   Let every heart prepare a throne,
   And every voice a song.

2. On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
   Exerts his sacred fire;
   Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
   His holy breast inspire.

3. He comes the prisoners to release,
   In Satan's bondage held;
   The gates of brass before Him burst,
   The iron fetters yield.

4. He comes from thickest films of vice
   To clear the inward sight;
   And on the eyes obscured by sin
   To pour celestial light.

5. He comes the broken heart to bind,
   The bleeding soul to cure;
   And with the treasures of his grace
   To enrich the humble poor.

6. Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
   Thy welcome shall proclaim;
   And heaven's eternal arches ring
   With thy beloved name.

Sel. CLI. Hymn 490.

1. HOW glorious is the sacred place
   Where we adoring stand;
   Sion, the joy of all the earth,
   The beauty of the land.

2. Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
   The city where we dwell;
   The walls, of strong salvation made,
   Defy the assaults of hell.

3. Lift up the everlasting gates,
   The doors wide open fling;
   Enter ye nations that obey
   The statutes of your King.

4. Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
   And live in perfect peace;
   You that have known Jehovah's name,
   And ventured on his grace.

5. Trust in the Lord, forever trust,
   And banish all your fears;
   Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
   Eternal as his years.

Sel. CLII. Hymn 491.

1. LO! what a glorious sight appears
   To our believing eyes!
   The earth and seas are passed away,
   And the old rolling skies.

2. From the third heaven, where God resides,
   That holy, happy place,
   The new Jerusalem comes down,
   Adorned with shining grace.

3. Attending angels shout for joy,
   And the bright armies sing;
   "Mortals, behold the sacred seat
   Of your descending King.

4. "The God of glory down to men
   Removes his blest abode;
   Men, the dear objects of his grace,
   And He the loving God.

5. "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
   From every weeping eye;
   And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
   And death itself shall die."

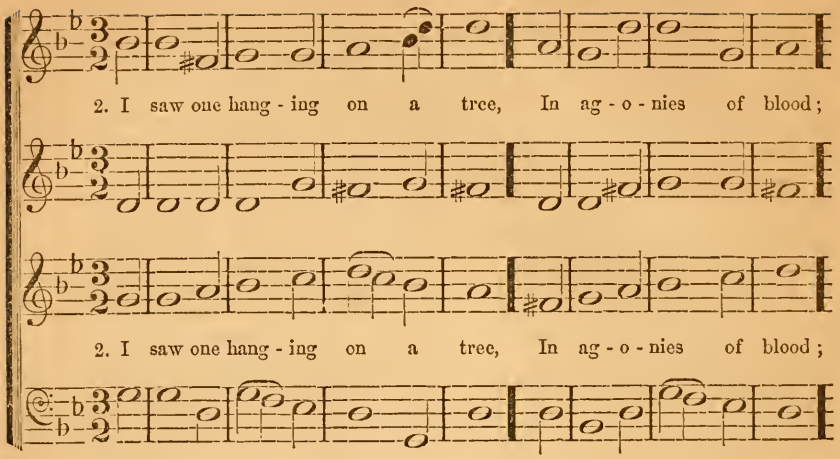
6. How long, dear Saviour, O how long
   Shall this bright hour delay?
   Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
   And bring the welcome day.

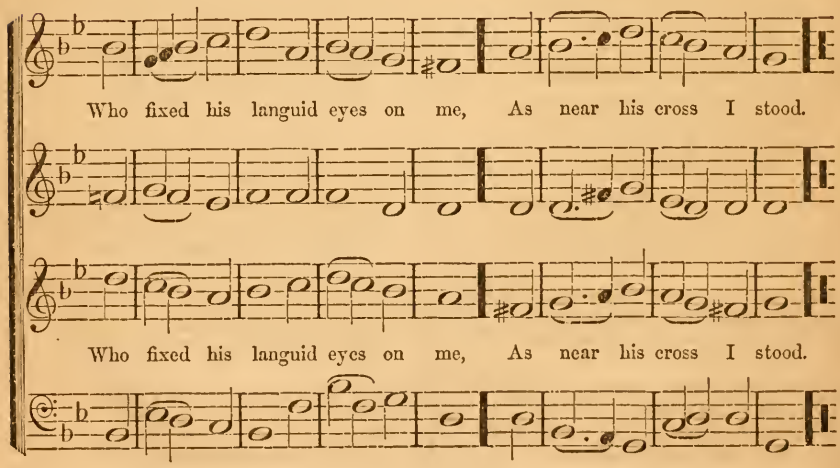
Sel. CLIII. Hymn 578.

1. COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
   Inspire each lifeless tongue;
   And let the joys of heaven impart
   Their influence to our song.

2. Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
   In us the heavenly flame;
   Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
   Our hearts adore thy name.

3. Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
   And fill thy dwellings here,
   Till life, and love, and joy divine,
   A heaven on earth appear.


2. I saw one hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies of blood;
2. I saw one hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies of blood;


Who fixed his languid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.
Who fixed his languid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.

Sel. CLIV. Hymn 58.

[Stanzas 1 and 8 omitted.]

2. I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3. Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5. Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

6. A second look He gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou mayst live."

7. Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

Sel. CLV. Hymn 59.

1. ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2. Thy body slain, dear Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood.

3. Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Sel. CLVI. Hymn 357.

1. JESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast,
In cords of heavenly love;
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.

2. Draw me from all created good,
From self, the world, and sin;
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.

3. O lead me to thy mercy-seat,
Attract me nearer still;
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.

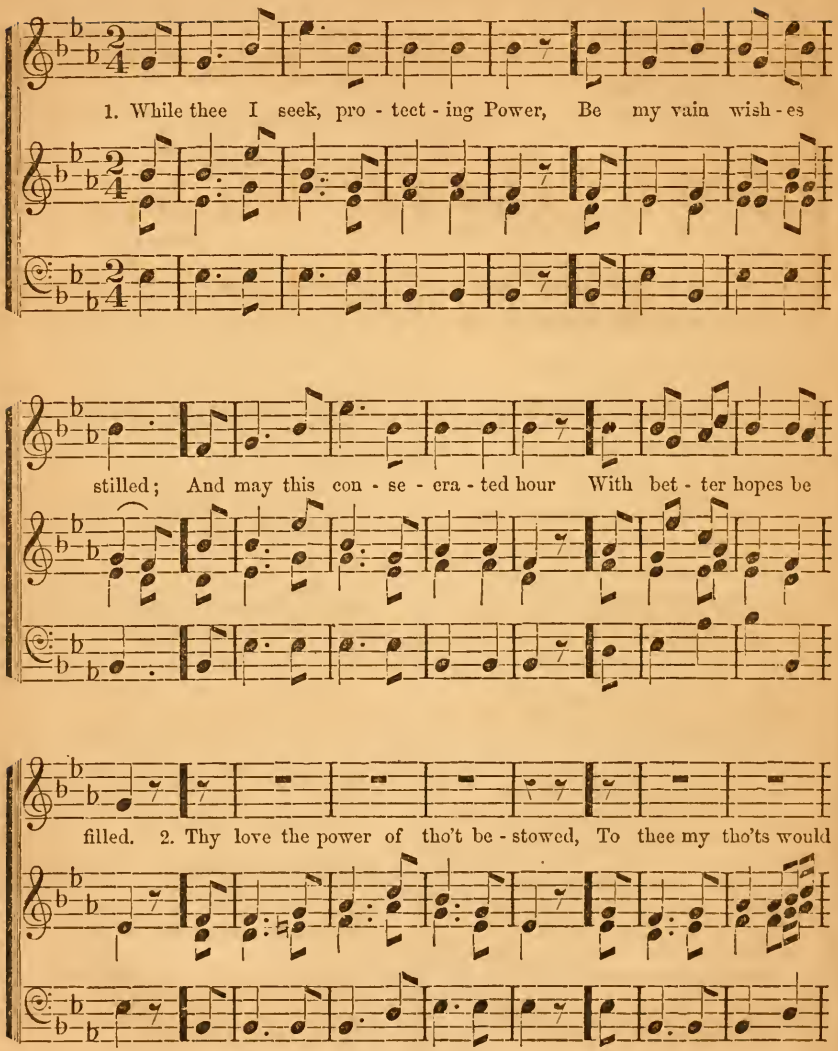
4. O draw me by thy providence,
Thy Spirit and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense,
To thee, my gracious Lord.

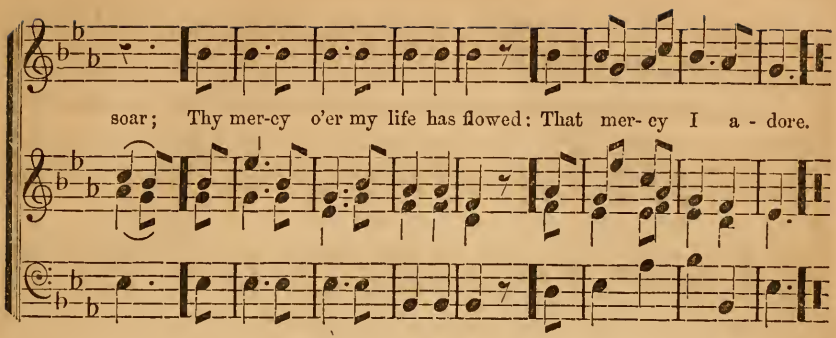
Sel. CLVII. Hymn 426.

1. MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
All my enjoyments come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2. O Lord, shouldst thou withhold them all,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were by me possessed,
They were entirely thine.

3. Nor would I drop a murmuring word
If all the world were gone,
But seek substantial happiness,
In thee and thee alone.


1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es
stilled; And may this con - se - era - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be
filled. 2. Thy love the power of tho't be - stowed, To thee my tho'ts would



Sel. CLVIII. Hymn 29.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4. In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5. When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6. My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see,
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

Sel. CLIX. Hymn 431.

1. WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2. Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3. Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

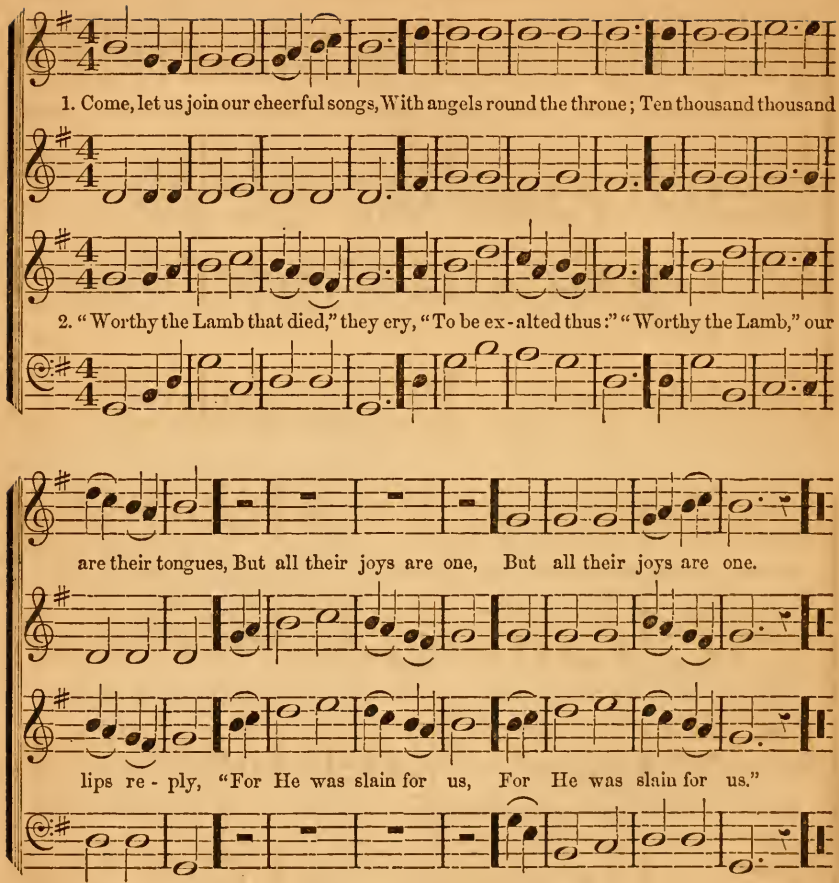
4. Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5. Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6. Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

7. Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8. If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be;
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from thee!

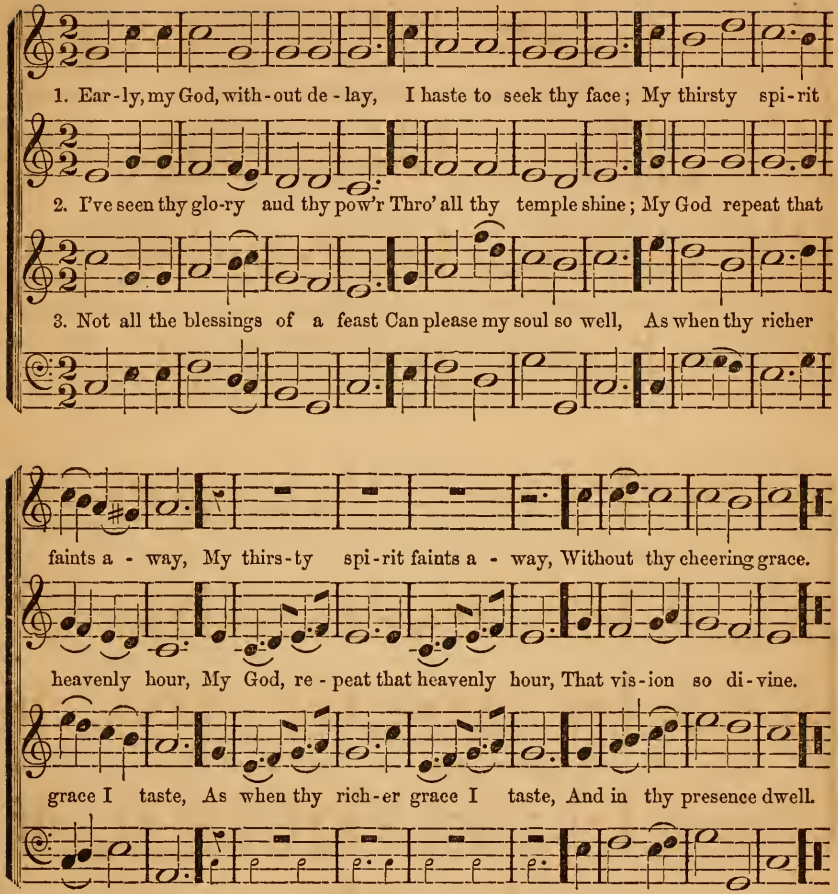

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand
2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex-alted thus:" "Worthy the Lamb," our
are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.
lips re-ply, "For He was slain for us, For He was slain for us."

Sel. CLX. Hymn 237.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

4. The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.


1. Ear-ly, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirsty spi-rit
2. I've seen thy glo-ry and thy pow'r Thro' all thy temple shine; My God repeat that
3. Not all the blessings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when thy richer
faints a-way, My thirs-ty spi-rit faints a-way, Without thy cheering grace.
heavenly hour, My God, re-peat that heavenly hour, That vis-ion so di-vine.
grace I taste, As when thy rich-er grace I taste, And in thy presence dwell.

Sel. CLXI. Psalm 63, i.

[Stanzas 1, 2, and 3, in the music.]

4. Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

5. Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray.
And tune my lips to sing.

L. MASON. By permission.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins ; And
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fountain in his day ; And
3. Dear dy- ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall ne-ver lose its power, Till
sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains
there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a- way, Wash all my sins a - way.
all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more.

Sel. CLXII. Hymn 90.

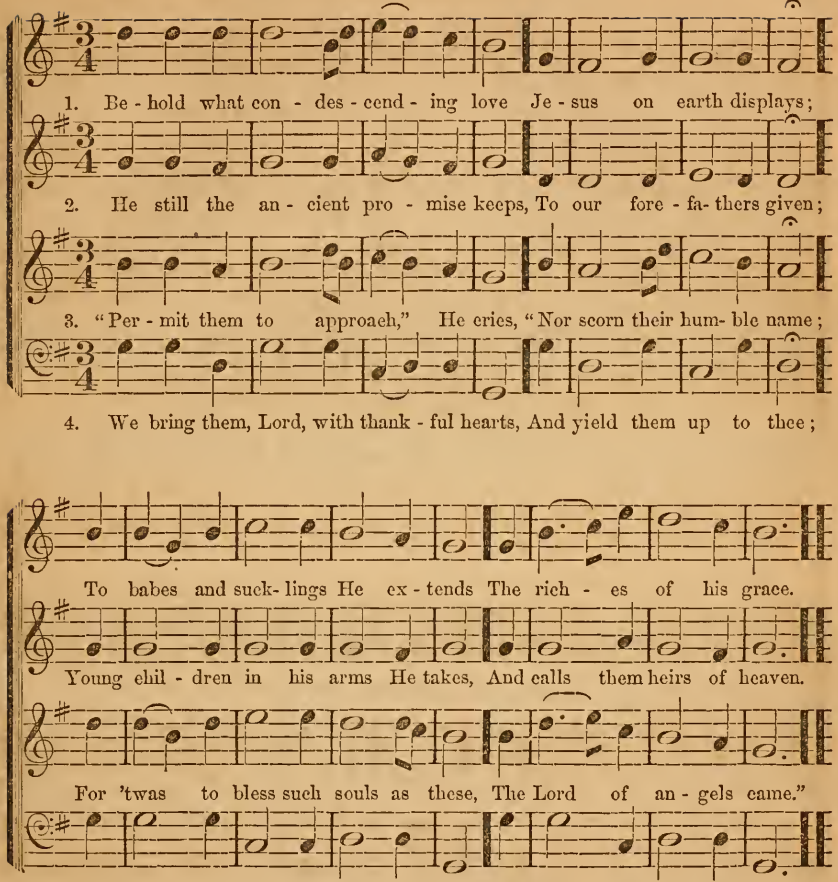
[Stanzas 1, 2, and 3, in the music.]

4.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.


1. Be - hold what con - des - cend - ing love Je - sus on earth displays;
2. He still the an - cient pro - mise keeps, To our fore - fa- thers given;
3. "Per - mit them to approach," He cries, "Nor scorn their hum- ble name;
4. We bring them, Lord, with thank - ful hearts, And yield them up to thee;
To babes and suck- lings He ex - tends The rich - es of his grace.
Young chil - dren in his arms He takes, And calls them heirs of heaven.
For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord of an - gels came."
Joy - ful that we ourselves are thine, Thine, let our off - spring be.

Sel. CLXIII. Hymn 524.

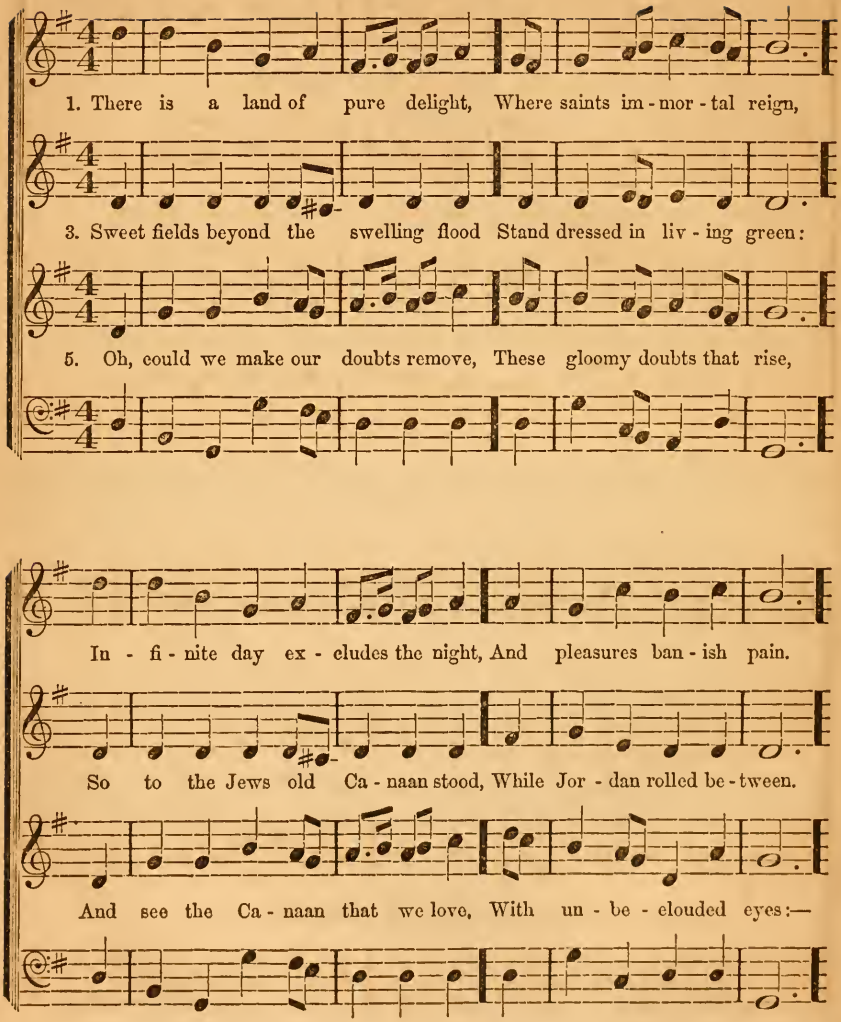
[Stanzas 1, 2, 3, and 4, in the music.]

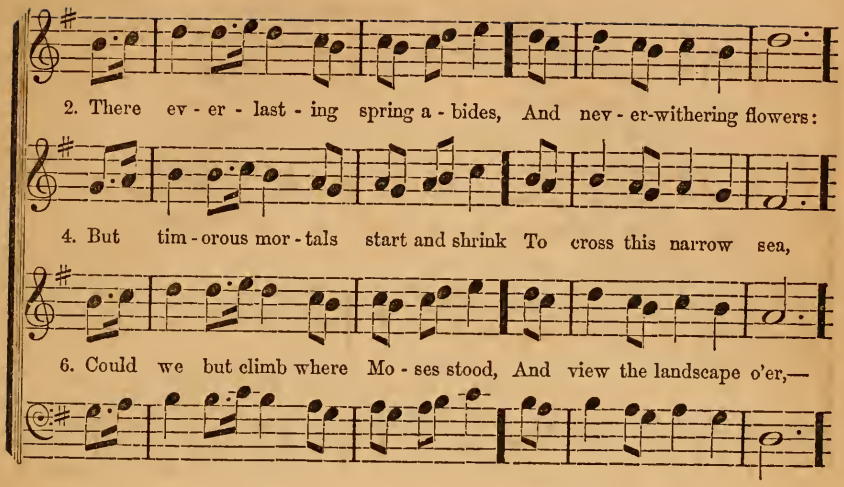
5. Kindly receive this tender branch,
And form his soul for God;
Baptize him with thy Spirit, Lord,
And wash him in thy blood.

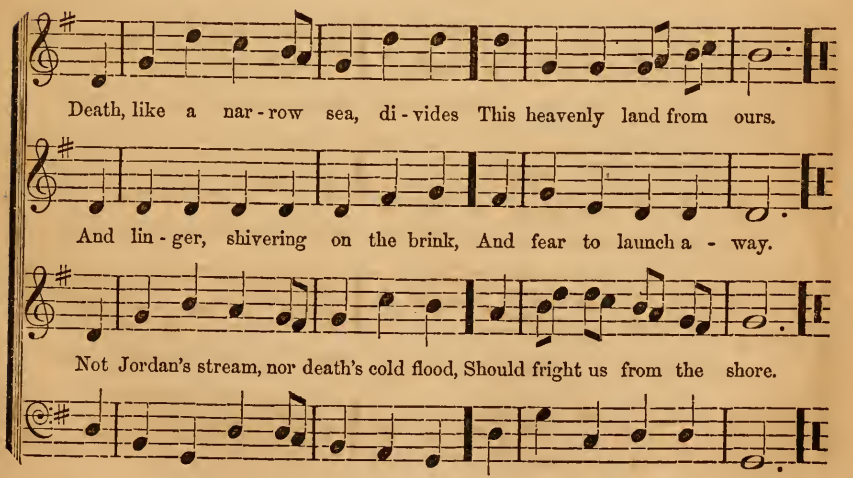
6. Thus, to the parents and their seed,
Let thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

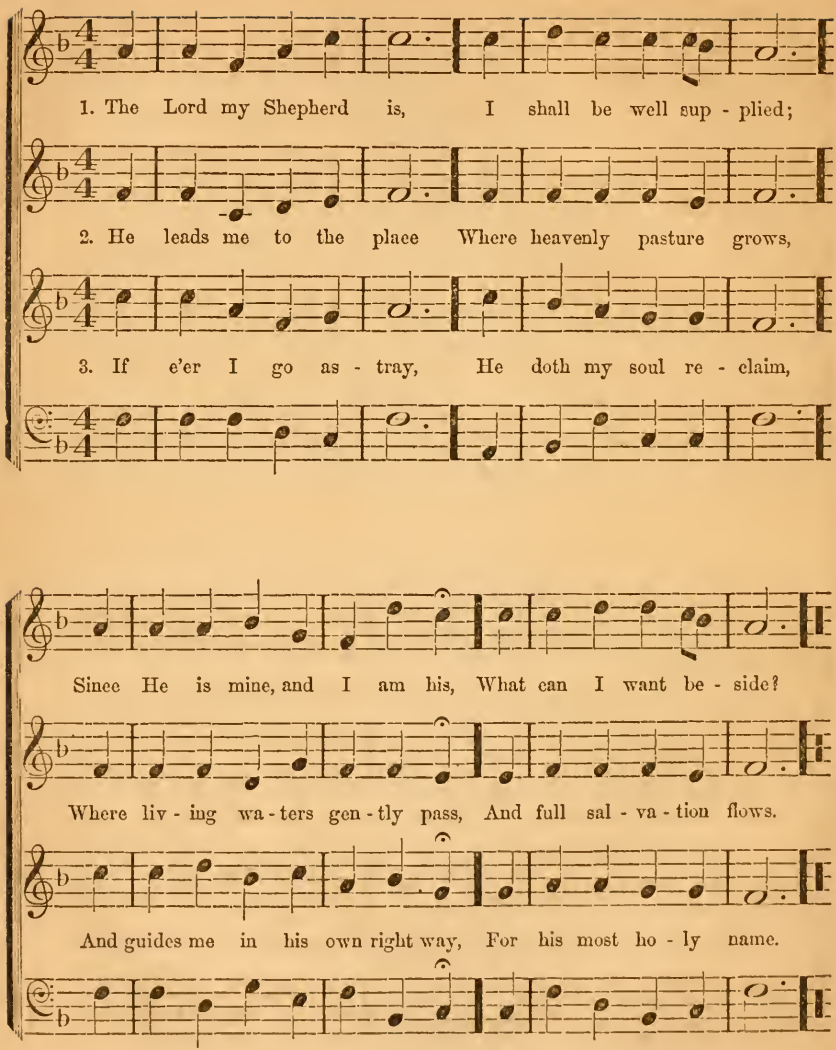
JORDAN.

Sel. CLXIV. Hymn 667.


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im - mor - tal reign,
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in liv - ing green:
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove, These gloomy doubts that rise,
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween.
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - clouded eyes:—


2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er-withering flowers:
4. But tim - orous mor - tals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea,
6. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,—


Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides This heavenly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.


1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied;
2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows,
3. If e'er I go as - tray, He doth my soul re - claim,
Since He is mine, and I am his, What can I want be - side?
Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

Sel. CLXV. Psalm 23, iii.

[Stanzas 1—3 in the music.]

4. While He affords his aid
I can not yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5. Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Sel. CLXVI. Hymn 89.

1. NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4. My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing his bleeding love.

Sel. CLXVII. Hymn 110.

1. BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2. 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here
We shall be like our head.

4. A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5. If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6. We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Sel. CLXVIII. Hymn 457.

1. HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer God
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2. Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3. Here on the merey-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,
And smile on all around.

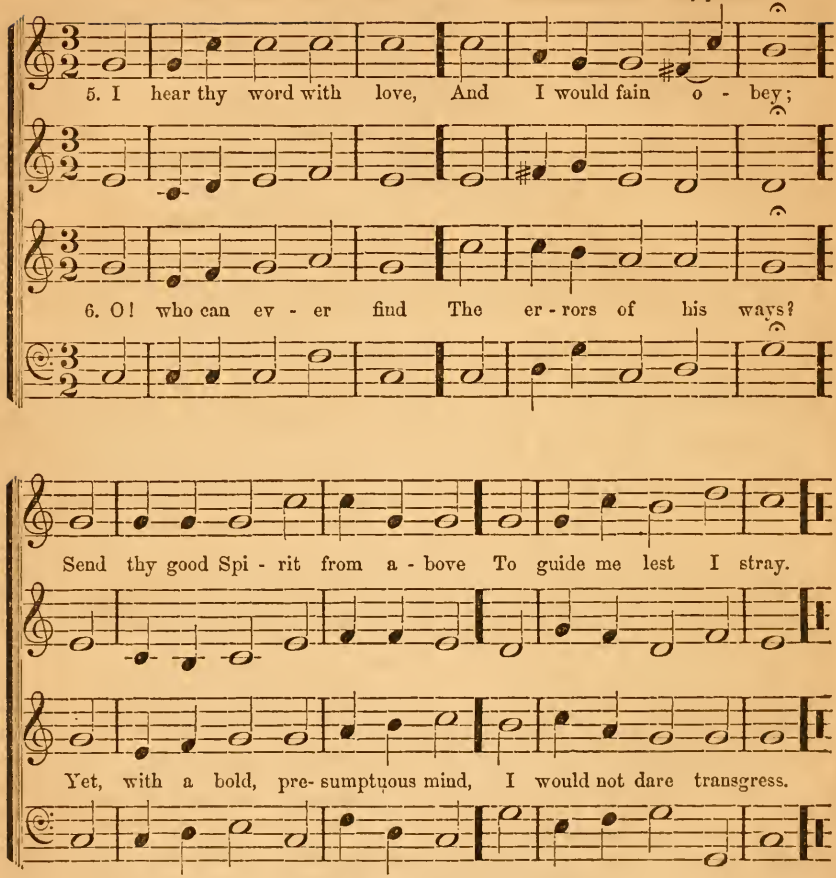
4. To Him their prayers and cries
All humble souls present;
He listens to the broken sighs,
And grants them all they want.

5. To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts with smiles
The tribute of their hearts.

6. Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

BOYLSTON.

L. MASON. "Carmina Sacra." By permission.


5. I hear thy word with love, And I would fain o - bey;
6. O! who can ev - er find The er - rors of his ways?
Send thy good Spi - rit from a - bove To guide me lest I stray.
Yet, with a bold, pre- sumptuous mind, I would not dare transgress.

Sel. CLXIX. Psalm 19, ii.

[Stanzas 1—4 omitted. 5 and 6 in music.]

7. Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults;
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8. While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Sel. CLXX. Psalm 103, iii.

[Stanzas 5 and 6 omitted.]

1. O! BLESS the Lord, my soul,
   Let all within me join,
   And aid my tongue to bless his name,
   Whose favors are divine.

2. O! bless the Lord, my soul,
   Nor let his mercies lie
   Forgotten in unthankfulness,
   And without praises die.

3. 'Tis He forgives thy sins,
   'Tis He relieves thy pain,
   'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
   And makes thee young again.

4. He crowns thy life with love,
   When ransomed from the grave;
   He that redeemed my soul from hell
   Hath sovereign power to save.

Sel. CLXXI. Psalm 103, iv.

1. MY soul, repeat his praise,
   Whose mercies are so great;
   Whose anger is so slow to rise,
   So ready to abate.

2. God will not always chide;
   And when his strokes are felt,
   His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
   And lighter than our guilt.

3. High as the heavens are raised
   Above the ground we tread,
   So far the riches of his grace
   Our highest thoughts exceed.

4. His power subdues our sins;
   And his forgiving love,
   Far as the east is from the west,
   Doth all our guilt remove.

5. The pity of the Lord
   To those that fear his name,
   Is such as tender parents feel;
   He knows our feeble frame.

6. He knows we are but dust,
   Scattered with every breath:
   His anger, like a rising wind,
   Can send us swift to death.

7. Our days are as the grass,
   Or like the morning flower:
   If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field
   It withers in an hour.

8. But thy compassions, Lord,
   To endless years endure;
   And children's children ever find
   Thy words of promise sure.

Sel. CLXXII. Psalm 137, ii.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
   The house of thine abode;
   The church our blest Redeemer saved
   With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God!
   Her walls before thee stand,
   Dear as the apple of thine eye,
   And graven on thy hand.

3. If e'er to bless thy sons,
   My voice or hands deny,
   These hands let useful skill forsake,
   This voice in silence die.

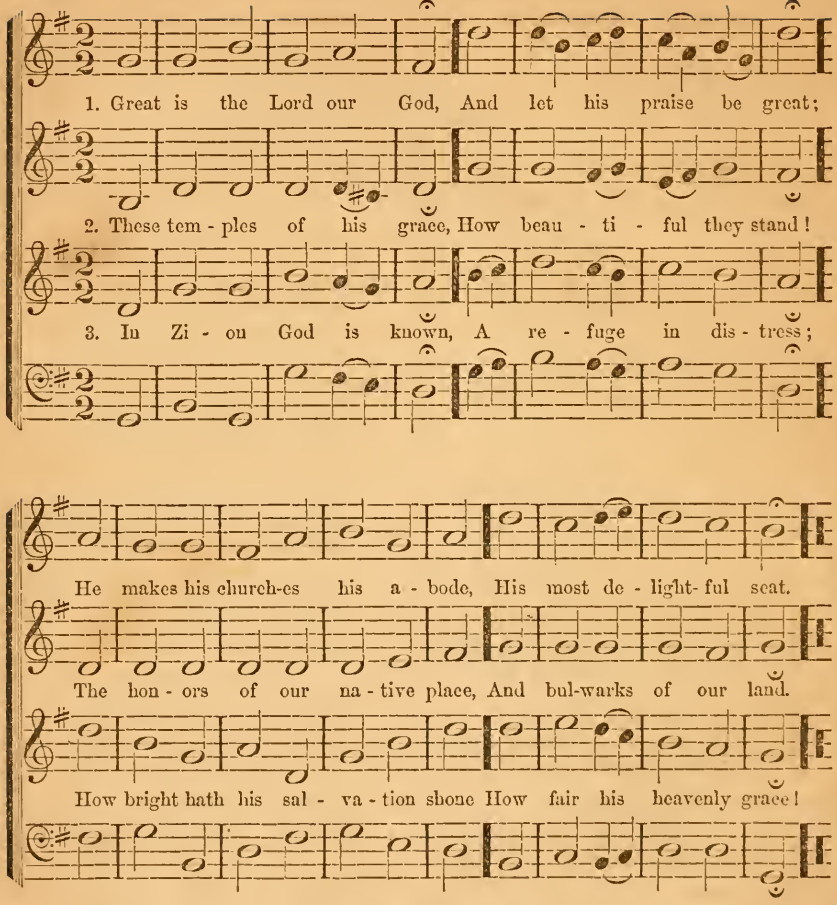
4. If e'er my heart forget
   Her welfare or her woe,
   Let every joy this heart forsake,
   And every grief o'erflow.

5. For her my tears shall fall;
   For her my prayers ascend:
   To her my cares and toils be given,
   Till toils and cares shall end.

6. Beyond my highest joy
   I prize her heavenly ways;
   Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
   Her hymns of love and praise.

7. Jesus, thou friend divine,
   Our Saviour and our King,
   Thy hand from every snare and foe
   Shall great deliverance bring.

8. Sure as thy truth shall last,
   To Sion shall be given
   The brightest glories earth can yield,
   And brighter bliss of heaven.


1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great;
2. These tem - ples of his grace, How beau - ti - ful they stand!
3. In Zi - on God is known, A re - fuge in dis - tress;
He makes his church-es his a - bode, His most de - light- ful seat.
The hon - ors of our na - tive place, And bul-warks of our land.
How bright hath his sal - va - tion shone How fair his heavenly grace!

Sel. CLXXIII. Psalm 48, i.

[Stanzas 1, 2, 3, in music. 4 and 5 omitted.]

6. Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold,
Where his own flocks have been.

7. In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Sel. CLXXIV. Psalm 48, ii.

1. FAR as thy name is known
   The world declares thy praise;
   Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
   Their songs of honor raise.

2. With joy thy people stand
   On Sion's chosen hill,
   Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
   And counsels of thy will.

3. Let strangers walk around
   The city where we dwell,
   Compass and view thy holy ground,
   And mark the building well:

4. The orders of thy house,
   The worship of thy court,
   The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
   And make a fair report.

5. How decent and how wise!
   How glorious to behold!
   Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
   And rites adorned with gold.

6. The God we worship now
   Will guide us till we die;
   Will be our God while here below,
   And ours above the sky.

Sel. CLXXV. Psalm 99, i.

1. THE God Jehovah reigns,
   Let all the nations fear;
   Let sinners tremble at his throne,
   And saints be humble there.

2. Jesus the Saviour reigns,
   Let earth adore its Lord;
   Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
   Swift to fulfill his word.

3. In Sion stands his throne,
   His honors are divine;
   His church shall make his wonders known,
   For there his glories shine.

4. How holy is his name!
   How terrible his praise!
   Justice, and truth, and judgment join
   In all his works of grace.

Sel. CLXXVI. Psalm 118, v.

1. SEE what a living stone
   The builder's did refuse
   Yet God hath built his church thereon
   In spite of envious Jews.

2. The scribe and angry priest
   Reject thine only Son;
   Yet on this Rock shall Sion rest,
   As the chief corner-stone.

3. The work, O Lord, is thine,
   And wondrous in our eyes:
   This day declares it all divine,
   This day did Jesus rise.

4. This is the glorious day
   That our Redeemer made;
   Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray;
   Let all the church be glad.

5. Hosanna to the King
   Of David's royal blood:
   Bless him, ye saints; He comes to bring
   Salvation from your God.

6. We bless thine holy word,
   Which all this grace displays;
   And offer on thine altar, Lord,
   Our sacrifice of praise.

Sel. CLXXVII. Hymn 464.

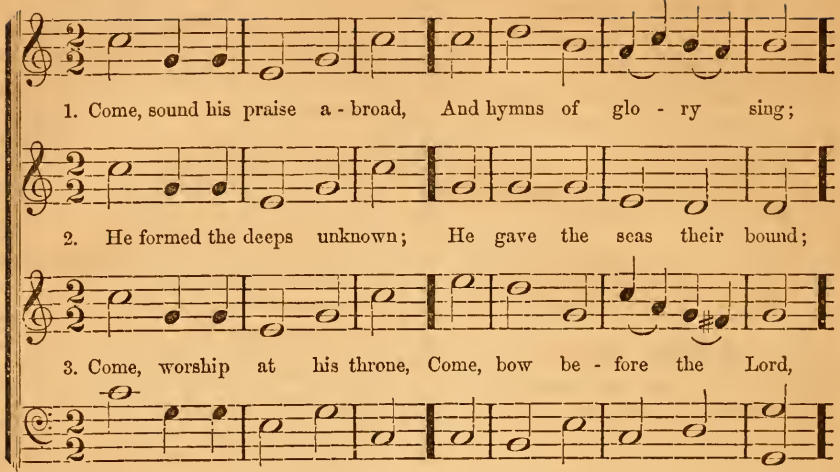
[Stanzas 2—4 omitted.]

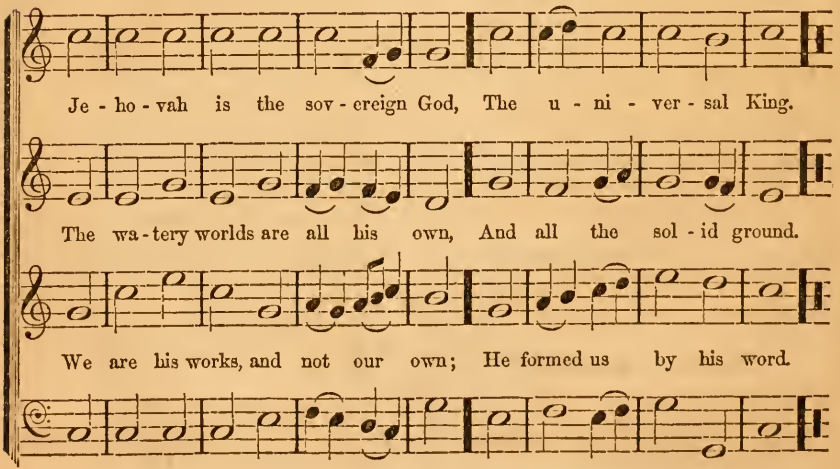
1. COME, we that love the Lord,
   And let our joys be known;
   Join in a song with sweet accord,
   And thus surround the throne.

5. The men of grace have found
   Glory begun below:
   Celestial fruits on earthly ground
   From faith and hope may grow.

6. The hill of Sion yields
   A thousand sacred sweets,
   Before we reach the heavenly fields,
   Or walk the golden streets.

7. Then let our songs abound,
   And every tear be dry;
   We're marching through Immanuel's ground
   To fairer worlds on high.


1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;
2. He formed the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound;
3. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord,


Je - ho - vah is the sov - ereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
The wa - tery worlds are all his own, And all the sol - id ground.
We are his works, and not our own; He formed us by his word.

Sel. CLXXVIII. Psalm 95, ii.

[Stanzas 1—3 in the music.]

4. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5. But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

Sel. CLXXIX. Hymn 87.

1. GRACE! 't is a charming sound.
Harmonious to mine ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* graee display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book;
'T was grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

4. Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5. Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'T was grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

6. Graee all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Sel. CLXXX. Hymn 175.

1. RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2. Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3. His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4. 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

5. Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

6. Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

Sel. CLXXXI. Hymn 265.

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

2. Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

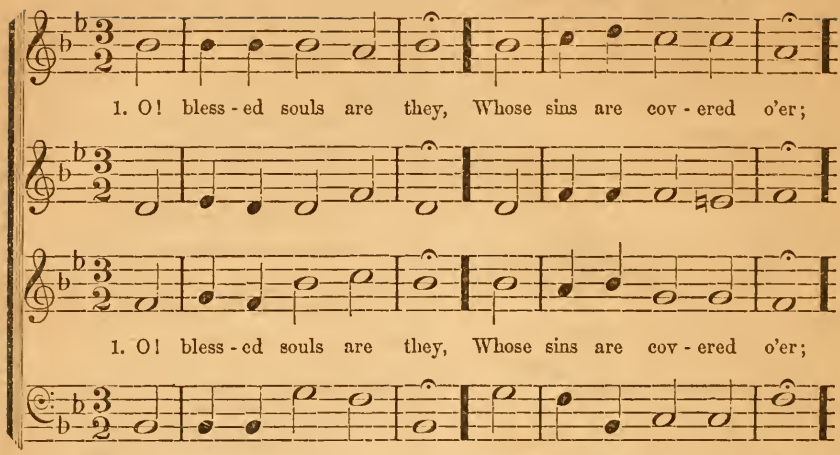
3. Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The gracious love of God.

4. 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

5. Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

OLMUTZ.

Arrangement by L. MASON. By permission.



Sel. CLXXXII. Psalm 32, i.

1. O! BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er,
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2. They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3. While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4. Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

Sel. CLXXXIII. Hymn 342.

1. BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

Sel. CLXXXIV. Hymn 385.

[Stanzas 3 and 4 omitted.]

1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2. To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind;
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

5. Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mold our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone
And give us hearts of flesh.

5. Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Sel. CLXXXV. Hymn 395.

1. YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2. Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3. His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

4. When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5. Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control:
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6. Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

LISBON.

Arranged by L. MASON. By permission.

1. O Lord, our heaven-ly King, Thy name is all di - vine;
2. When to thy works on high I raise my wondering eyes,
Thy glo - ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.
And see the moon com- plete in light A - dorn the darksome skies.
Thy glo - ries round the earth are spread, And o'er the heavens they shine.
And see the moon com- plete in light A - dorn the dark - some skies.

Sel. CLXXXVI. Psalm 8, i.

[Stanza 5 omitted ; 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. When I survey the stars,
In all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4. Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.

5. How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

Sel. CLXXXVII. Psalm 19, ii.

[The first four stanzas.]

1. BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2. But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3. How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4. My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

Sel. CLXXXVIII. Hymn 118.

1. TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2. 'T is his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3. He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Sel. CLXXXIX. Hymn 295.

1. MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

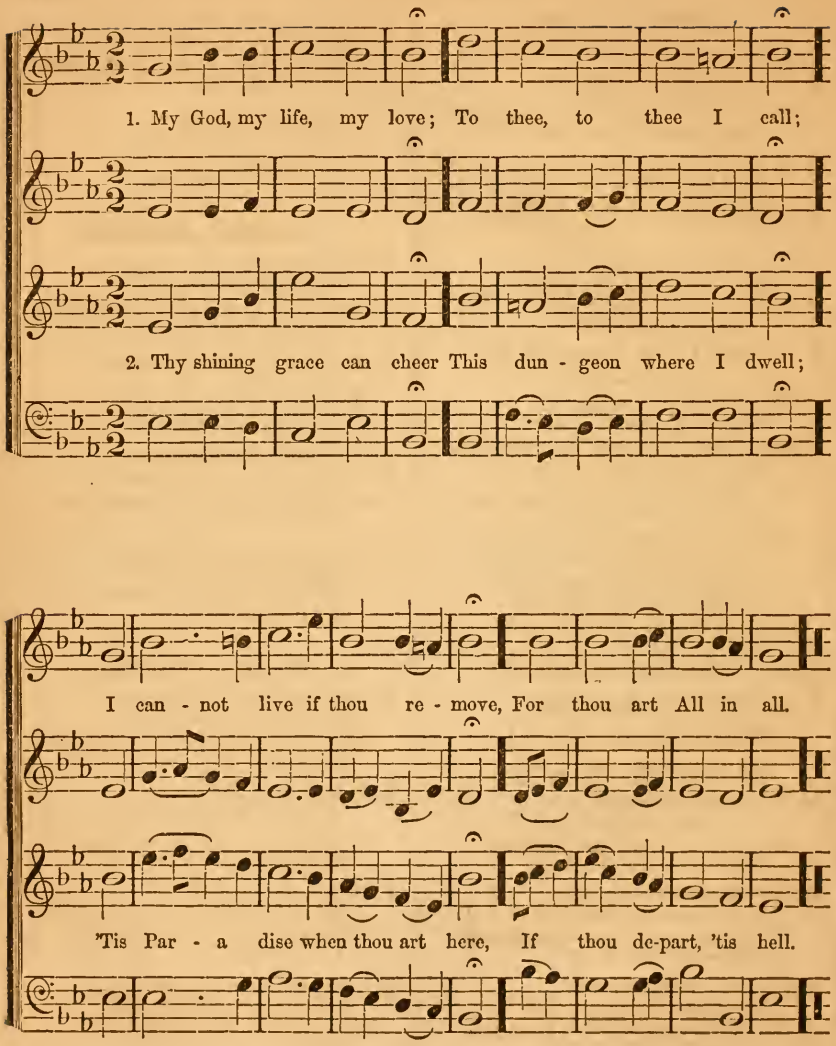
Sel. CXC. Hymn 373.

1. AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2. Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3. Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

4. Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.


1. My God, my life, my love; To thee, to thee I call;
2. Thy shining grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell;
I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art All in all.
'Tis Par - a dise when thou art here, If thou de-part, 'tis hell.

Sel. CXCI. Hymn 23.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. The smilings of thy face
How amiable they are!
'T is heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4. To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

7. Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

8. To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

Sel. CXCII. Hymn 231.

1. LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2. How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3. How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4. His honor and his breath
Were taken both away;
Joined with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5. But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make Him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.

6. "I'll give Him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

Sel. CXCIII. Hymn 485.

1. WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2. The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3. One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

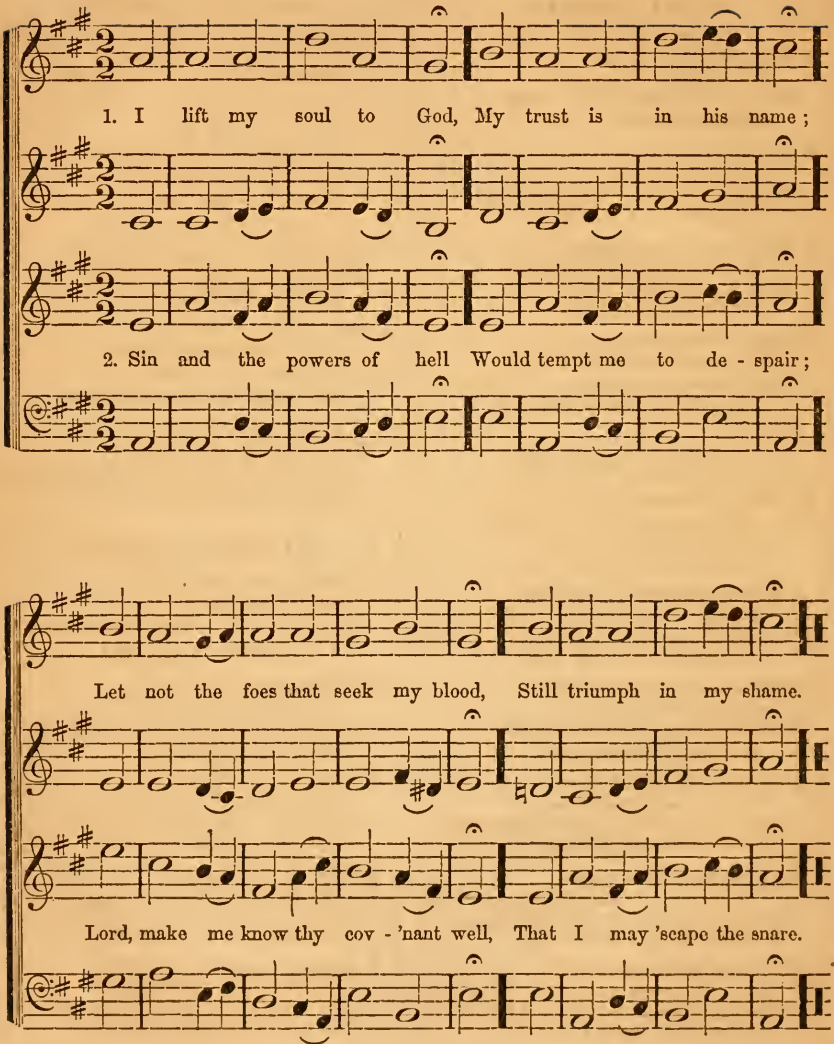
Sel. CXCIV. Hymn 650.

1. PREPARE me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace.

2. In Christ's obedience clothe,
And wash me in his blood:
So shall I lift my head with joy,
Among the sons of God.

3. Do thou my sins subdue,
Thy sovereign love make known;
The spirit of my mind renew,
And save me in thy Son.

4. Let me attest thy power,
Let me thy goodness prove,
Till my full soul can hold no more
Of everlasting love.


1. I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name;
2. Sin and the powers of hell Would tempt me to de - spair;
Let not the foes that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.
Lord, make me know thy cov - 'nant well, That I may 'scape the snare.

Sel. CXCV. Psalm 25, i.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. From the first dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

4. Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth:
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5. The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6. For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

Sel. CXCVI. Psalm 55, ii.

1. LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2. My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3. Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

4. Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5. But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

6. His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

Sel. CXCVII. Hymn 211.

1. HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2. Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3. Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure,
With sanctifying grace.

4. The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the accursed chain.

5. Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thy atoning blood.

Sel. CXCVIII. Hymn 642.

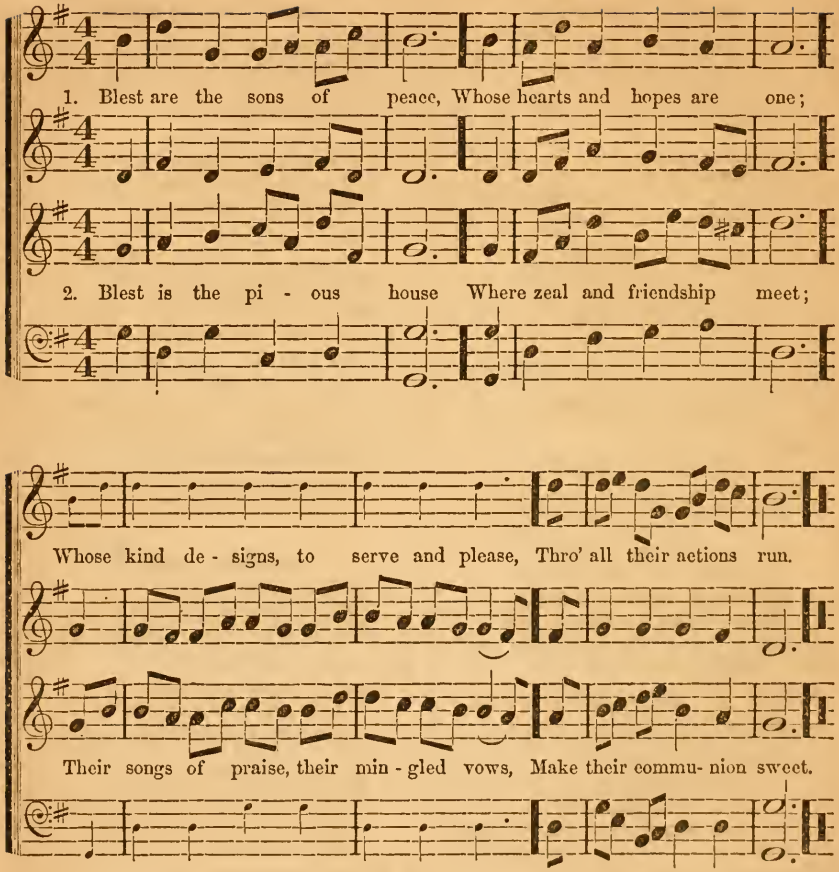
1. AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie moldering in the clay?

2. God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust
Till He shall bid it rise.

3. Arrayed in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4. These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

5. Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these, our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.


1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one;
2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where zeal and friendship meet;
Whose kind de - signs, to serve and please, Thro' all their actions run.
Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their commu- nion sweet.

Sel. CXCIX. Psalm 133, ii.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Thus, when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil down to his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

4. Thus, on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

Sel. CC. Hymn 331.

1. NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love Him in his word.

2. On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3. And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Sel. CCI. Hymn 509.

1. HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Sion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Sion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3. How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4. How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6. The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour, and their God.

Sel. CCII. Hymn 521.

1. GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.

2. O what a pure delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3. Now bless, thou God of love,
This ordinance divine;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
And make these children thine.

Sel. CCIII. Hymn 540.

1. JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2. For food He gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor, matchless grace
Of our descending God.

3. This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4. Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And He the first-born Son.

5. We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

6. Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise

L. MASON. By permission.

1. When overwhelmed with grief, My heart with - in me dies,
2. O! lead me to the rock That's high a - bove my head,
Help - less and far from all re - lief, To heaven I lift mine eyes.
And make the co - vert of thy wings My shelter and my shade.

Sel. CCIV. Psalm 61, i.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Sel. CCV. Hymn 49.

1. AH! how shall fallen man
   Be just before his God?
   If he contend in righteousness,
   We fall beneath his rod.

2. If He our ways should mark
   With strict inquiring eyes,
   Could we for one of thousand faults
   A just excuse devise?

3. All-seeing, powerful God,
   Who can with thee contend;
   Or who that tries the unequal strife
   Shall prosper in the end?

4. The mountains, in thy wrath,
   Their ancient seats forsake;
   The trembling earth deserts her place,
   Her rooted pillars shake.

5. Ah! how shall guilty man
   Contend with such a God!
   None, none can meet Him and escape,
   But through the Saviour's blood.

Sel. CCVI. Hymn 140.

1. AND will the Judge descend?
   And must the dead arise?
   And not a single soul escape
   His all-discerning eyes!

2. How will my heart endure
   The terrors of that day,
   When earth and heaven, before his face,
   Astonished shrink away?

3. But ere that trumpet shakes
   The mansions of the dead,
   Hark, from the Gospel's cheering sound,
   What joyful tidings spread!

4. Ye sinners, seek his grace,
   Whose wrath ye can not bear!
   Fly to the shelter of his cross,
   And find salvation there.

5. So shall that curse remove
   By which the Saviour bled;
   And the last awful day shall pour
   His blessings on your head.

Sel. CCVII. Hymn 324.

1. O WHERE shall rest be found,
   Rest for the weary soul?
   'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
   Or pierce to either pole:
   The world can never give
   The bliss for which we sigh;
   'T is not the whole of life to live,
   Nor all of death to die.

2. Beyond this vale of tears
   There is a life above,
   Unmeasured by the flight of years;
   And all that life is love.
   There is a death whose pang
   Outlasts the fleeting breath;
   O what eternal horrors hang
   Around "the second death!"

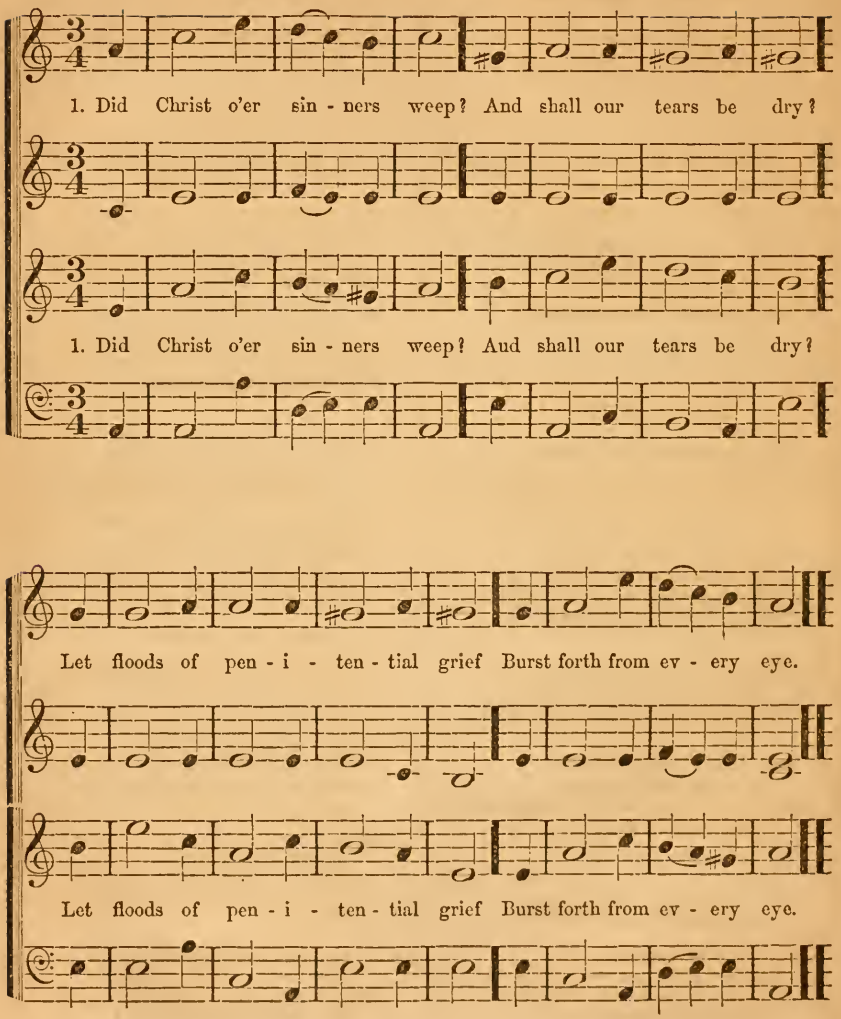
3. Lord God of truth and grace,
   Teach us that death to shun,
   Lest we be banished from thy face,
   And evermore undone.
   Here would we end our quest:
   Alone are found in thee,
   The life of perfect love, the rest
   Of immortality.

Sel. CCVIII. Hymn 497.

1. O! CEASE, my wandering soul,
   On restless wing to roam;
   All the wide world to either pole,
   Has not for thee a home.

2. Behold the ark of God,
   Behold the open door;
   Hasten to gain that dear abode,
   And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There, safe thou shalt abide,
   There, sweet shall be thy rest,
   And every longing satisfied,
   With full salvation blest.


1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our tears be dry?
1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our tears be dry?
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.
Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - ery eye.

Sel. CCIX. Hymn 233.

1. DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2. The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Sel. CCX. Hymn 261.

1. AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2. Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3. To-day a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4. But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

Sel. CCXI. Hymn 608.

1. TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2. The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3. Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4. One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5. To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die,
In sudden, endless night.

Sel. CCXII. Hymn 625.

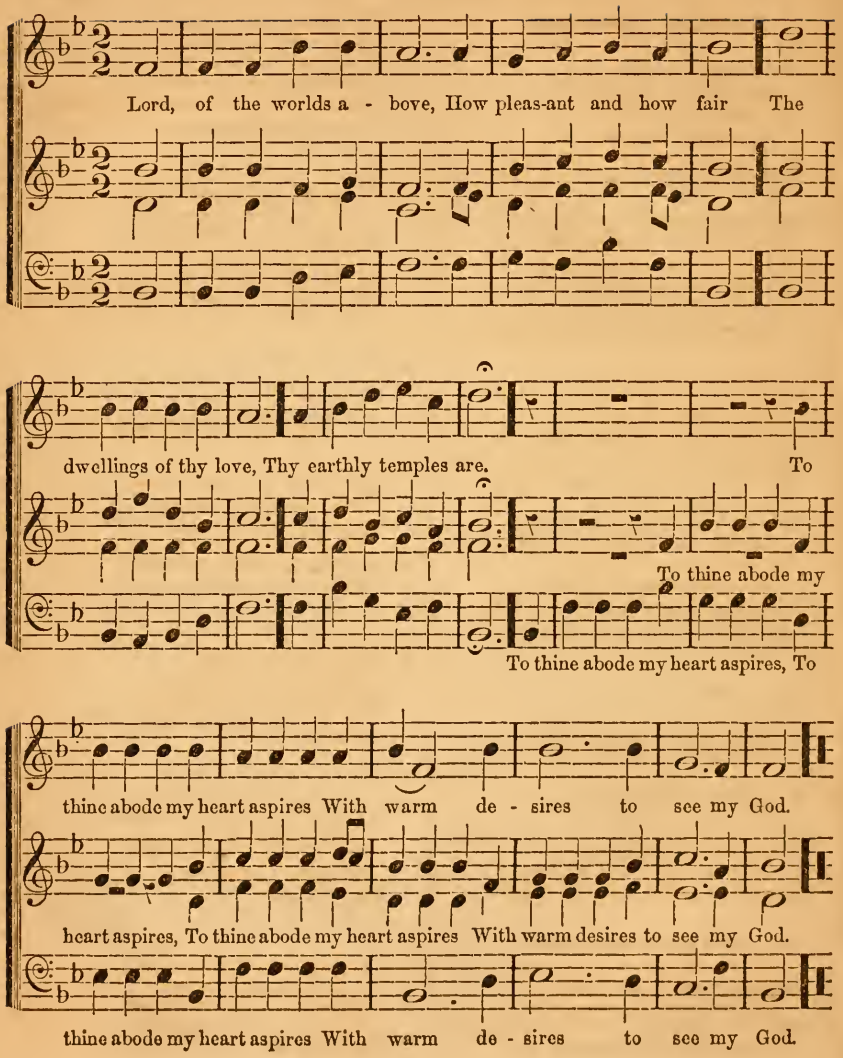
1. O! FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2. Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3. Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.

4. With us their names shall live
Through long succeeding years,
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears.

5. O for the death of those,
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.


Lord, of the worlds a - bove, How pleas-ant and how fair The
dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly temples are. To
To thine abode my
To thine abode my heart aspires, To
thine abode my heart aspires With warm de - sires to see my God.
heart aspires, To thine abode my heart aspires With warm desires to see my God.
thine abode my heart aspires With warm de - sires to see my God.

Sel. CCXIII. Psalm 84, iv.

1. LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are;
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God.

2. The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints with equal zeal
To rise and dwell among thy saints.

3. O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Sion's hill.

4. They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall hither bring our willing feet!

Sel. CCXIV. Psalm 148, i.

1. YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light begin the song.

2. Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.

3. The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came to praise the Lord.

4. He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfills,
While time and nature last.
In different ways his works proclaim
His wondrous name, and speak his praise.

Sel. CCXV. Hymn 555.

1. BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2. Exalt the Son of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.

3. Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, &c.

4. The Gospel-trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year, &c.

HADDAM.

Sel. CCXVI. Psalm 84, iv.

[Stanzas 1—4 omitted.]

5. To spend one sa - cred day Where God and saints a - bide, Af -
6. God is our sun and shield, Our light and our de - fence; With
7. The Lord his peo - ple loves; His hand no good with - holds From
- - fords di - vin - er joy Than thousand days be - side; Where God re -
gifts his hands are filled; We draw our blessings thence; He shall be -
those his heart approves; From pure and pi - ous souls: Thrice hap - py
- - sorts, I love it more To keep the door, than shine in courts.
- - stow on Ja - cob's race Pe - cu - liar grace and glo - ry too.
he, O God of hosts, Whose spi - rit trusts a - lone in thee.

Sel. CCXVII. Psalm 121, iii.

1. UPWARD I lift my eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2. My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there;
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

4. Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

Sel. CCXVIII. Hymn 1.

1. THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3. Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curst designs.
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

4. And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,
And will He write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.

Sel. CCXIX. Hymn 581.

1. O SION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While rays divine stream all abroad.

2. He gilds the mourning face
With beams that can not fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head:
The nations round thy form shall view,
With luster new divinely crowned.

3. In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise till sovereign love
In worlds above thy glory raise.

4. There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While round his throne ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres, his influence own.

NASHVILLE.

L. MASON. "Carmina Sacra." By permission.

1. I love the volume of thy word; What light and joy these leaves af-ford
To souls be-nighted and distressed! Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear for-bids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

Sel. CCXX. Psalm 19, v.

1. I LOVE the volume of thy Word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2. From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw:
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace passed
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3. Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

4. Who knows the errors of my thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature, not in vain.

Sel. CCXXI. Psalm 146, ii.

1. I 'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2. Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

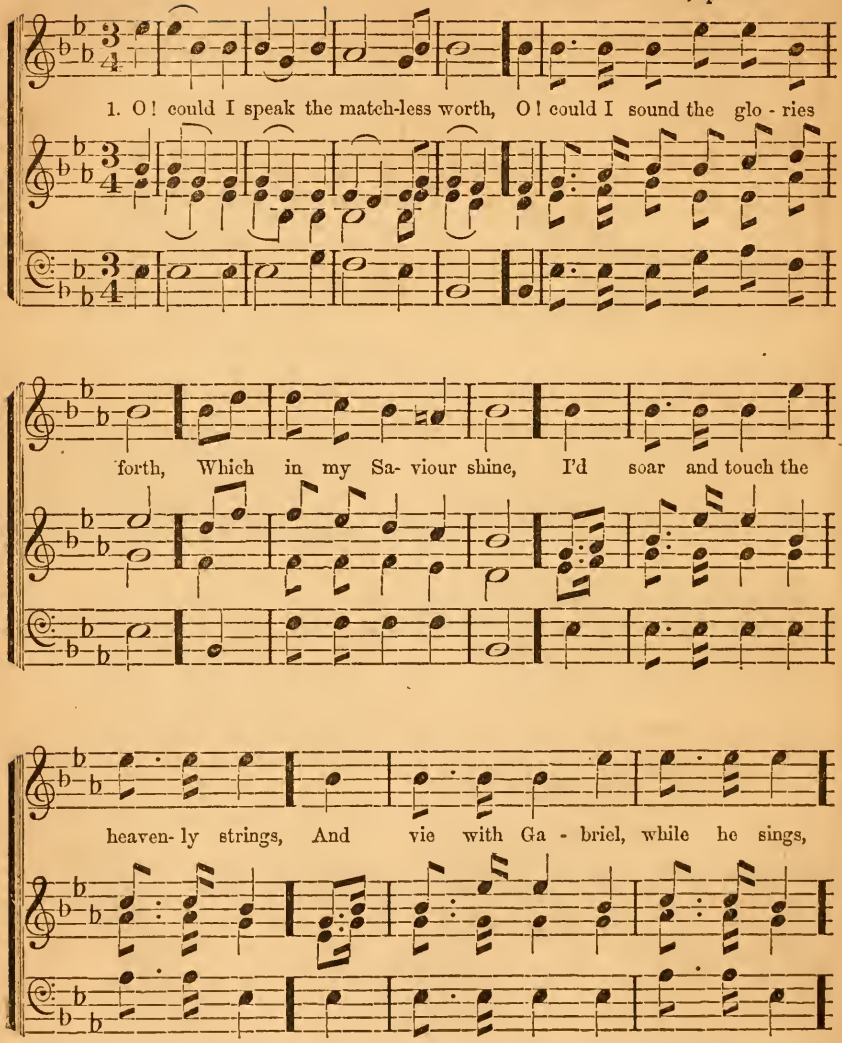
4. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

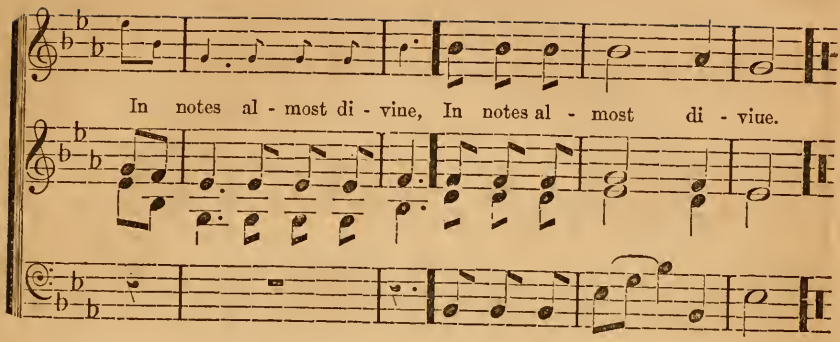
5. He loves his saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

6. I 'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

ARIEL.

L. MASON. "Carmina Sacra." By permission.


1. O! could I speak the match-less worth, O! could I sound the glo - ries
forth, Which in my Sa- viour shine, I'd soar and touch the
heaven- ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel, while he sings,



Sel. CCXXII. Hymn 185.

1. O! COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O! could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

2. I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3. I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4. Soon the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will call me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Sel. CCXXIII. Hymn 317.

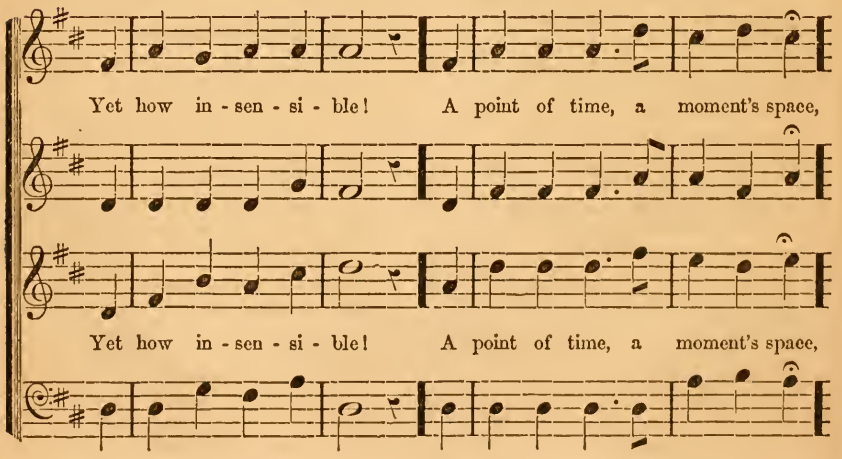
1. O THOU, that hearest the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord has done
And suffered once for me.

2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his atoning blood:
Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall avail for me,
And bring me near to God.

3. Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send:
By Him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

4. The king of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away:
Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
1. Lo! on a narrow neck of land, 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,


Yet how in - sen - si - ble! A point of time, a moment's space,
Yet how in - sen - si - ble! A point of time, a moment's space,

Sel. CCXXIV. Hymn 613.

[Stanza 1 in the music.]

2. O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3. Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5. Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

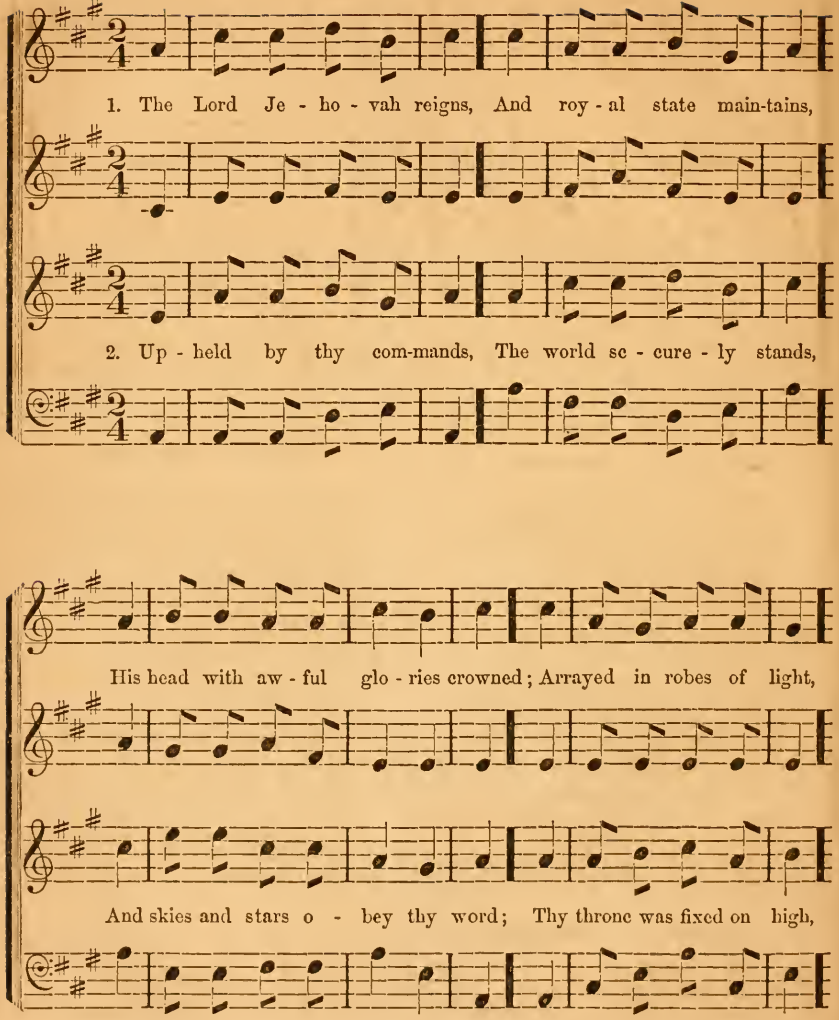
Sel. CCXXV. Hymn 648.

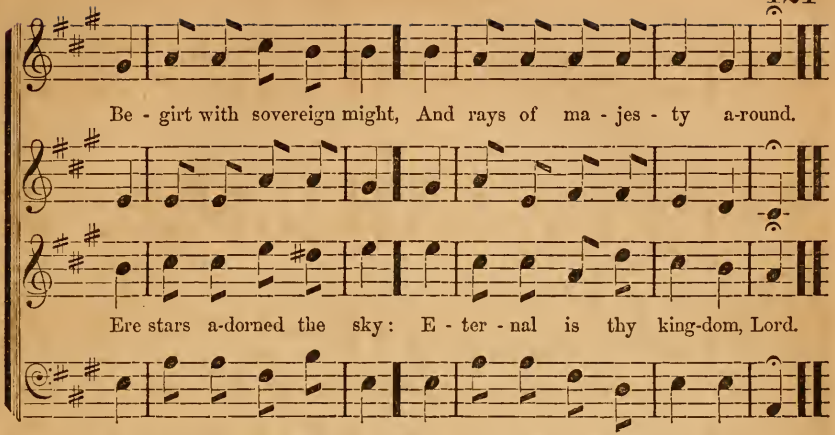
1. WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2. I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3. Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning grace, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4. Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.


1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state main-tains,
2. Up - held by thy com-mands, The world se - cure - ly stands,
His head with aw - ful glo - ries crowned; Arrayed in robes of light,
And skies and stars o - bey thy word; Thy throne was fixed on high,



Sel. CCXXVI. Psalm 93, iii.

[Stanzas 1 and 2, in the music.]

3. In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry spite
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

4. Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5. Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new,
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Sel. CCXXVII. Psalm 122, ii.

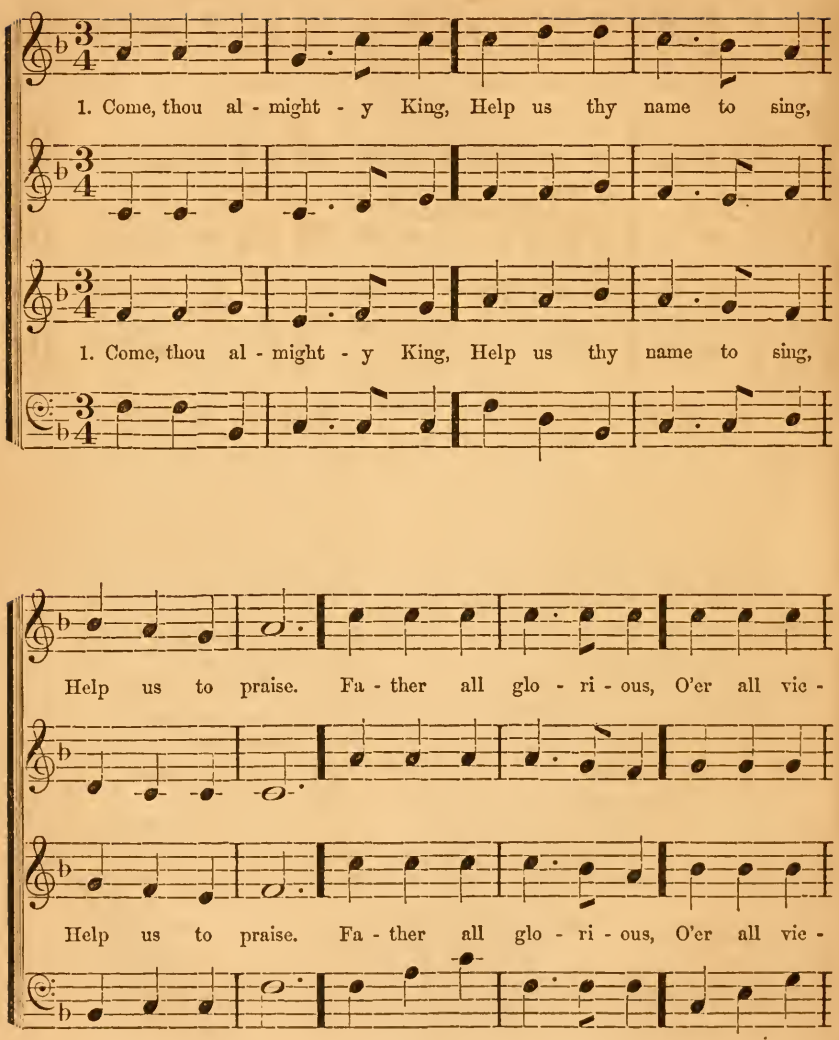
1. HOW pleased and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
"Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Sion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

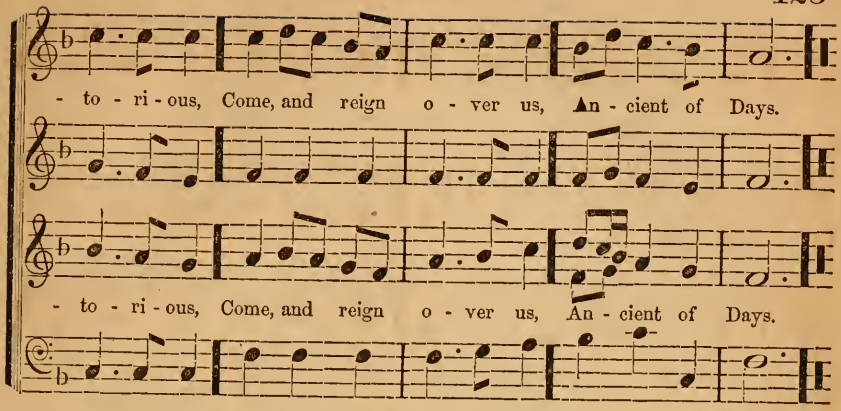
2. Sion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3. There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4. May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

5. My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this sacred house!
For here my friends and kindred dwell:
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.


1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise. Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Help us to praise. Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -



Sel. CCXXVIII. Hymn 18.

[Stanza 1 in the music.]

2. Jesus our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defeuce be made;
Our souls on thee be staid;
Lord, hear our call.

3. Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend.
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4. Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5. To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
Love and adore,

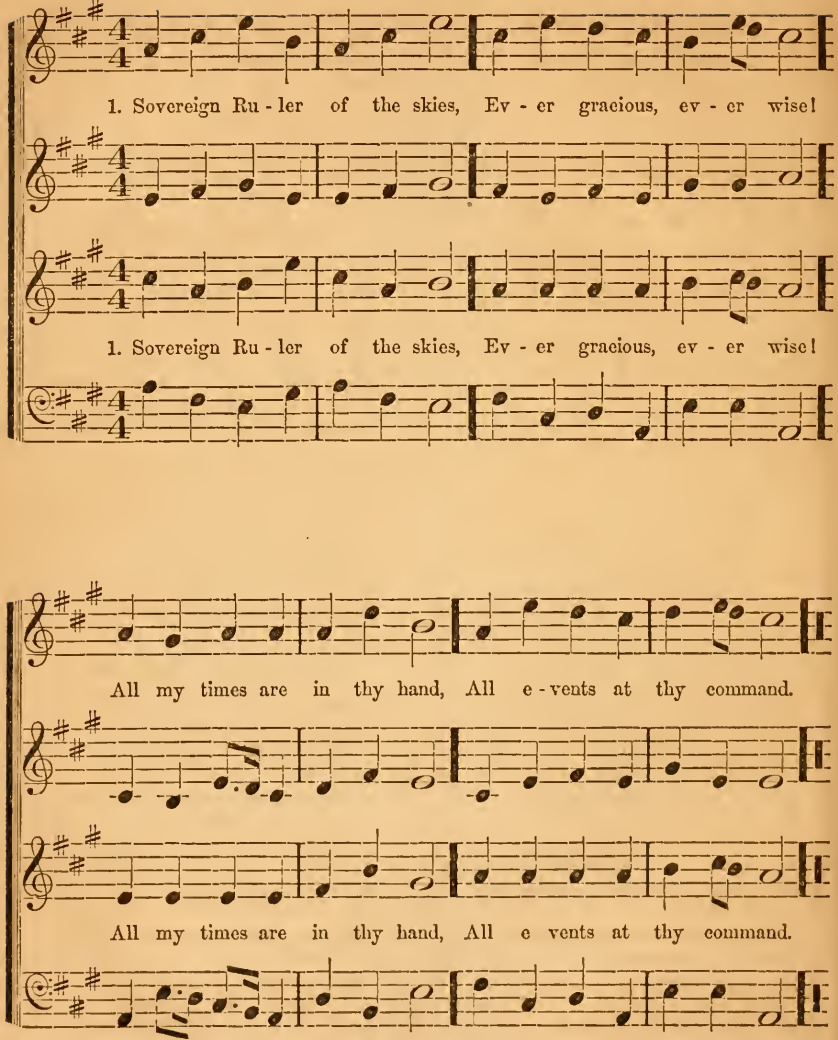
Sel. CCXXIX. Hymn 467.

1. GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore:
Sing loud for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2. Jesus our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name;
Tell what his arm has done,
What spoils from death he won:
Sing his great name alone,
Worthy the Lamb.

3. While they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
Those who have felt his blood
Sealing their peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

4. Join, all ye ransomed race
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name;
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.


1. Sovereign Ru - ler of the skies, Ev - er gracious, ev - er wise!
1. Sovereign Ru - ler of the skies, Ev - er gracious, ev - er wise!
All my times are in thy hand, All e - vents at thy command.
All my times are in thy hand, All e vents at thy command.

Sel. CCXXX. Hymn 6.

1. SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2. His decree who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time,
All appointed were by Him.

3. He that formed me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by his wise decree.

4. Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief;

5. Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taste a Saviour's love;
All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.

6. Thee at all times will I bless;
Having thee, I all possess;
How can I bereaved be
Since I can not part with thee!

Sel. CCXXXI. Hymn 132.

1. NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2. Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3. Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

4. Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5. Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6. When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fullness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

Sel. CCXXXII. Hymn 245.

1. LO! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2. Praise Him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

3. Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

4. Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound
Let the eternal praise resound.

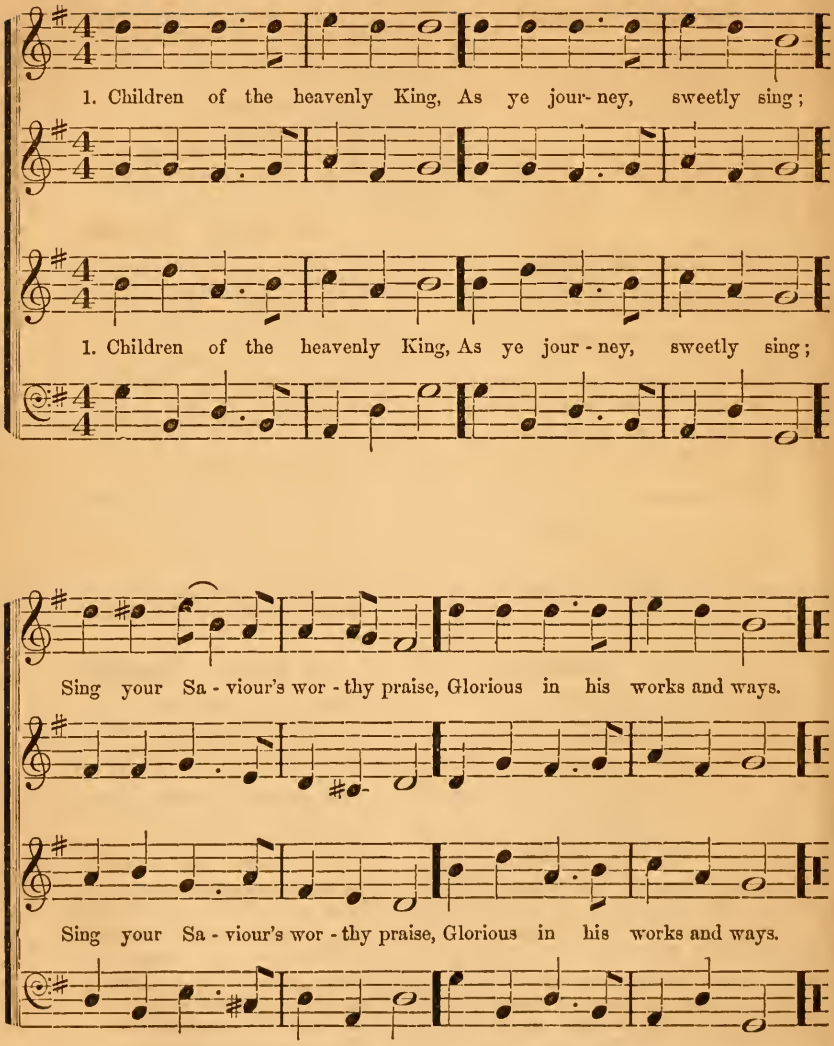
Sel. CCXXXIII. Hymn 456.

1. LORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2. From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3. Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou makest thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4. Thus, with sacred songs of joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.


1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye jour- ney, sweetly sing;
1. Children of the heavenly King, As ye jour - ney, sweetly sing;
Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.
Sing your Sa - viour's wor - thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

Sel. CCXXXIV. Hymn 117.

1. CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2. Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3. O ye mourning souls be glad;
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes.
Brother to our souls becomes.

4. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Soon you 'll enter into rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

6. Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Sel. CCXXXV. Hymn 242.

1. HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly.

2. Love 's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ has opened Paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where 's thy victory, boasting grave?

5. What though once we perished all,
Partners of our parents' fall?
Second life we now receive,
And in Christ forever live.

6. Hail! thou dear almighty Lord,
Hail! thou great incarnate Word,
Hail! thou suffering Son of God,
Take the trophies of thy blood.

Sel. CCXXXVI. Hymn 268.

1. GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.

2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me,
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in his precious blood.

3. Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4. Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

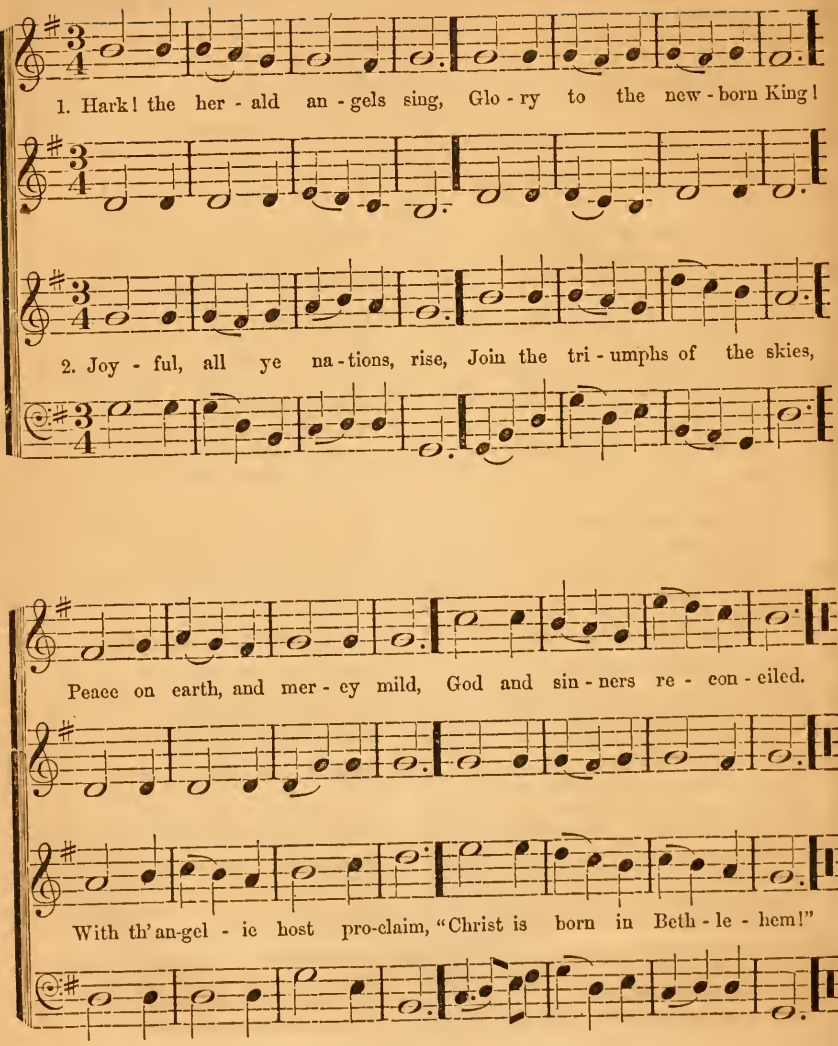
Sel. CCXXXVII. Hymn 474.

1. LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2. Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3. In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4. Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King!
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umphs of the skies,
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled.
With th' an-gel - ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"

Sel. CCXXXVIII. Hymn 177.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

4. Vailed in flesh, the Godhead see,
Lo! the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

5. Mild, He lays his glory by,
Born, that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

6. Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

Sel. CCXXXIX. Hymn 192.

1. HARK, my soul, 'tis the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?

2. "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3. "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4. "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5. "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more.

Sel. CCXL. Hymn 305.

1. COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2. Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3. With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4. Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5. While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6. Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

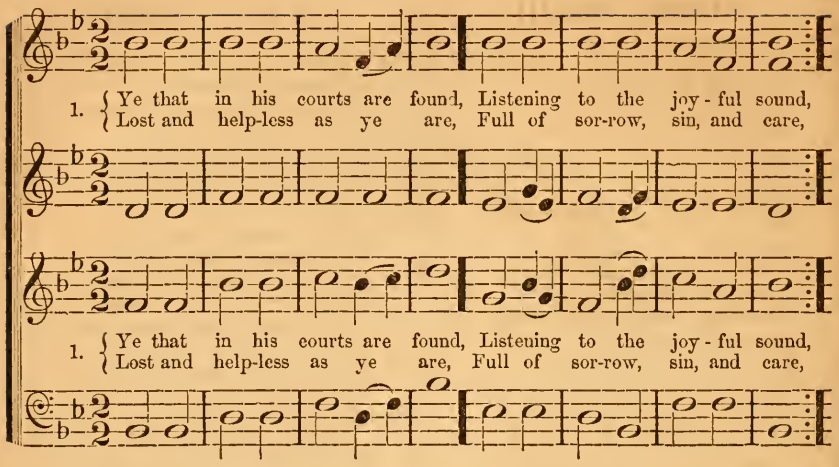
Sel. CCXLI. Hymn 339.

1. BOUNDLESS glory, Lord, be thine;
Thou hast made the darkness shine:
Thou hast sent a cheering ray;
Thou hast turned our night to day.

2. Darkness long involved us round,
Till we knew the joyful sound:
Then our darkness fled away,
Chased by truth's effulgent ray.

3. They are blest, and none beside,
They who in the truth abide;
Clear the light that marks their way
Leading to eternal day.

4. Guide us, Saviour, through the road,
Till we reach the saints' abode;
Till we see thee throned above,
As thou art, the God of love.


1. Ye that in his courts are found, Listening to the joy - ful sound,
Lost and help-less as ye are, Full of sor-row, sin, and care,
1. Ye that in his courts are found, Listening to the joy - ful sound,
Lost and help-less as ye are, Full of sor-row, sin, and care,

Glo - ri - fy the King of kings, Take the peace the gos - pel brings.
Glo - ri - fy the King of kings, Take the peace the gos - pel brings.

Sel. CCXLII. Hymn 141.

1. YE that in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Full of sorrow, sin and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

2. Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View his bleeding sacrifice,
See in Him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the Gospel brings.

Sel. CCXLIII. Hymn 452.

1. SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2. While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3. Here we're come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4. May the Gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Such let all our sabbaths prove
Till we join the church above.

Sel. CCXLIV. Hymn 527.

1. FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds I hear,
Bursting on my ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3. Spread for thee the festal board,
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4. Soon the days of life shall end,
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirits to convey
To the realms of endless day:
Up to my eternal home,
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Sel. CCXLV. Hymn 536.

1. BREAD of heaven, on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed,
Ever may my soul be fed,
With the true and living Bread:
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him that died.

2. Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
'T is thy wounds my healing give;
To thy cross I look and live:
Thou, my life, O let me be
Rooted, grounded, built on thee.

T. HASTINGS. By permission.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee:
D. C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil the law's de - mands;
D. C. All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flowed,
D. C.
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
D. C.

Sel. CCXLVI. Hymn 199.

[Stanzas 1 and 2, in the music.]

3.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

L. MASON. By permission.

1. How happy are they Who the Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their
2. 'Twas heaven be - low My Re - deemer to know, And the an - gels could
treasures a - bove! O, what tongue can ex - press The sweet comfort and peace
do nothing more, Than to fall at his feet, And the sto - ry re - peat,
Of a soul in its ear - li - est love? Of a soul in its ear - li - est love?
And the Lover of sinners a - dore, And the Lover of sinners a - dore.

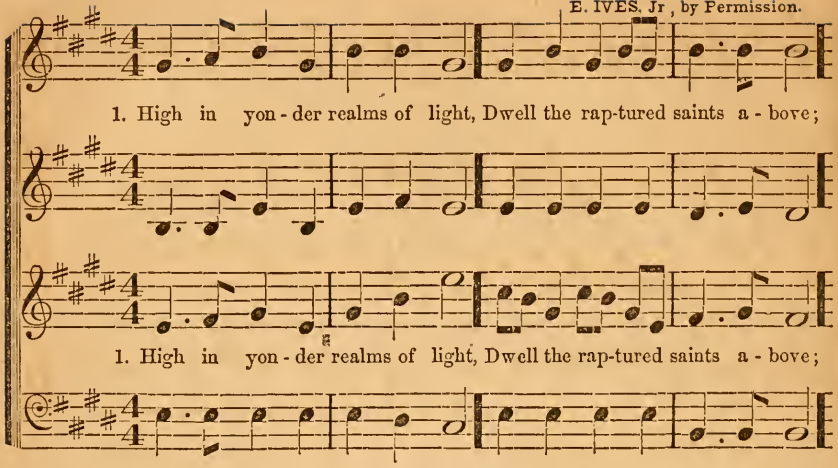
Sel. CCXLVII. Hymn 316.

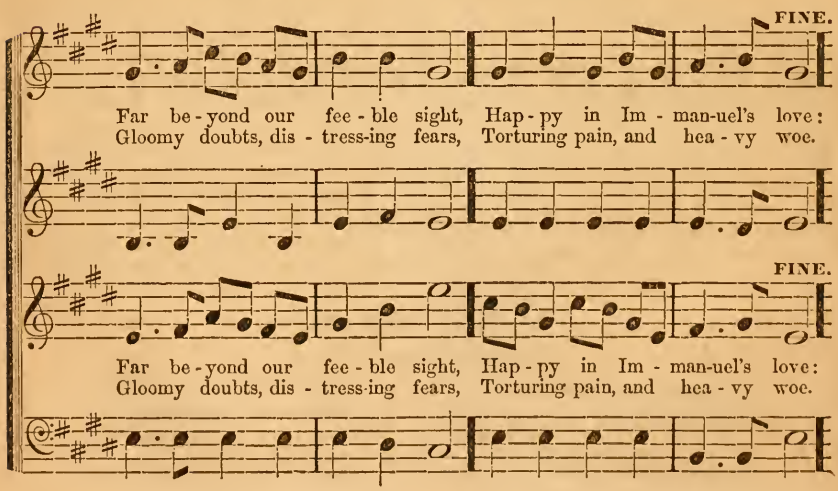
[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

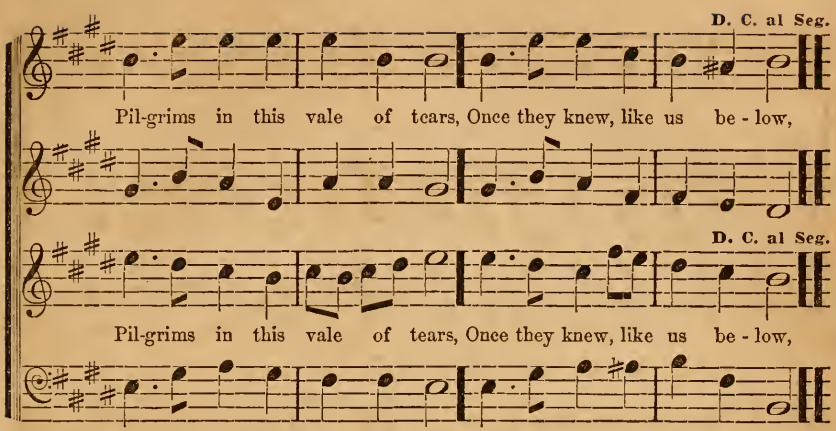
3. O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

4. Then, all the day long,
Was my Jesus my song,
And redemption through faith in his name;
O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

E. IVES. Jr , by Permission.


1. High in yon - der realms of light, Dwell the rap-tured saints a - bove;
1. High in yon - der realms of light, Dwell the rap-tured saints a - bove;


FINE.
Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man-uel's love:
Gloomy doubts, dis - tress-ing fears, Torturing pain, and hea - vy woe.
FINE.
Far be - yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man-uel's love:
Gloomy doubts, dis - tress-ing fears, Torturing pain, and hea - vy woe.


D. C. al Seg.
Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,
D. C. al Seg.
Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be - low,

Sel. CCXLVIII. Hymn 677.

[1st stanza in the music.]

2. Oft the big, unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of woe they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again.

3. Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4. All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose,
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

Sel. CCXLIX. Hymn 679.

1. PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

2. Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amid the throne;
And proclaim in joyful psalms
Victory through his cross alone.

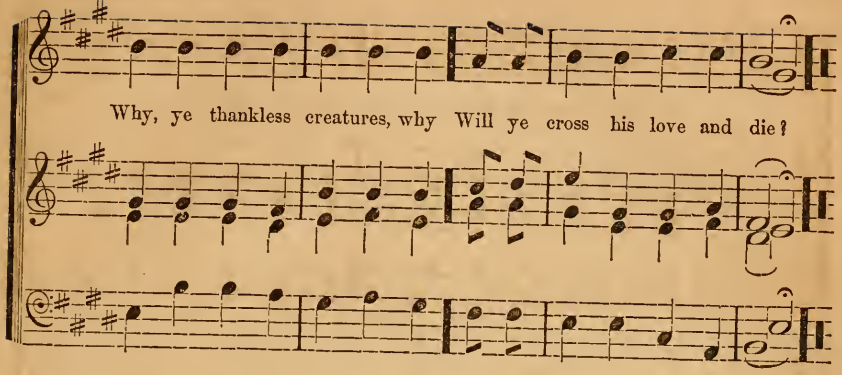
3. Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom, it is thine,
King of kings and Lord of lords."

4. Round the altar priests confess,
"If these robes are white as snow,
'T was the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so."

5. Who were these? on earth they dwelt,
Sinners once of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved from all by grace.

6. They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

1. Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die? God your Mak-er, asks you why;
God who did your be - ing give, Made you with him-self to live,
He the fa - tal cause de-mands, Asks the work of his own hands;



Sel. CCL. Hymn 149.

1. SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker, asks you why,
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love and die?

2. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God your Saviour asks you why;
He who did your soul retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live,
Will ye let Him die in vain,
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye rebel sinners, why,
Will ye slight his cross and die?

3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
Many a time with you He strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love;
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why will ye for ever die,
O ye guilty sinners, why?

Sel. CCLI. Hymn 589.

1. WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in their eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2. As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3. Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told
May we dwell with thee above.

S. B. MARSH. By permission

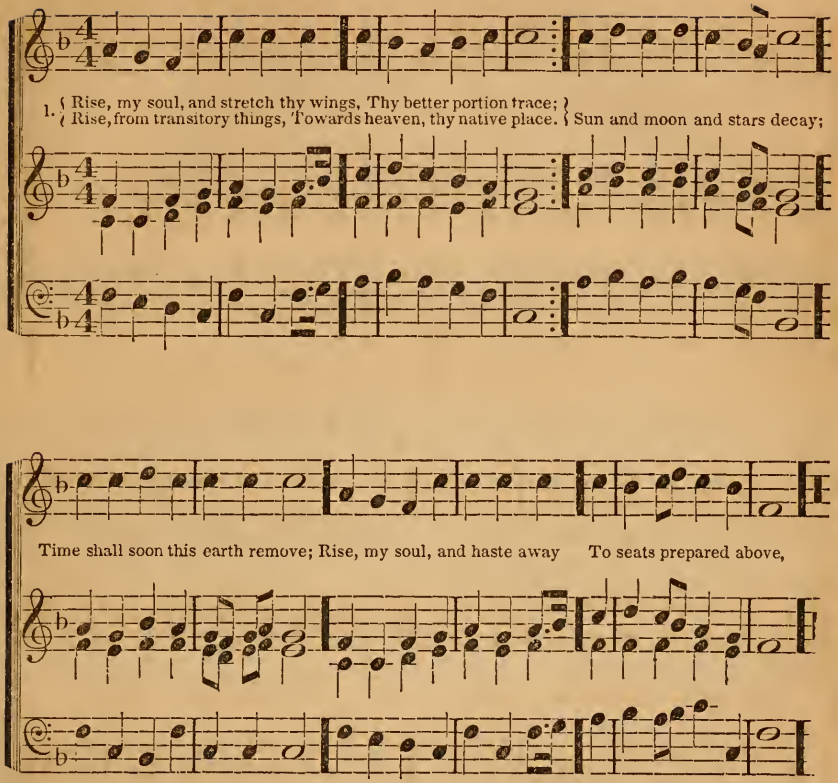
1. Je - sus, lov- er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
While the raging bil-lows roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide: O! receive my soul at last.
Fine.
2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none,—Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone; Still support and com- fort me;
D. C. Cov- er my de-fence-less head With the shadow of thy wing.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
D. C.
All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;

Sel. CCLII. Hymn 359.

[Stanzas 1 and 2 in the music.]

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All in all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.


1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; }
{ Rise, from transitory things, Towards heaven, thy native place. } Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above,

Sel. CCLIII. Hymn 658.

[Stanza 1 in the music.]

2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun:
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

L. MASON. By permission.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand;
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,

Sel. CCLIV. Hymn 562.

[Stanza 1 in the music.]

2. What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

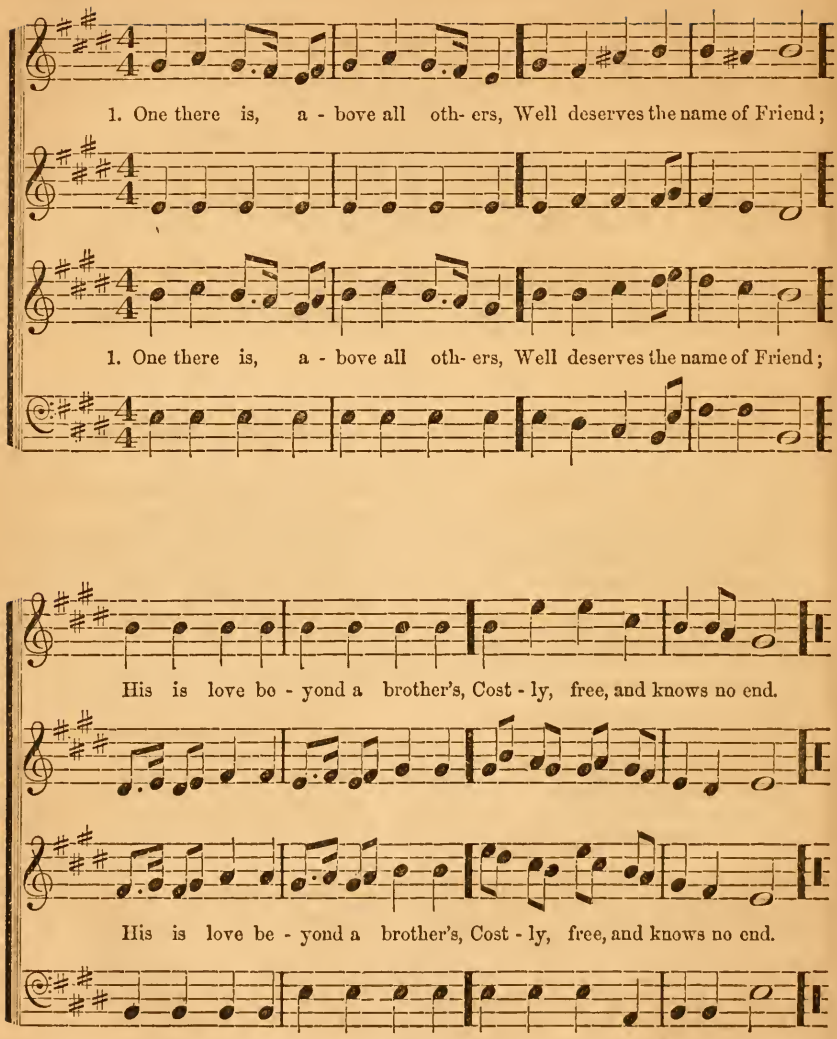
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Sel. CCLV. Hymn 571.

1. NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2. What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious;
Immanuel, Prince of peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious;
Thy empire still increase.

3. Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.


1. One there is, a - bove all oth- ers, Well deserves the name of Friend;
1. One there is, a - bove all oth- ers, Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.

Sel. CCLVI. Hymn 201.

1. ONE there is, above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

3. When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4. O! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

Sel. CCLVII. Hymn 253.

1. JESUS hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2. There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3. Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

Sel. CCLVIII. Hymn 353.

1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.

2. Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3. Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4. Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

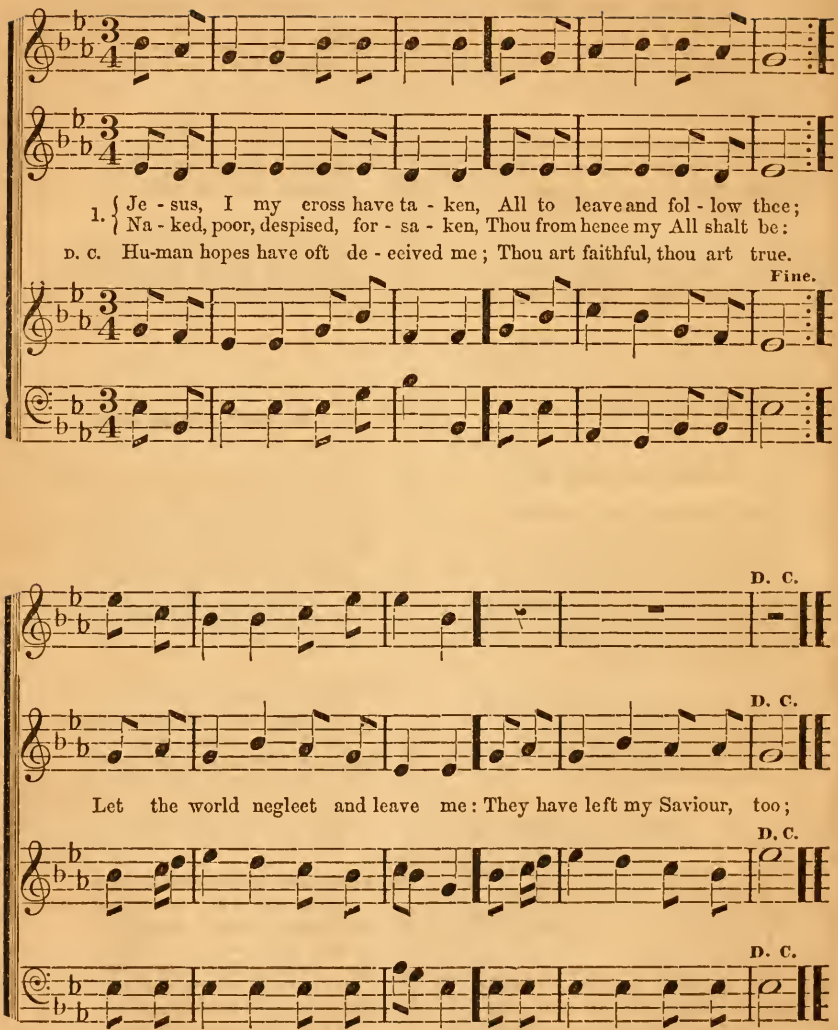
5. Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

Sel. CCLIX. Hymn 494.

1. GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2. See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3. Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my All shalt be:
D. C. Hu-man hopes have oft de - ceived me; Thou art faithful, thou art true.
Fine.
D. C.
D. C.
Let the world neglect and leave me: They have left my Saviour, too;
D. C.
D. C.

Sel. CCLX. Hymn 286.

[1st stanza in the music.]

2. Perish, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy bleeding love I see;
O 'tis not in joy to charm me,
When that love is hid from me.

Sel. CCLXI. Hymn 345.

1. LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3. Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us now thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

4. Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Sel. CCLXII. Hymn 375.

1. COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3. O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

Sel. CCLXIII. Hymn 405.

1. GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us,
Through this lonely vale of tears;
Through the changes thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2. In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim
D. C. Bread of hea - ven, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me
FINE.
through this bar - ren land; I am weak, but
till I want no more.
D. C.
thou art migh - ty, Hold me with thy power-ful hand:
D. C.

Sel. CCLXIV. Hymn 220.

1. GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow,
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

Sel. CCLXV. Hymn 479.

1. LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2. Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

Sel. CCLXVI. Hymn 573.

1. O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2. Light of them who sit in error,
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring;
Light, to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in thy wing.
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3. Let the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshiping before Him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let thy glory
Fill the earth, as floods the sea.

4. Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at thy command
Let the company of heralds
Spread thy name from land to land:
Lord, be with them
Always, till time's latest end.

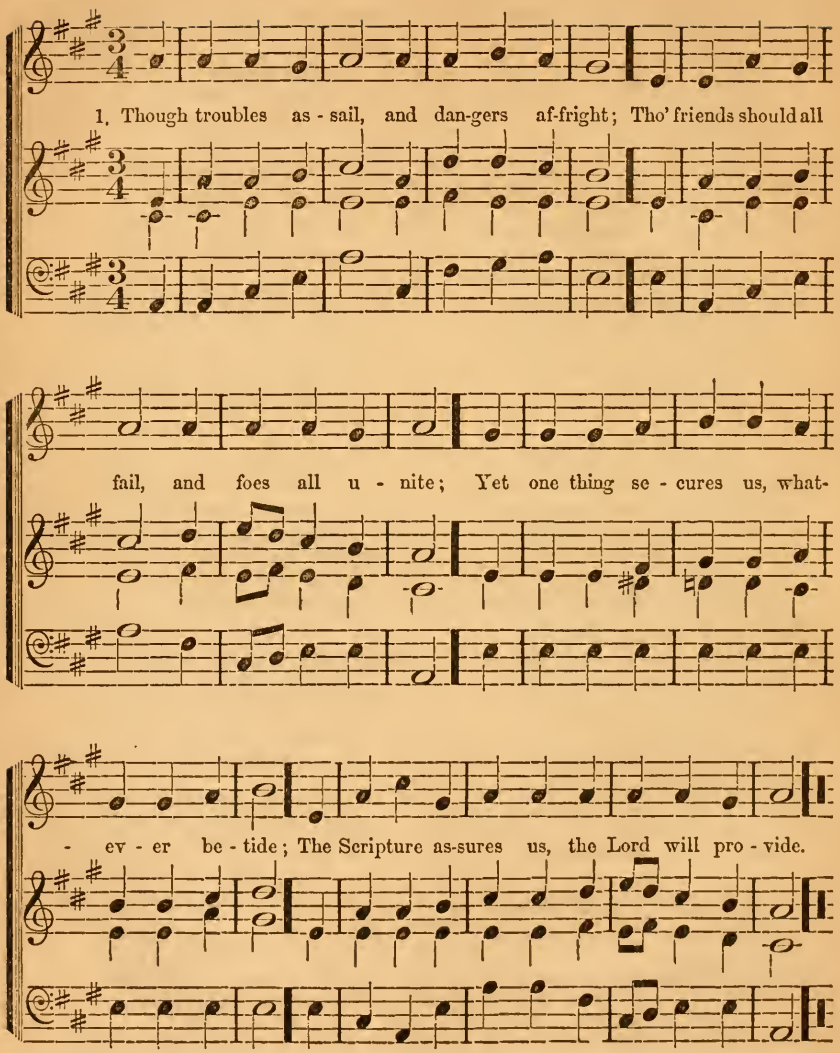
Sel. CCLXVII. Hymn 575.

1. SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2. Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

3. Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

4. Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord revive us;
All our help must come from thee.


1. Though troubles as - sail, and dan-gers af-fright; Tho' friends should all
fail, and foes all u - nite; Yet one thing se - cures us, what-
- ev - er be - tide; The Scripture as-sures us, the Lord will pro - vide.

Sel. CCLXVIII. Hymn 28.

[Stanza 6 and 7 omitted.]

1. THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide;
The Scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied;
So long as 't is written, the Lord will provide.

3. We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but can not be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4. His call we obey, like Abram of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5. When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He can not take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

8. When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

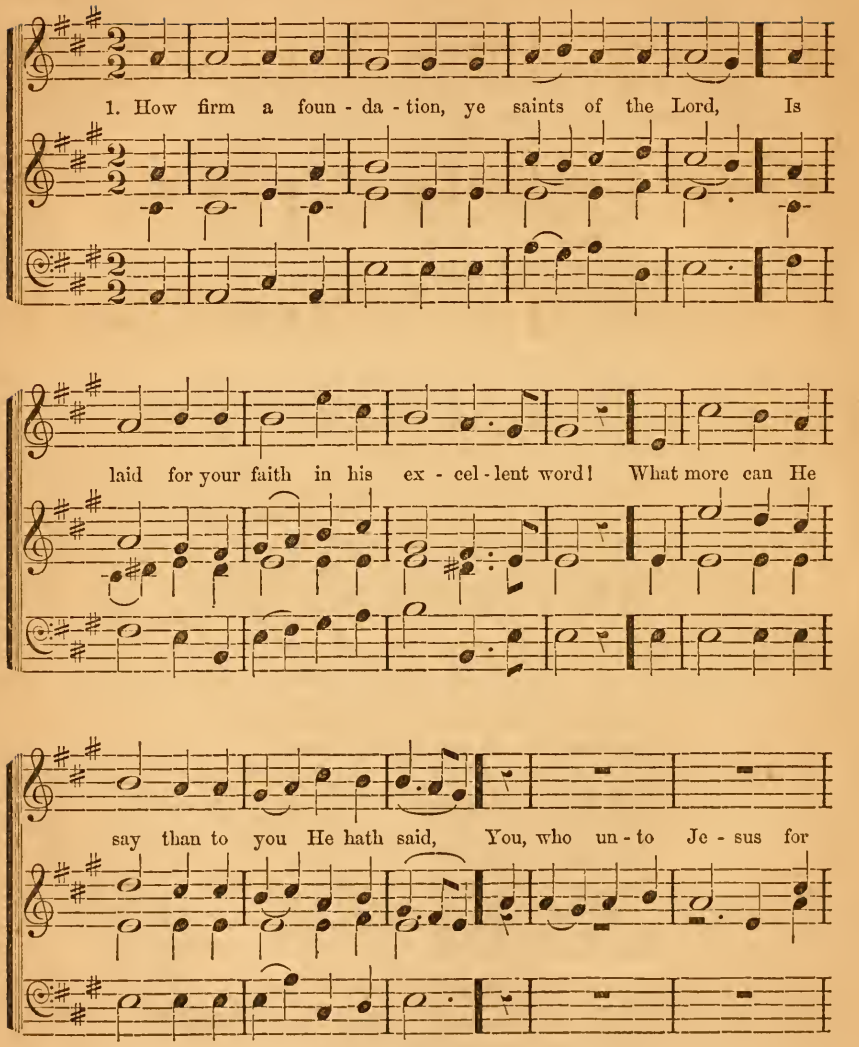
Sel. CCLXIX. Hymn 374.

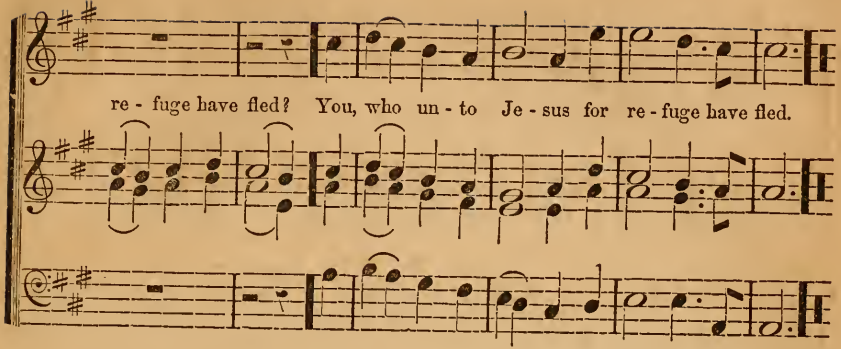
1. YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, He rules over all.

2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh—his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3. Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore, and give Him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is
laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said, You, who un - to Je - sus for



Sel. CCLXX. Hymn 38.

[Stanza 2 omitted.]

1. HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O! be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6. "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no *never*, no *never forsake!*"

1. The voice of free grace cries, Escape to the mountain; For Adam's lost
race Christ hath opened a fountain; For sin and un - cleanness, and
ev - ery transgression, His blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion,
Chorus.
His blood flows most freely in streams of sal - vation. Hal - le - lu - jah to the

Lamb, who has purchased our pardon; We'll praise Him a - gain, when we
pass o - ver Jordan, We'll praise Him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jordan.

Sel. CCLXXI. Hymn 569.

[Stanza 1 in the music.]

2. Now glory to God in the highest is given,
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven:
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing 𝄐 of his love, 𝄐 his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon:
We'll praise Him 𝄐 again, 𝄐 when we pass over Jordan.

3. O Jesus, ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints 𝄐 shall delight 𝄐 in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4. When on Sion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing 𝄐 Hallelujah 𝄐 for ever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

Sel. 272. L. M.

1. HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2. So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3. A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5. Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Sel. 273. L. M.

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4. Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5. But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sel. 274. L. M.

1. JESUS, whom angel-hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

2. Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

3. The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In his own body on the tree.

4. Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

5. 'Tis finished all: the vail is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free;—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to thee!

Sel. 275. L. M.

1. "SEE how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.

2. See how he loved, who traveled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies!
Who bade disease and pain begone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.

3. See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death!
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.

4. Such love can we, unmoved, survey?
Oh, may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show!

Sel. 276. L. M.

1. SHALL man, O God of light and life,
   For ever moulder in the grave?
   Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
   Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2. Shall spring the faded world revive?
   Shall waning moons their light return?
   Again shall setting suns ascend,
   And the lost day anew be born?

3. Shall life revisit dying worms,
   And spread the joyful insect's wing?
   And O! shall man awake no more,
   To see thy face, thy name to sing?

4. Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears;
   When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprung,
   Death, the last foe, was captive led,
   And heaven with praise and wonder rung.

Sel. 277. L. M.

1. WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
   Mercy is found, and peace is given;
   But soon, ah soon, approaching night
   Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
   Shall death command you to the grave,
   Before His bar your spirits bring,
   And none be found to hear or save.

3. In that lone land of deep despair,
   No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
   No God regard your bitter prayer,
   No Saviour call you to the skies.

4. Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
   In those forgetful realms appear;
   Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
   And hope shall never enter there.

5. Now God invites; how blest the day!
   How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
   Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
   While yet a pard'ning God is found.

Sel. 278. L. M.

1. HERE, at thy cross, my gracious Lord,
   I lay my soul beneath thy love:
   Oh, cleanse me with atoning blood,
   Nor let me from thy feet remove!

2. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
   Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
   Resolved, for that's my last defense,
   If I must perish, there to die.

3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
   Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
   Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
   Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4. Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
   And all my foes shall lose their aim:
   Hosanna to my Saviour God!
   And loudest praises to his name.

Sel. 279. L. M.

1. LORD, didst thou die,—but not for me?
   Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
   Hast thou not pardons rich and free?
   And grace, an overwhelming flood?

2. Who, then, shall drive my trembling soul
From thee to regions of despair?
Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?

3. Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found
I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

4. Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
I'll be the first who perished there.

Sel. 280. L. M.

1. DENY thee? what! deny the way
That leads to heaven's eternal day?
Deny the Shepherd who will keep
Within the fold his wandering sheep?

2. Deny thee, Lord! then who will bear
My grief, my burden, and my care?
Thou, thou alone, canst calm my breast,
And bid its weary throbbings rest.

3. In heaven above, on earth below,
Where, save to thee, Lord, could I go?
Where fly for strength, 'mid mortal strife?
Thou hast the words of endless life.

4. My Strength, my Guide vouchsafe to be,
I can do nothing without thee;
Save me in every trying hour,
Thou God of mercy, life, and power?

Sel. 281. L. M.

1. THOU Prince of glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear.

2. Can I behold that closing eye,
Still fixed on me, still beaming love!
And can I see my Saviour die,
Nor feel one holy passion move?

3. Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice.
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.

4. Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to me;
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall set my spirit free.

Sel. 282. L. M.

1. WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2. It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3. "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."

4. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

Sel. 283. L. M.

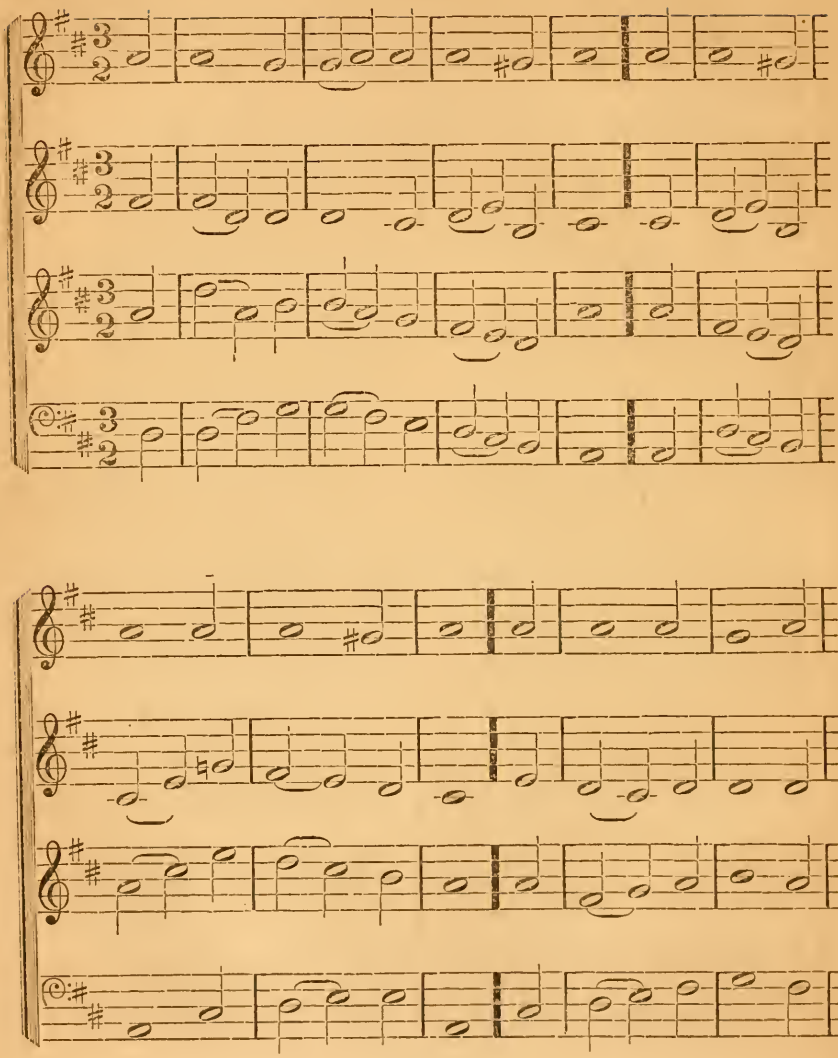
1. GOD calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumbers lie?

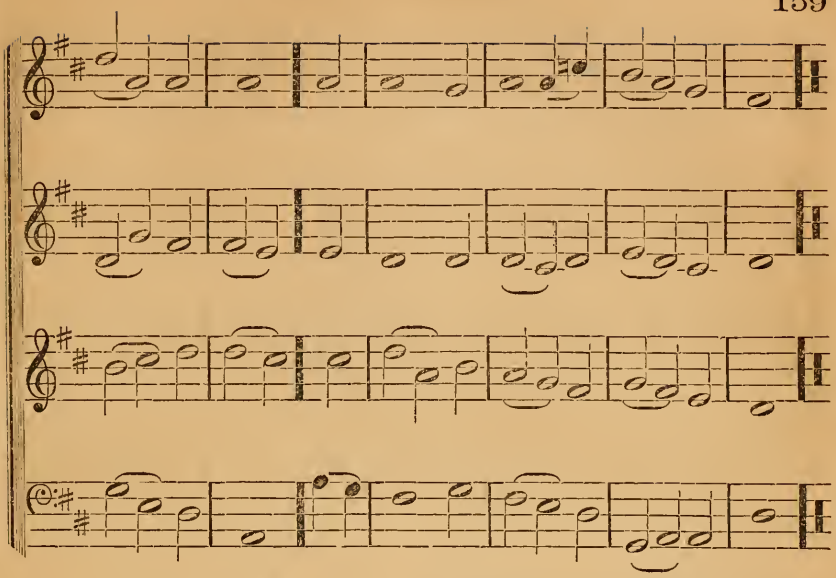
2. God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still: can I delay?

3. God calling yet!—and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4. God calling yet!—and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still!—my heart, awake!

5. God calling yet!—I can not stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart!





Sel. 284. L. M.

1. COME, let us sing the song of songs—
The saints in heaven began the strain—
The homage which to Christ belongs;
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

2. Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3. To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4. To him, enthroned by filial right,
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,
Honor, and majesty and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

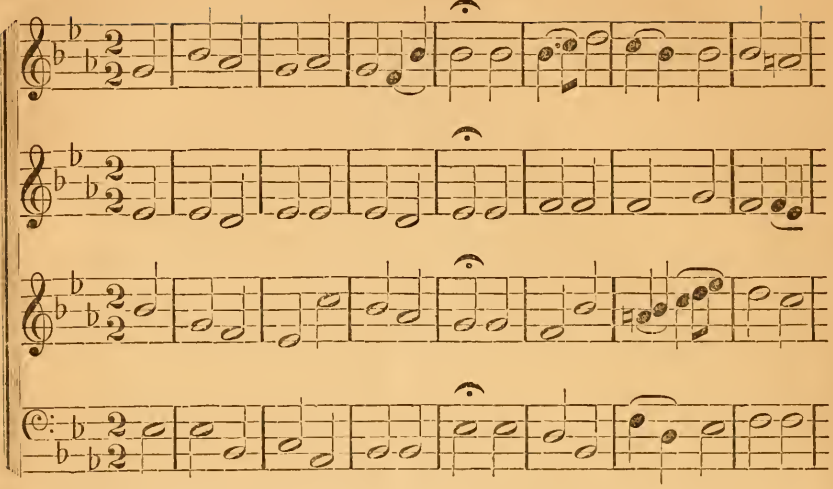
5. Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with him we reign;
This song our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

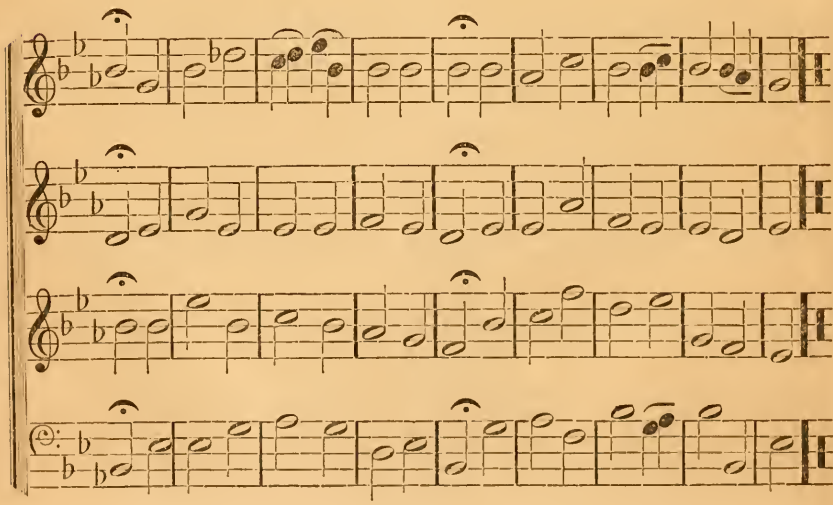
Sel. 285. L. M.

1. With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2. How sure established is Thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.





Sel. 286. L. M.

1. GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep;

2. Thy church is in the desert now:
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3. Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4. Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

Sel. 287. L. M.

1. WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

2. By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3. Thus present still, though now unseen,
O Lord, when shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4. And oh! when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

Sel. 288. L. M.

1. JEHOVAH reigns! He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2. But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3. Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4. For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stand for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace.

Sel. 289. L. M.

1. OH, hallowed is the land and blest,
Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the great Redeemer comes!

2. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.

3. Fling wide the portals of your heart:
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use, for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

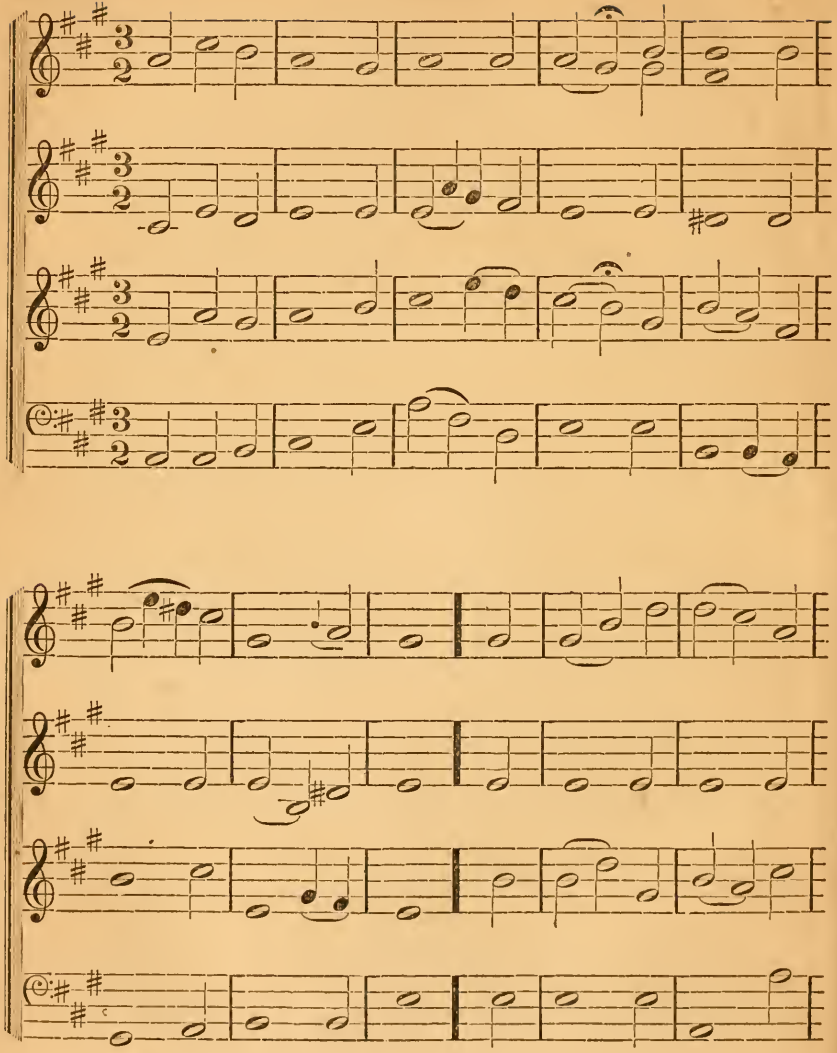
4. Redeemer, come! I open wide
My soul to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Thankful and glad my song I raise,
And give to thee a life of praise.

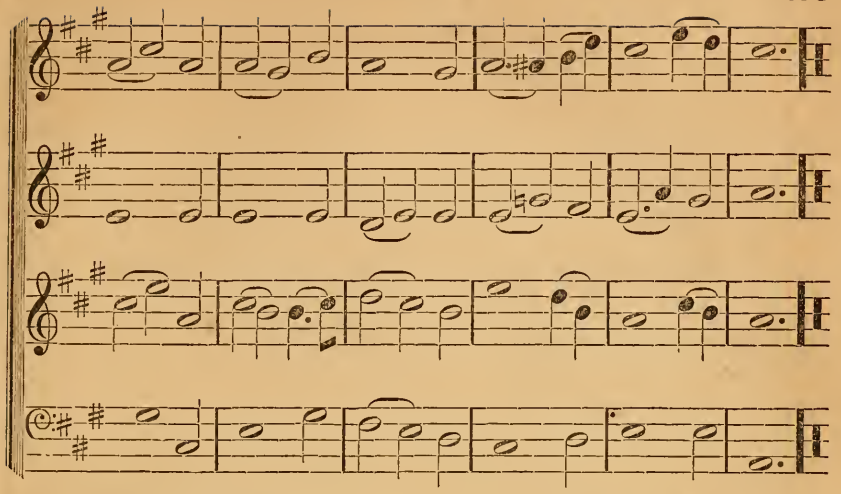
Sel. 290. L. M.

1. GO, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See in his face what wonders meet:
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2. Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears:
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

3. Oh, let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise:
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines, and reigns, th' incarnate God!





Sel. 291. L. M.

1. FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3. There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4. There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin beeloud no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

5. Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This throbbing heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

Sel. 292. L. M.

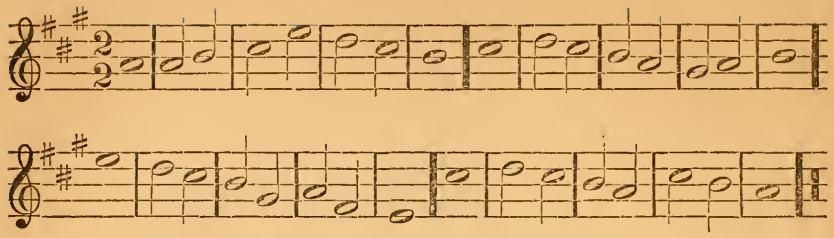
1. LET Sion in her King rejoice,
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2. The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations He has made!

3. From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4. He breaks the bow, He cuts the spear,
Chariots He burns with heavenly flame;
Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.

5. O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure and sing,
Nor fear the raging powers of hell.



Sel. 293. L. M.

1. WELCOME to me the darkest night,
If there the Saviour's presence bright
Beam forth upon the soul dismayed,
And say, "'T is I! be not afraid!"

2. Welcome the fiercest waves that roll
Their deepening floods to whelm my soul,
If he rebuke the storm of ill,
And bid the tempest, "Peace, be still!"

3. Welcome the thorniest path, if there
The print-marks of his feet appear;
If in his footsteps we may tread,
And follow where our Lord hath led.

4. I will not ask what else is mine,
If thou, O Lord, account me thine;
For what but joy can be my lot,
If God, my God, reject me not?

Sel. 294. L. M.

1. O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4. A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

Sel. 295. L. M.

1. HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are;
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2. My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be,
So far from all my joys and thee?

3. Blest are the saints who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4. Blest are the men whose hearts are set,
To find the way to Sion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

5. Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Sel. 296. L. M.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2. Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good:
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3. Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

4. Bless ye the Lord who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name;
Among his saints He ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

Sel. 297. L. M.

1. WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2. I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

3. Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

4. Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Sel. 298. L. M.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join
In work and worship so divine;
Let heaven and earth unite and raise
High hallelujahs to his praise.

2. While realms of joy, and worlds around,
Their hallelujahs high resound,
Let saints below and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

3. As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue;
While life remains we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to his name.

4. Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the church will raise
High hallelujahs to his praise.

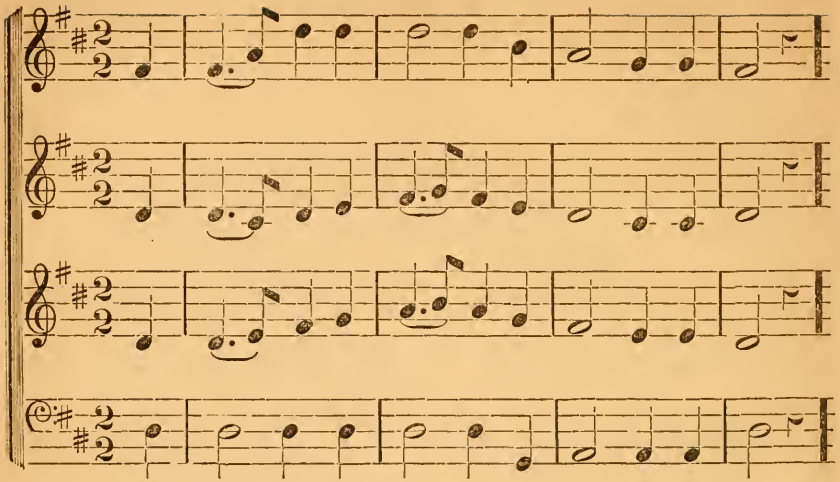
Sel. 299. L. M.

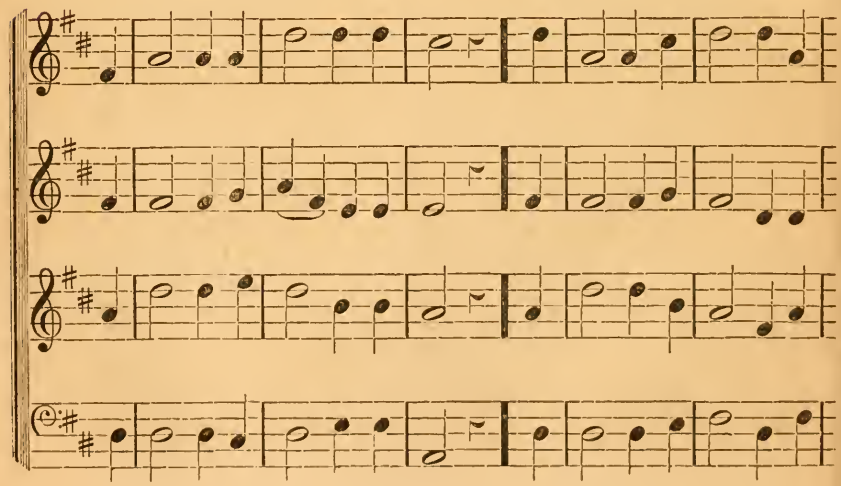
1. AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind,
That all, whose hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting favor find.

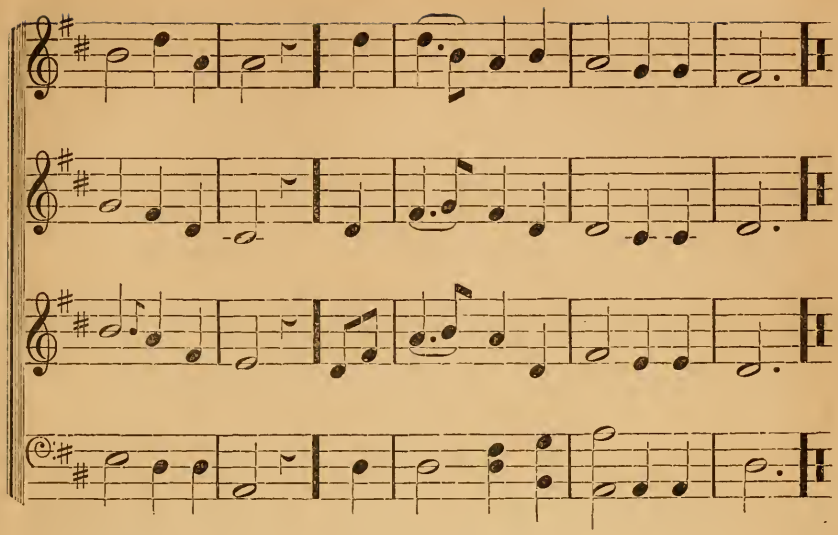
2. Till this sustaining truth I knew,
My staggering feet had almost failed;
I grieved the sinner's wealth to view,
And envied when the fools prevailed.

3. To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
But found the case too hard for me;
'Till to the house of God I went;
Then I their end did plainly see.

4. How high so e'er advanced, they all
On slippery places loosely stand;
Hence into ruin headlong fall,
Cast down by thy avenging hand.







Sel. 300. 11s & 8s.

1. O THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom, in affliction, I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2. O, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

3. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone.

4. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
The air is perfumed with his breath.

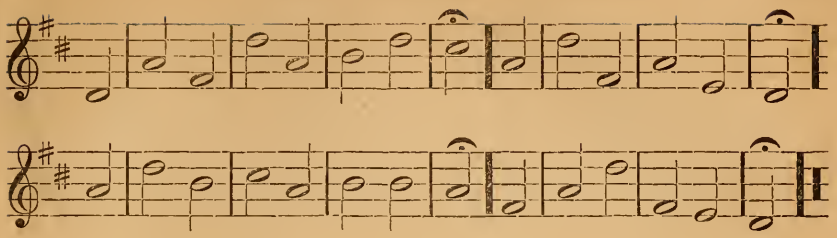
5. His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
To water the gardens of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

6. He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Sel. 301. C. M.

2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.



Sel. 302. C. M.

1. FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs
By thousands through the skies.

2. But when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;—

3. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

4. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5. O may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Sel. 303. C. M.

1. MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solmn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.

2. In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3. Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

4. Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious angel-throng.

5. O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

6. With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good will and peace are now complete;
Jesus was born to die."

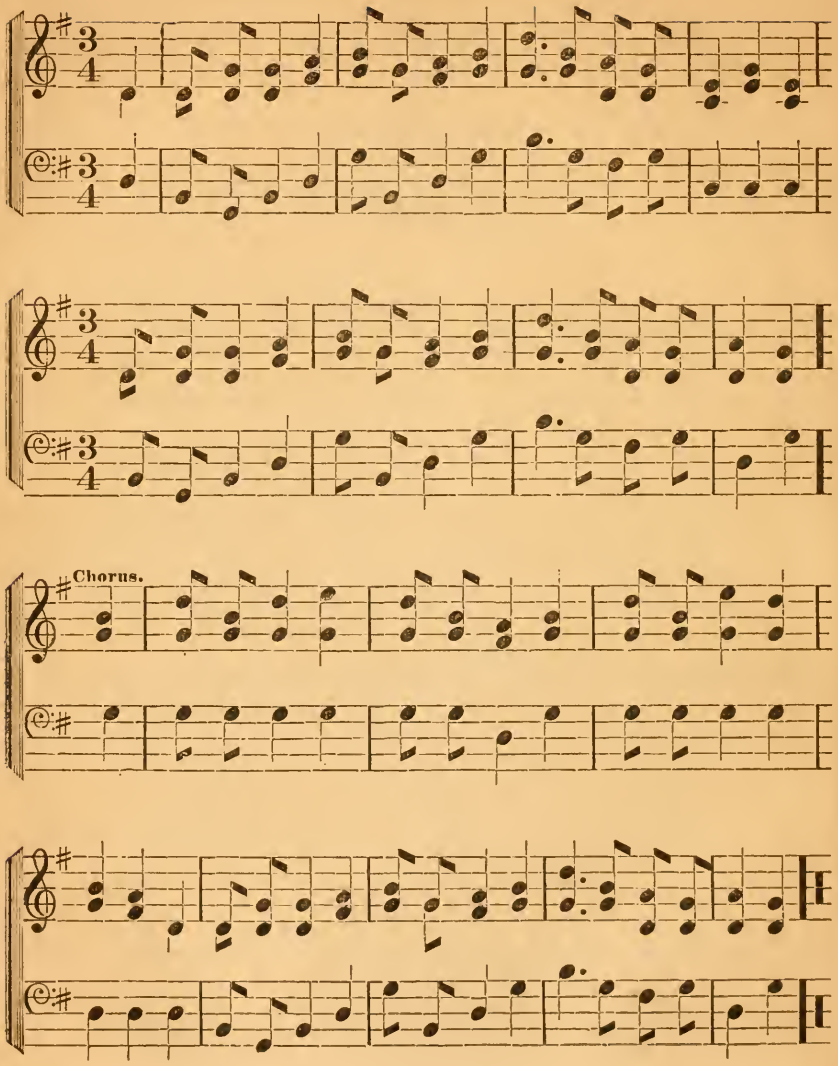
Sel. 304. C. M.

1. OH, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2. We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3. For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4. Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.


Chorus.

Sel. 305. 8s & 7s.

1. I SEE in heaven those mansions bright,
The noon-day sun outshining,
For those who feel the Saviour's love
Around their hearts entwining.
Oh! happy they who reach that place,
Where sorrow cometh never—
Who rest within his loving arms
For ever and for ever.

2. If I could hear my Saviour say,
"Thy sins are all forgiven,"
Then I could see a shining house
Waiting for me in heaven.
Oh! happy they, &c.

3. Look! how the children at his feet
Their tiny crowns are flinging,
While angels, on their downy wings,
The latest born are bringing.
Oh! happy they, &c.

4. Yes, I will love my Saviour now,
And serve him in life's morning;
For I *can see the house on high*,
Of his own hand's adorning.
Oh! happy they, &c.

Sel. 306. 8s & 7s.

1. MY days are swiftly gliding by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
Those hours of toil and danger:
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2. Our absent king the watchword gave,—
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning:
For now, &c.

3. Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow:"
For now, &c.

4. Let storms of woe in whirlwinds rise,
Each cord on earth to sever,—
There—bright and joyous in the skies—
There—is our home for ever:
For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

Sel. 307. 11s.

(FOR CHOIR ONLY.)

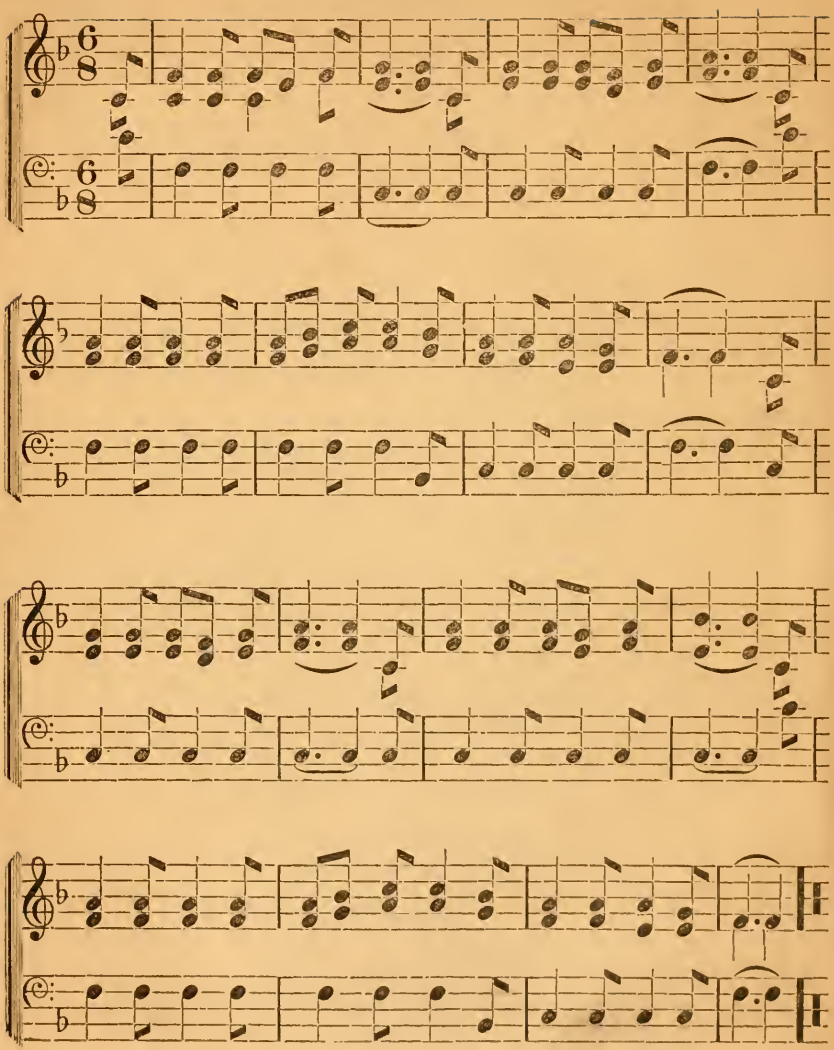
1. DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee,
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2. Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse,
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3. Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

4. Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

5. Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?



Sel. 308. S. M.

1. I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2. The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3. They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed:
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long sought wanderer.

4. Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in his blood,
'Twas He that made me whole:
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold—
'Tis He that still doth keep.

Sel. 309. S. M.

1. "FOR ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word;
'T is immortality!

2. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

3. "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word,
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

4. Be thou at my right hand;
So shall I never fail;
Uphold thou me and I shall stand;
Help, and I shall prevail.

5. So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

6. Knowing, "as I am known,"
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

Sel. 310. S. M.

1. COME, Lord! and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh! why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

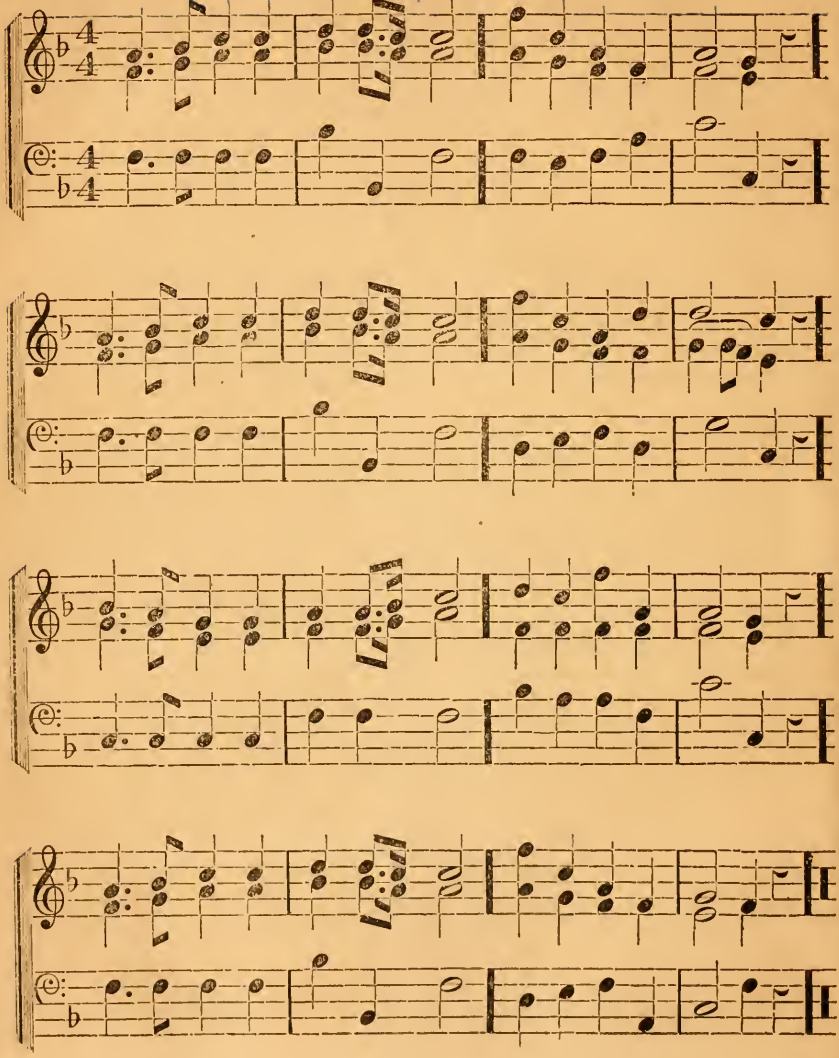
2. Come! for the good are few;
They lift the voice in vain;
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

3. Come, for love waxes cold,
Its steps are faint and slow;
Faith now is lost in unbelief;
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

4. Come! for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

5. Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded Paradise—
Creation's second birth!

6. Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of Righteousness!



Sel. 311. 7s & 6s.

1. DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near him;
Drooping souls, you need not die;
Go to him and hear him.

2. He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries,—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden."
Though your sins like mountains high
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3. Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love him;
He to save the dying came;
Go to him and prove him.
Wand'ring sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe him!
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
Worship him; receive him.

Sel. 312. 7s & 6s.

1. DYING souls, fast bound in sin,
Trembling and repining,—
With no ray of light divine
On your pathway shining;—
Why in darkness wander on,
Filled with condemnation?
Jesus lives: in him alone
Can you find salvation.

2. Prostrate bow; confess your guilt;
Own your lost condition;
Yield to him whose blood was spilt,
Unreserved submission.
Then no more in anguish groan;
See his mediation!
Jesus lives: in him alone
Can you find salvation.

3. Linger not in all the plain;
Vengeance is pursuing;
'Mid the dying and the slain,
Save your souls from ruin.
Flee to him who can atone;
Flee from condemnation!
Jesus lives: in him alone
Can you find salvation.

Sel. 313. 7s & 6s.

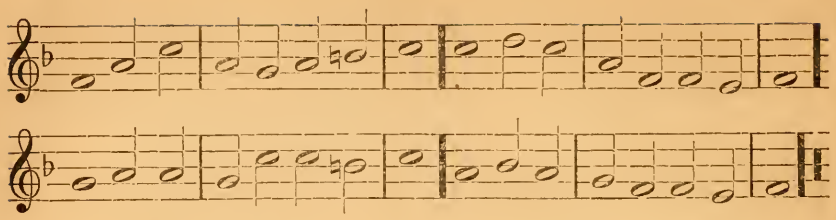
(FOR CHOIR ONLY.)

1. I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3. I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4. I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.



Sel. 314. L. M.

1. THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God, and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2. O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And distant islands of the sea.

3. Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

4. Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord:
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

Sel. 315. L. M.

1. INSCRIBED upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

2. The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;—

3. The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

Sel. 316. L. M.

1. NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2. But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3. Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where truth and mercy strangely join
To pierce his Son with keenest smart,
And make the purchased pleasures mine.

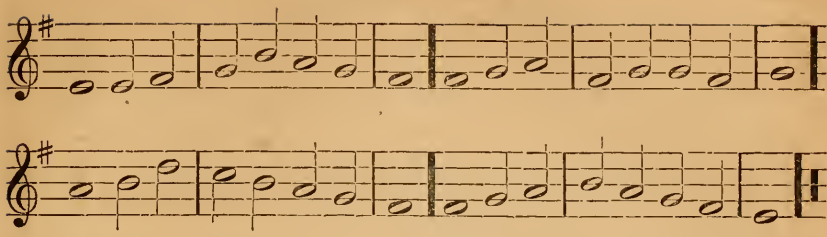
4. O the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5. I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Sel. 317. L. M.

1. MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.



Sel. 318. L. M.

1. O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4. Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford!
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

Sel. 319. L. M.

1. MY spirit sinks within me, Lord!
But I will call thy name to mind;
And times of past distress record,
When I have found that God was kind.

2. Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove;—
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

3. I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say—"My God, my heavenly Rock!
Why doth thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

4. I'll chide my heart that sinks so low:
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

5. Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy!

Sel. 320. L. M.

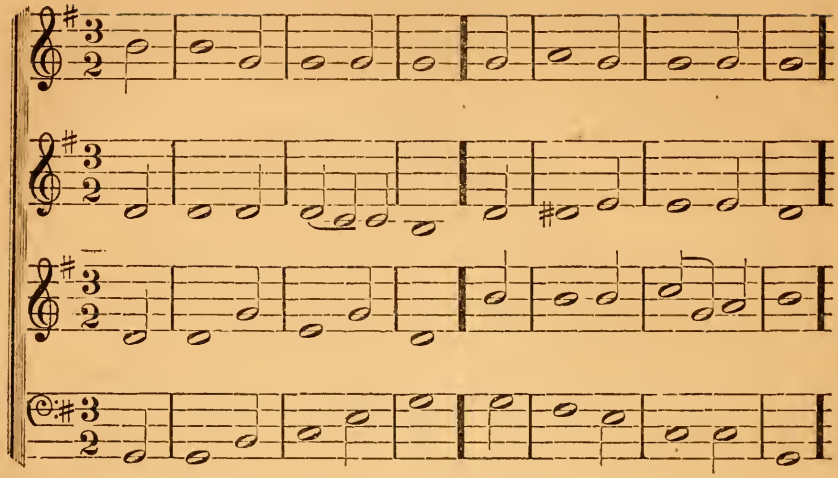
1. WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

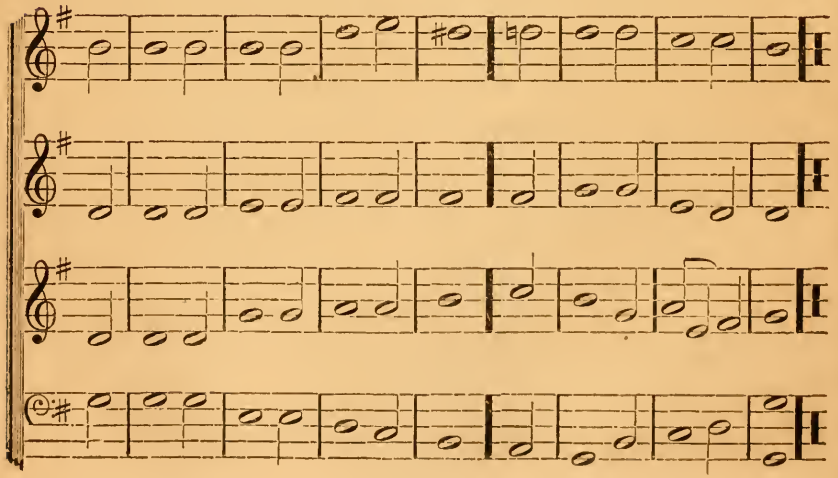
2. Our harps that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

3. How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skillful hands?
Shall hymns of joy, to God our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

4. O Salem! our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget,
The tuneful strings with art to move.

5. If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue,—
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.





Sel. 321. S. M.

1. A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare,
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

3. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Sel. 322. S. M.

1. FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2. No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to life and day.

3. No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

4. Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,—
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.

5. Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

Sel. 323. 7s.

(FOR CHOIR ONLY.)

1. CHILD of man, whose seed below
Must fulfil their race of wo;
Heir of want, and doubt and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain?
O! in thought, one night recall,
The night of grief in Herod's hall;
There I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.

2. Child of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,
Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke, and learn of me.
I, of heaven and earth the Lord,
God with God, the eternal Word,
I forsook my Father's side,
Toiled and wept, and bled and died.

3. Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise?
Wondering, murmuring dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days?
O! if darkness round thee lower,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
My God, my God, dost thou forsake?

4. Child of sin, by guilt oppressed,
Heaves at last thy throbbing breast?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
Fearest thou now thy failing heart?
Bear thee on, beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod:
He the tempter's power hath known,
He hath poured the garden groan.

5. Child of heaven, by me restored,
Love thy Saviour, serve the Lord:
Sealed with that mysterious name,
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame,
Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more;
Partner of my purchased throne,
One in joy, in glory one.

Sel. 324. 7s.

1. CROWNS of glory ever bright,
   Rest upon the Conqueror's head;
   Crowns of glory are his right,—
   His, "who liveth and was dead."

2. He subdued the powers of hell;
   In the fight He stood alone:
   All his foes before Him fell,
   By his single arm o'erthrown.

3. His the battle, his the toil;
   His the honors of the day;
   His the glory and the spoil:
   Jesus bears them all away.

4. Now proclaim his deeds afar;
   Fill the world with his renown:
   His alone the victor's car;
   His the everlasting crown!

Sel. 325. 7s.

1. HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
   In the highest heavens adored,
   Author of all nature's frame,—
   Father, hallowed be thy name.

2. Though estranged from thee in heart,
   Doubtless thou our Father art:
   From thy hand our spirits came:
   Father, hallowed be thy name.

3. Born anew, oh, may we feel
   Filial love, the spirit's seal!
   Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame:
   Father, hallowed be thy name.

4. When in want, or when in wealth,
   Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
   Still our prayer shall be the same:
   Father, hallowed be thy name.

Sel. 326. 7s.

1. DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
   Mercy still reserved for me?
   Can my God his wrath forbear,
   And the chief of sinners spare?

2. I have long withstood his grace;
   Long provoked Him to his face;
   Would not hear his gracious calls;
   Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3. Jesus, answer from above:
   Is not all thy nature love!
   Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
   Lo, I fall before thy feet.

4. Now incline me to repent;
   Let me now my fall lament;
   Deeply my revolt deplore;
   Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Sel. 327. 7s.

1. HEAVENLY Father, sovereign Lord,
   Be thy glorious name adored;
   Lord, thy mercies never fail;
   Hail, celestial goodness, hail.

2. Though unworthy of thine ear,
   Deign our humble songs to hear;
   Purer praise we hope to bring,
   When around thy throne we sing.

3. While on earth ordained to stay,
   Guide our footsteps in thy way,
   Till we come to dwell with thee,
   Till we all thy glory see.

4. Then, with angel-harps again,
   We will wake a nobler strain;
   There, in joyful songs of praise,
   Our triumphant voices raise.

Sel. 328. 7s.

1. HOLY Spirit! Love Divine!
   Let thy light within me shine;
   Breathe thyself into my breast:
   Earnest of immortal rest.

2. Let me never from thee stray,
   Keep me in the narrow way:
   Keep me thine, for ever thine;
   Let thy love and joy be mine.

Sel. 329. 7s.

1. HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good;
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2. Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3. Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Sel. 330. 7s.

1. HARK! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2. Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3. Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.

4. See Jehovah's banner furled;
Sheathed his sword: He speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

5. He shall reign from pole to pole,
With supreme, unbounded sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.

6. Then the end;—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all!

Sel. 331. 7s.

1. WHO are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?—
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain;
New dominion every hour."

2. These through fiery trials trod!—
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

Sel. 332. 8s & 7s.

1. LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Come, and, by thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,—
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes.

2. Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3. Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince!
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Sel. 333. 8s & 7s.

1. COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
2. Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

3. Born, thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
4. By thine own eternal spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Sel. 334. 8s & 7s.

1. SHEPHERDS! hail the wondrous stranger;
Now to Bethle'm speed your way;
Lo! in yonder humble manger,
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day:

2. Christ, by prophets long-predicted,
Joy of Israel's chosen race;
Light to Gentiles long-afflicted,
Lost in error's darkest maze.

3. Bright the star of your salvation,
Pointing to his rude abode!
Rapturous news for every nation:
Mortals! now behold your God!

4. Glad, we trace th' amazing story,
Angels leave their bliss to tell:
Theme sublime, replete with glory:
Sinners saved from death and hell.

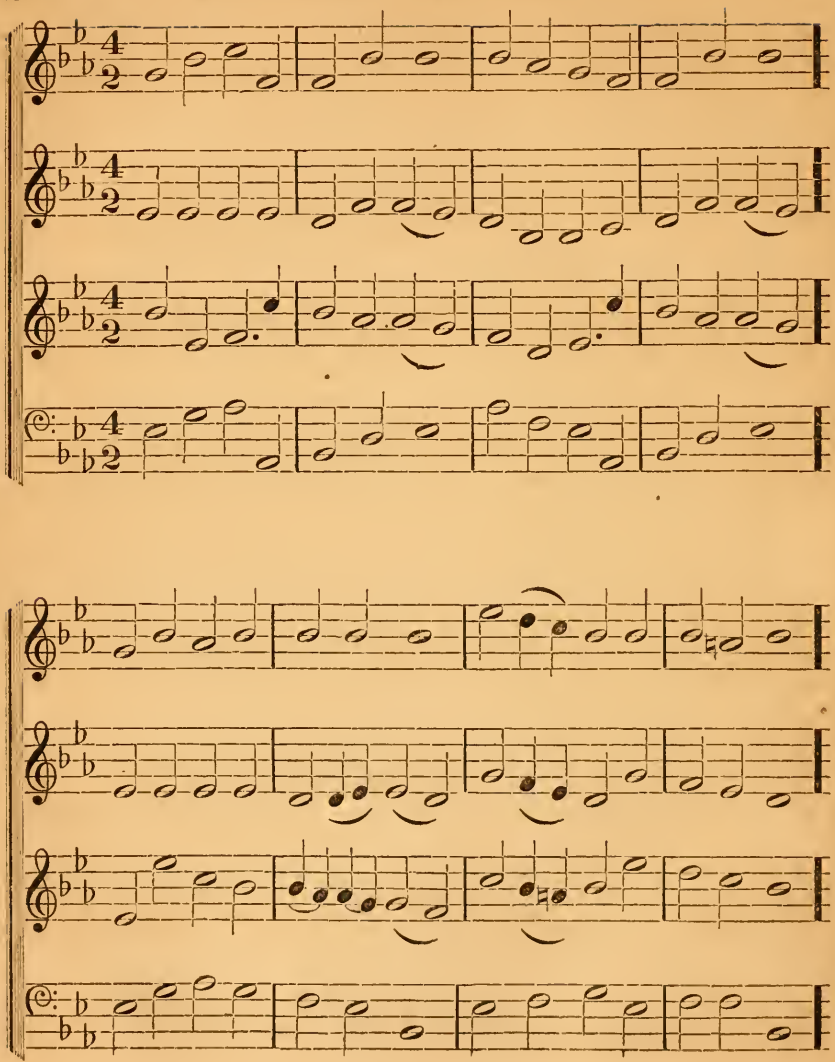
Sel. 335. 8s & 7s.

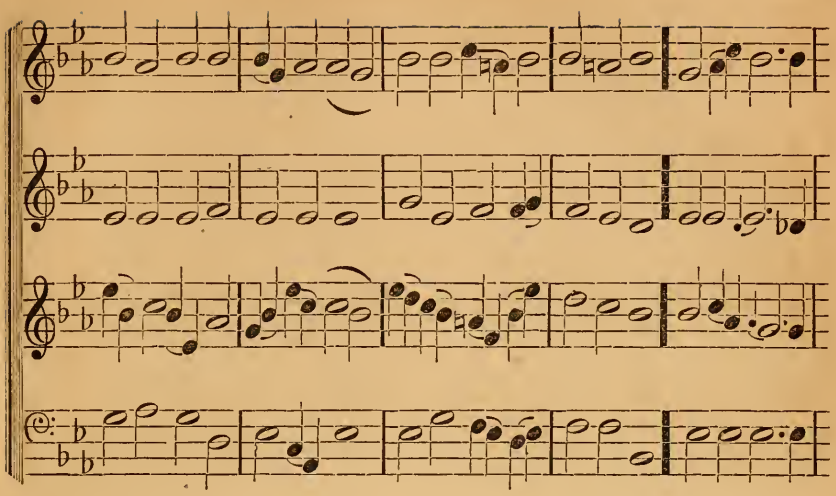
1. GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

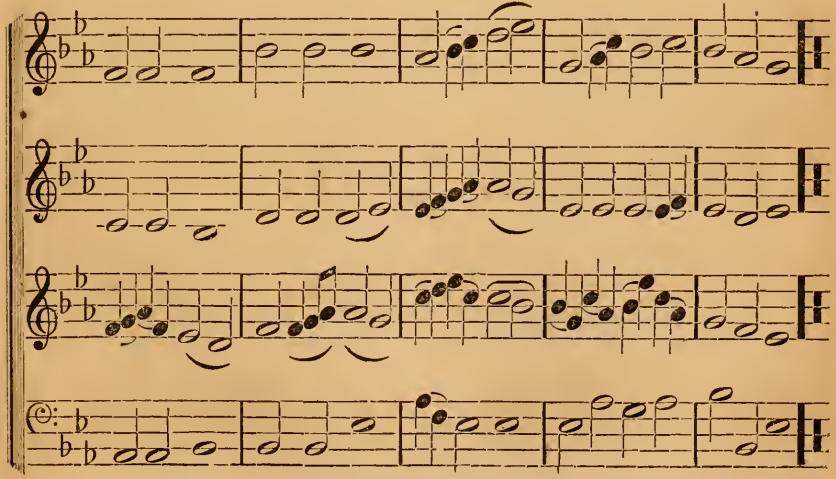
2. Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth.
God is wisdom, God is love.

4. He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.







Sel. 336. 7s.

1. PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O! receive me into rest.

2. Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

3. Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp or power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour;
"Follow me;" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke, by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

Sel. 337. 7s.

1. WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
2. When, in ecstacy sublime,
Tabor's glorious mount I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3. When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth and grace.
4. Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

Sel. 338. 7s.

1. SAVIOUR, when in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th'adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2. By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3. By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer;
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4. By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

Sel. 339. 7s.

1. ALL ye nations, praise the Lord!
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord—forever praise!

2. For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Sel. 340. C. M.

1. O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2. When, with an aching, burdened heart,
I seek relief of thee,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
O Lord, remember me.

3. When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
O Lord, remember me.

4. If, for thy sake, upon my name
Reproach and shame shall be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame;
O Lord, remember me.

5. When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,—
O Lord, remember me.

6. And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

Sel. 341. C. M.

1. COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2. Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3. The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4. To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high,
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

Sel. 342. C. M.

1. LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2. He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

3. Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4. Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Sel. 343. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4. Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God, thy Saviour, will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Sel. 344. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. FAR from us be grief and sadness;
Farther still unhallowed mirth;
Zion's sons may sing with gladness,
Theirs are joys of heavenly birth:
Jesus owns them—
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth.

2. All the worldling's mirth is madness,
All his labor fruitless toil:
'Tis the saints that taste of gladness,
Though the world their choice revile:
Sweet their portion:
Life is in the Saviour's smile.

3. Worlds would seem as nothing to us,
Balanced with a Saviour's love:
Since the Lord in mercy drew us—
Drew our souls to things above,
Earthly objects
Can no longer greatly move.

4. Once the world was all our treasure;
Then the world our hearts possessed;
Now we taste sublimer pleasure,
Since the Lord has made us blest;
We can witness—
Jesus gives his people rest.

Sel. 345. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. COME, thou soul-transforming spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry feed;
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

2. O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word 's designed to give;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

Sel. 346. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion!
What a favored lot is thine!

2. Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3. In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;—
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

Sel. 347. S. M.

1. EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2. When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

3. Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

4. Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

Sel. 348. S. M.

1. YE sons of earth arise,
Ye creatures of a day;
Redeem the time—be bold—be wise,
And cast your bonds away.

2. The year of gospel grace
With us rejoice to see,
And thankfully in Christ embrace
Your proffered liberty.

3. Blest Saviour, Lord of all,
Thee help us to receive;
Obedient to thy gracious call,
O, bid us turn and live.

4. Our former years misspent
Now let us deeply mourn,
And, softened by thy grace, repent,
And to thine arms return.

Sel. 349. S. M.

1. YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.

2. Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3. Watch!—'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4. O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Sel. 350. S. M.

1. THOU art, O Christ, the Way;
Thyself reveal to me;
And let me humbly, day by day,
Live, move, and walk in thee.

2. Thou art the truth divine:
Its fullness may I see;
Believe, and find the promise mine,—
"The Truth shall make you free."

3. Thou art the Life of God;
By thee the dying live:
In me diffuse thyself abroad,
And life eternal give.

4. Thus, by thyself, the Way,
I to the Father come;
Led by the Truth, I can not stray;
The Life and I are one.

Sel. 351. S. M.

1. ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

2. Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
Nearer the crystal sea;

3. Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown;

4. Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5. Jesus! to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

Sel. 352. S. M.

1. THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2. Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3. Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life:
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4. Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour:
O blest Redeemer, come.

Sel. 353. S. M.

1. I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thine hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sel. 354. S. M.

1. FOR all thy saints, O God,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed Him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

2. For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

3. They all, in life and death,
With Him, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

4. For this, thy name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

Sel. 355. 6s & 4s.

1. COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days.

2. Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call.

3. Come thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4. Come, holy comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart.
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

Sel. 356. 6s & 4s.

1. COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love hath done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2. Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3. Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

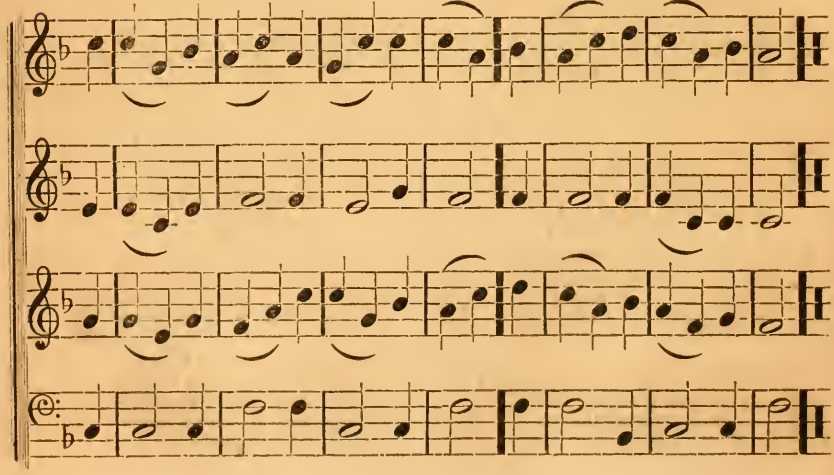
Sel. 357. 6s & 4s.

1. MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
Oh! bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.



Sel. 358. S. M.

1. SOW in the morn thy seed;
   At eve hold not thy hand;
   To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
   Broadcast it o'er the land;—

2. And duly shall appear,
   In verdure, beauty, strength,
   The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
   And the full corn at length.

3. Thou canst not toil in vain;
   Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
   Shall foster and mature the grain
   For garners in the sky.

4. Thence, when the glorious end,
   The day of God, shall come,
   The angel reapers shall descend,
   And heaven cry, "Harvest home!"

Sel. 359. S. M.

1. IF Jesus be my friend,
   And I to Him belong,
   I care not what my foes intend,
   Though fierce they be, and strong.

2. I rest upon the ground
   Of Jesus and his blood;
   For I in Him alone have found
   The true, eternal good.

3. He whispers in my breast
   Sweet words of holy cheer,
   How all who seek in God their rest
   Shall ever find Him near.

4. My heart for gladness springs;
   It can not more be sad;
   For very joy it smiles and sings,—
   Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5. The sun that lights mine eyes,
   Is Christ, the Lord I love;
   I sing for joy of that which lies
   Stored up for me above.

Sel. 360. S. M.

1. MY soul, it is thy God
   Who calls thee by his grace;
   Now loose thee from each cumb'ring load,
   And bend thee to the race.

2. Make thy salvation sure;
   All sloth and slumber shun;
   Nor dare a moment rest secure,
   Till thou the goal hast won.

3. Thy crown of life hold fast;
   Thy heart with courage stay;
   Nor let one trembling glance be cast
   Along the backward way.

4. Thy path ascends the skies,
   With conquering footsteps bright;
   And thou shalt win and wear the prize
   In everlasting light.

Sel. 361. S. M.

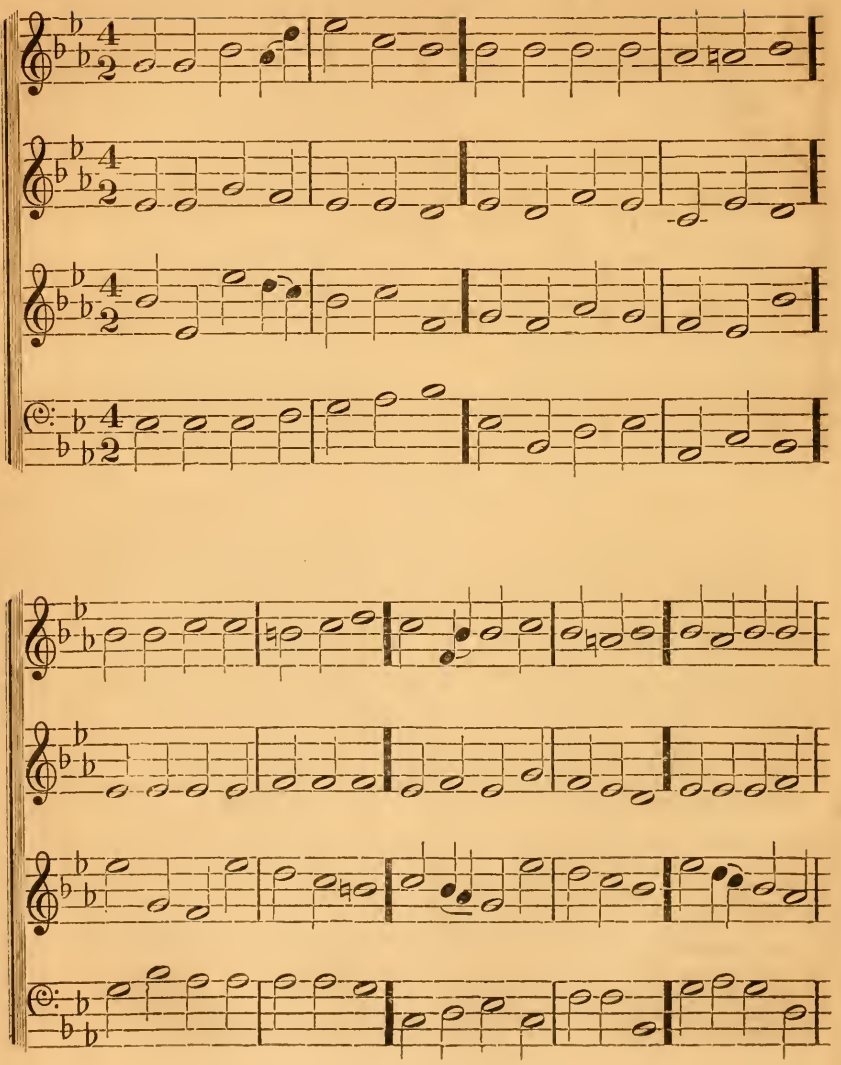
1. COME, ye that fear the Lord,
   And love Him while ye fear;
   Come, and with heart and hand record
   Your vow and covenant here.

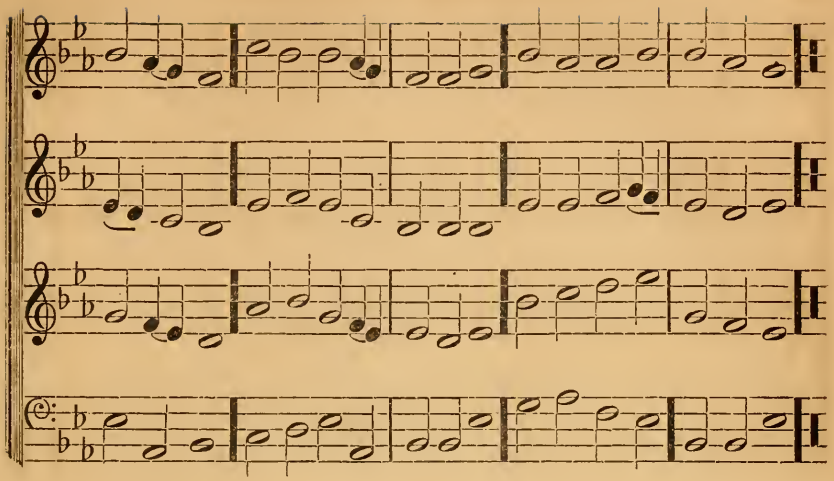
2. Here to his altar brought,
   Your holy vows renew,
   To be, in word, and deed, and thought,
   Faithful to Him and true.

3. And true and faithful He
   To you will ever prove,
   Though hills were swept into the sea,
   And mountains should remove.

4. Then be his law our choice,
   The joy of young and old,
   As sheep that hear their Shepherd's voice,
   And follow to the fold.

5. So shall his staff and rod
   Conduct us and defend:
   God is a covenant-keeping God,
   And loves unto the end.





Sel. 362. 7s.

1. AM I called? and can it be!
Has my Saviour chosen me?
Guilty, wretched as I am,
Has He named my worthless name?
Vilest of the vile am I,
Dare I raise my hopes so high?

2. Am I called? I dare not stay,
May not, must not disobey;
Here, I lay me at thy feet,
Clinging to the mercy seat;
Thine I am, and thine alone,
Lord, with me thy will be done.

3. Am I called? what shall I bring,
As an offering to my King?
Poor and blind, and naked I
Trembling at thy footstool lie;
Nought but sin I call my own,
Nor for sin can sin atone.

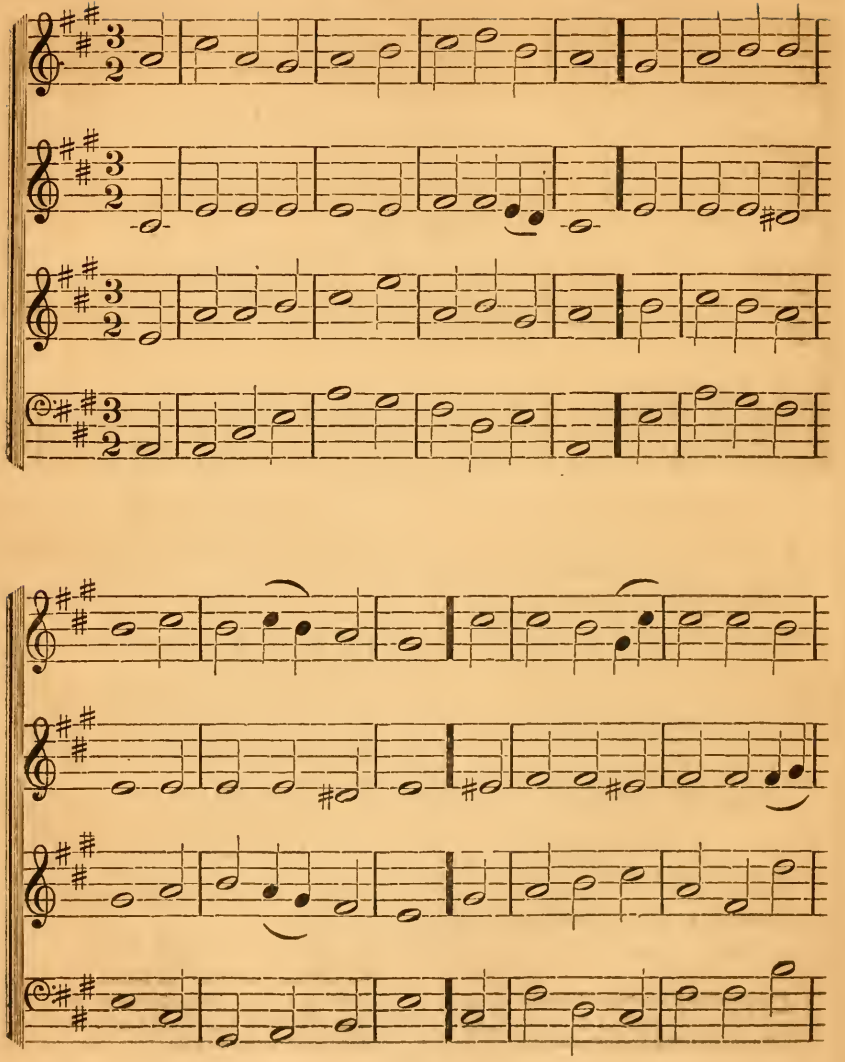
4. Am I called? an heir of God!
Washed, redeemed by precious blood!
Father, lead me in thy hand,
Guide me to that better land,
Where my soul shall be at rest,
Pillowed on my Saviour's breast.

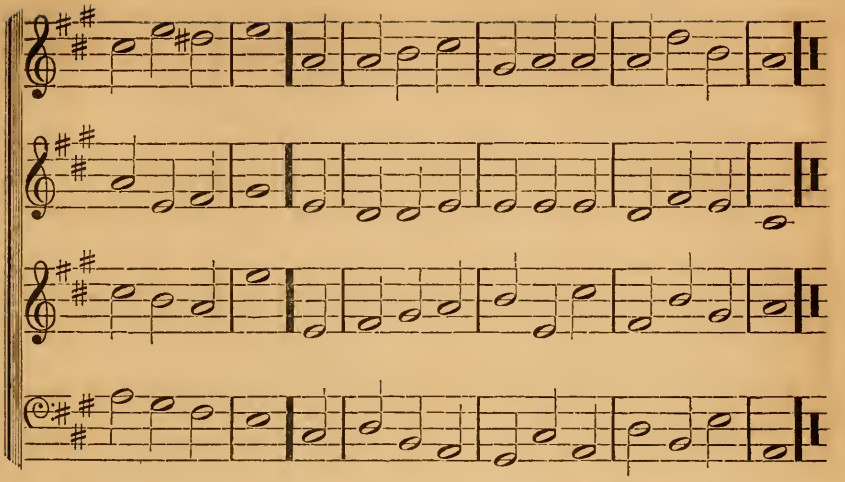
Sel. 363. 7s.

1. SON of God! to thee I cry:
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Hear, oh, hear, my lowly plea:
Manifest thyself to me!

2. Lamb of God! to thee I cry:
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Hear, oh, hear my lowly plea:
Manifest thyself to me!

3. Prince of Life! to thee I cry:
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Hear, oh, hear my fervid plea:
Manifest thyself to me!





Sel. 364. 10s & 11s.

1. OH, worship the King, all-glorious above;
   Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love!
   Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
   Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2. Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
   Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space!
   His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
   And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
   It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
   It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
   And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.

4. Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
   In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
   Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
   Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

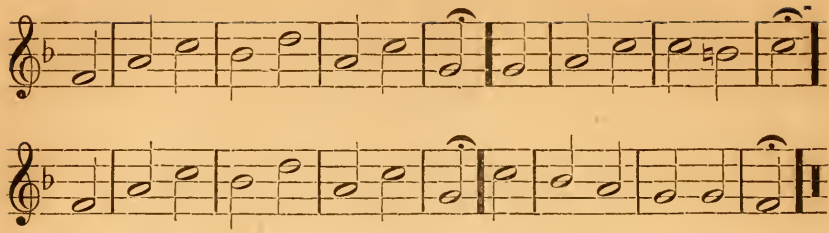
Sel. 365. 10s & 11s.

1. O, PRAISE ye the Lord! prepare your glad voice,
   His praise in the great assembly to sing:
   In their great Creator let all men rejoice,
   And heirs of salvation be glad in their King.

2. Let them his great name devoutly adore;
   In loud-swelling strains his praises express,
   Who graciously opens his bountiful store,
   Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

3. With glory adorned, his people shall sing
   To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
   Their loud acclamations to Him, their great King,
   Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

4. Ye angels above, his glories who 've sung,
   In loftiest notes, now publish his praise:
   We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue— [to your lays.
   Would join in your numbers, and chant



Sel. 366. C. M.

1. SING to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound;
Let all the cheerful nations join
To spread his glory round.

2. Thou city of the Lord, begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The cheerful notes prolong;—

3. Till, 'midst the strains of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all combined, with one accord;
Jehovah's glories raise.

Sel. 367. C. M.

1. SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Sion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2. A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3. The garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4. March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

Sel. 368. C. M.

1. THESE are the crowns that we shall wear,
When all thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

2. These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.

3. That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.

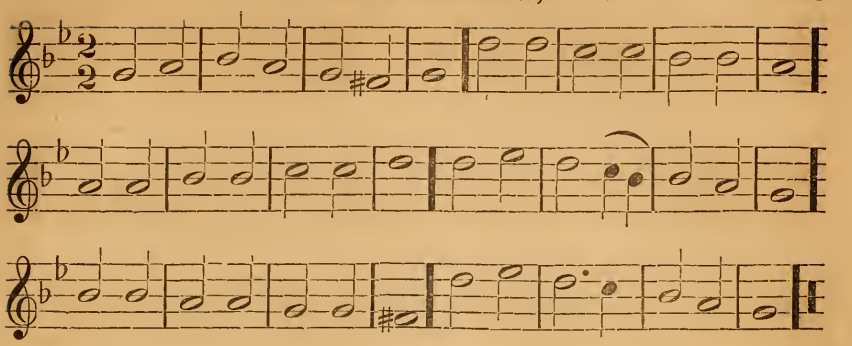
4. Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

5. Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Son of Righteousness!

Sel. 369. C. M.

1. HAVE mercy on us, God Most High!
Have mercy upon me,
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
Most Holy Trinity!

2. Most ancient of all mysteries!
Before thy throne we lie;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most Holy Trinity.



Sel. 370. 7s.

1. HEARTS of stone! relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood!
Sinful soul! what hast thou done?
Crucified God's only Son!

2. Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there;
Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
Pierced him with a bloody spear,
Made his soul a sacrifice,—
While for sinful man he dies.

3. Wilt thou let him bleed in vain,—
Still to death the Lord pursue?
Open all his wounds again—
And the shameful cross renew?
No;—with all my sins I'll part,
Break, Oh! break, my bleeding heart!

Sel. 371. 7s.

1. ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2. Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew,
Now I feel the stormy hour:
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

3. Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive,
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

Sel. 372. 7s.

1. JESUS, hail! thou great I AM!
High and holy is thy name:
Angel-harps resound thy praise;
Saints adore thy living grace;
Every creature bows the knee,
Worshiping thy majesty.

2. Hail, thou everlasting Lord!
"God with us!" incarnate Word!
Glory of thy church thou art,
Life and light of every heart:
Angels, saints, below, above,
Join to praise thy boundless love.

Sel. 373. C. M.

1. O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

2. The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3. But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4. Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.

5. Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray!
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Sel. 374. C. M.

1. O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall,
That bars me from thy love.

2. Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3. No blood of goats nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4. A soul oppressed with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

Sel. 375. C. M.

1. O, FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me:

2. A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak;
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3. A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Holy, and right, and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Sel. 376. C. M.

1. HAPPY the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2. Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold Him dear.

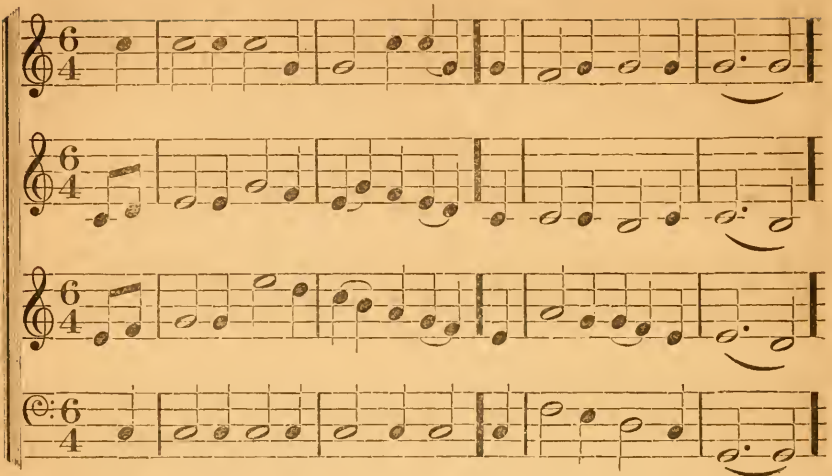
3. Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

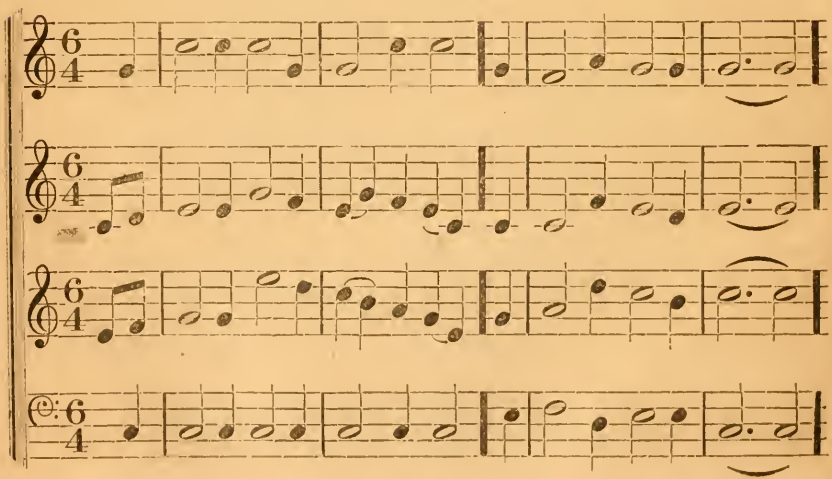
4. Lord! let us in our homes agree,
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

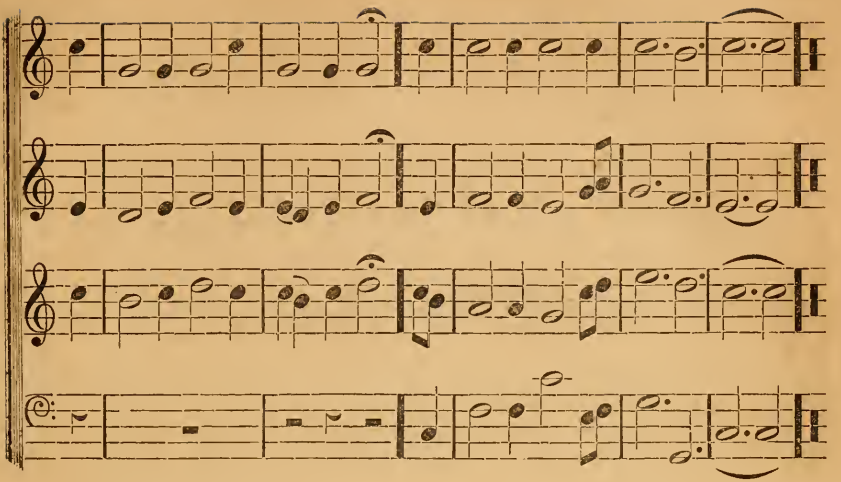
Sel. 377. C. M.

1. OH, praise the Lord! for He is good;
In Him we rest obtain:
His mercy has through ages stood,
And ever shall remain.

2. Let all the people of the Lord
His praises spread around;
Let them his grace and love record,
Who have salvation found.







Sel. 378. 8s, 6s & 8s.

1. HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
O weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

2. Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
"Behold the place—He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

3. Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Our early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Our Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law our hopes were slain,
But now in Christ we live again.

4. How tranquil now the rising day!
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Our unbelieving fears;
O weep no more our comforts slain;
The Lord is risen—He lives again.

5. And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen that once was slain,
We die in Christ to live again.

Sel. 379. L. M.

(FOR CHOIR ONLY.)

1. THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2. When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

3. O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Sel. 380. C. M.

1. LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4. But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5. Oh! may thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Sel. 381. C. M.

1. OH, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is He that spake,
And lepers from their pains are free,
And slaves their fetters break?

2. The lame and palsied freely rise,
With joy the dumb do sing;
And, on the darkened, blinded eyes,
Glad beams of morning spring.

3. Oh, where is He that trod the sea?
Oh, where is he that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead from slumber wake?

4. Here, here art thou, almighty Lord!
Oh, speak to us once more,
And let thy healing, quickening word,
Our ruined souls restore!

Sel. 382. C. M.

1. LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

2. One family, we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:

3. One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4. Some to their everlasting home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5. Oh, that we now might see our Guide!
O, that the word were given!
Come, blessed Lord! the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven.

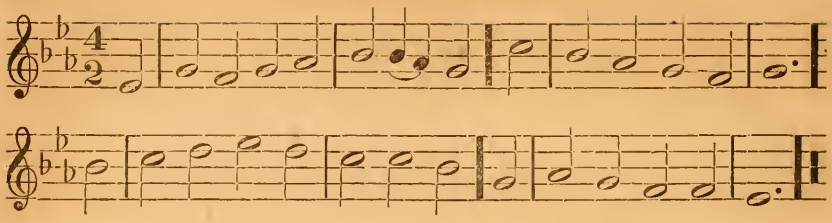
Sel. 383. C. M.

1. COME, shout aloud the father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2. God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3. My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4. Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.



Sel. 384. C. M.

1. DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat as drops of blood ran down,
In agony He prayed.

2. "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfil."

3. Go to the garden, sinner, see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load He bore for thee—
For thee, He lies so low.

4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

Sel. 385. C. M.

1. JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The vail of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine!

2. I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3. Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not Unknown.

4. When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art.

Sel. 386. C. M.

1. I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.

2. And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude,
I recognize my own.

3. I see the scourges tear his back,
I see the piercing crown,
And of that crowd who smite and mock,
I feel that I am one.

4. Around yon cross the throng I see,
Mocking the sufferer's groan;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

5. 'T was I that shed the sacred blood;
I nailed him to the tree;
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery.

6. Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin!
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within!

Sel. 387. S. M.

1. STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2. Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3. Oh! for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

4. God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

Sel. 388. S. M.

1. THE Church has waited long,
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.

2. How long, O Lord our God,
Holy and true and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
Her sighs and tears and blood.

3. Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side.

4. We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.

5. We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

6. Come, Lord! and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.

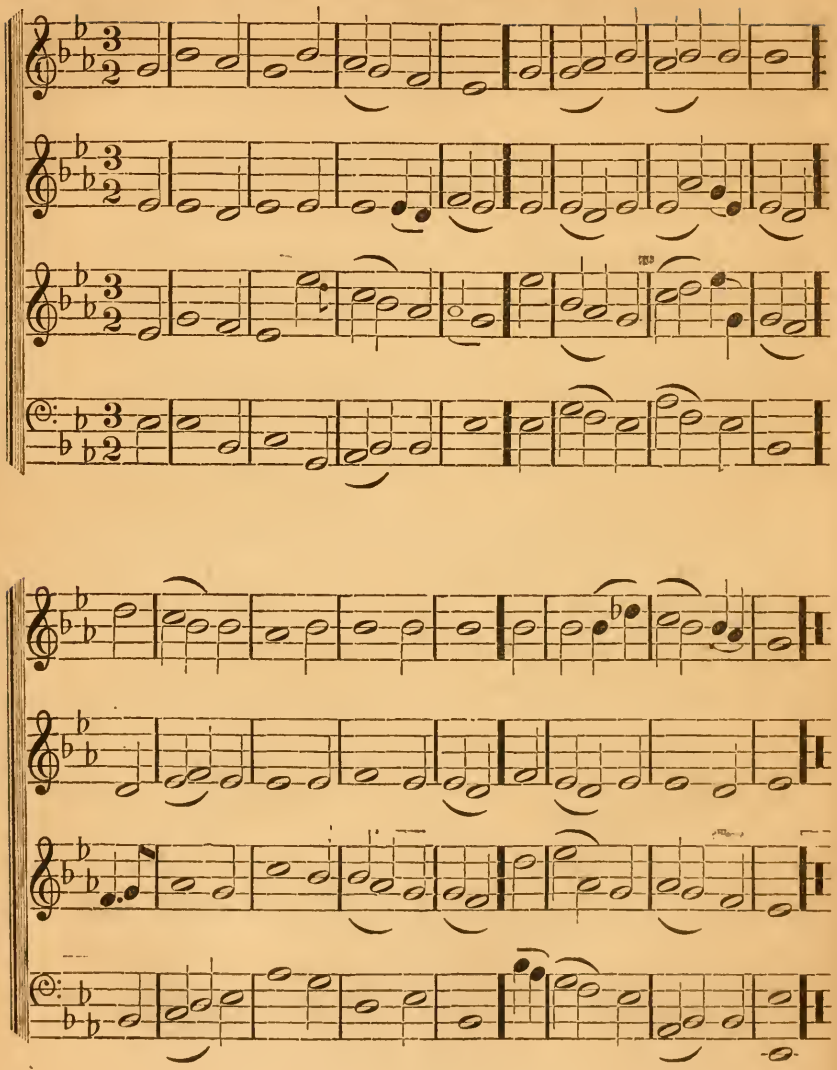
Sel. 389. S. M.

1. COME to the land of peace;
From shadows come away;
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2. Fear hath no dwelling here;
But pure repose and love
Breathe through the bright, celestial air
The spirit of the dove.

3. Come to the bright and blest,
Gathered from every land;
For here thy soul shall find its rest,
Amidst the shining band.

4. In this divine abode
Change leaves no saddening trace;
Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
Thy holy resting-place.



Sel. 390. C. M.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2. Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3. By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

4. And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5. O Thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Sel. 391. C. M.

1. 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2. Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4. The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

Sel. 392. C. M.

1. AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3. Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

Sel. 393. C. M.

1. O ALL ye lands, rejoice in God!
Sing praises to his name;
Let all the earth, with one accord,
His wondrous acts proclaim;

2. And let his faithful servants tell
How, by redeeming love,
Their souls are saved from death and hell,
To share the joys above.

3. Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace
Forbids their feet to slide;
And, as they run the Christian race,
Vouchsafes to be their guide.

4. Oh, then, rejoice, and shout for joy,
Ye ransomed of the Lord!
Be grateful praise your sweet employ,
His presence your reward.

Sel. 394. C. M.

1. I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2. Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor sufferer cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3. O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

4. He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heavenly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.

5. O! love the Lord; ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just:
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

Sel. 395. C. M.

1. BEHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend;
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.

2. For impious foes insult us round;
Oppressive, proud, and vain;
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rights profane.

3. Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy power rejoice;
Thine arm shall bring our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.

4. Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress;
Extend thy truth through every land,
And still thy people bless.

Sel. 396. C. M.

1. THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2. No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To insolence and sin.

3. Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4. Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending augels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

5. "But gather all my saints," He cries,
"That made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with his blood.

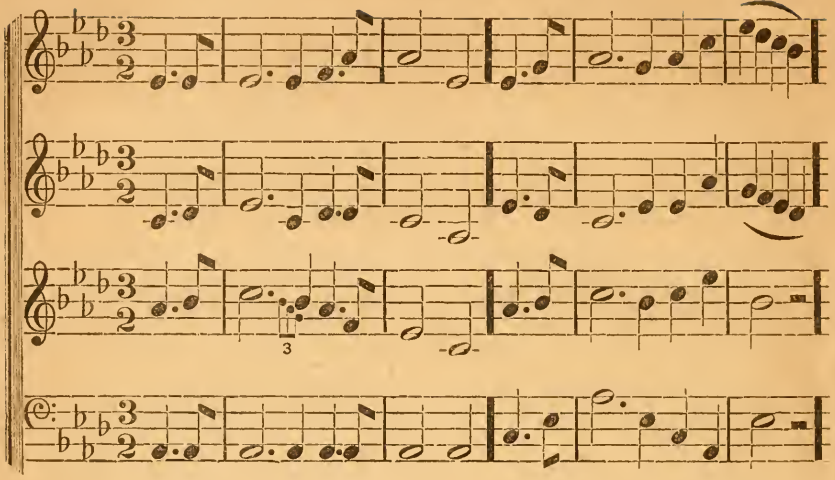
6. "Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess,
My sentence of reward is right,
And heaven adore my grace."

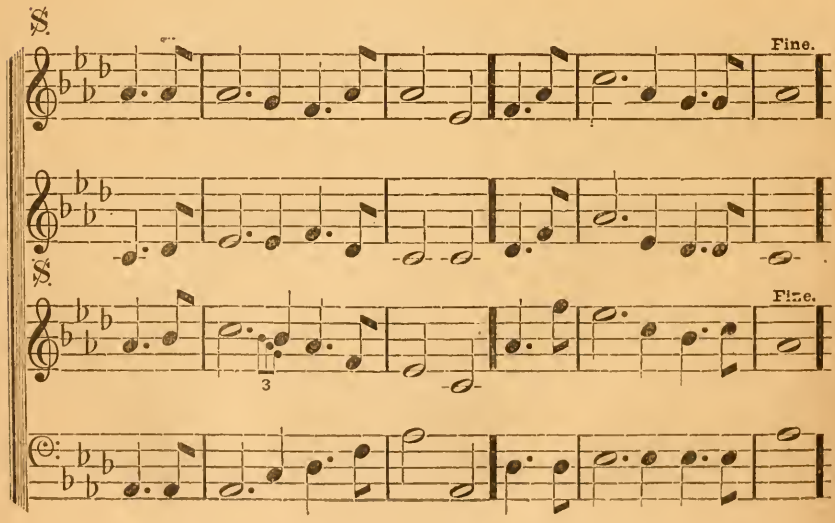
Sel. 397. C. M.

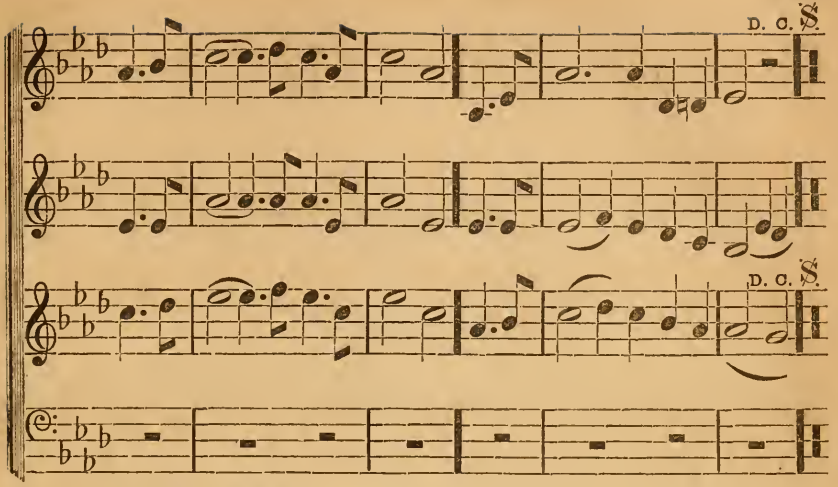
1. HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
"Thrice holy Lord!" the angels cry;
"Thrice holy!" let us sing.

2. With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

3. Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.




Fine.
Fine.



Sel. 398. 8s & 7s.

1. JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain
   Poured thy precious blood for me,
   Wash me in its flowing fountain,
   That my soul may spotless be.

2. I have sinned, but Oh, restore me;
   For unless Thou smile on me,
   Dark is all the world before me,
   Darker yet eternity!

3. In Thy word I hear Thee saying,
   Come and I will give you rest;
   And the gracious call obeying,
   See, I hasten to Thy breast.

4. Grant, Oh grant Thy Spirit's teaching,
   That I may not go astray,
   Till the gate of heaven reaching,
   Earth and sin are passed away.

Sel. 399. 8s & 7s.

1. TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
   For the day is passing by;
   See! the shades of evening gather,
   And the night is drawing nigh.

2. Deeper, deeper, grow the shadows,
   Paler now the glowing west,
   Swift the night of death advances;
   Shall it be the night of rest?

3. Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
   Lord, I cast myself on thee;
   Tarry with me through the darkness;
   While I sleep, still watch by me.

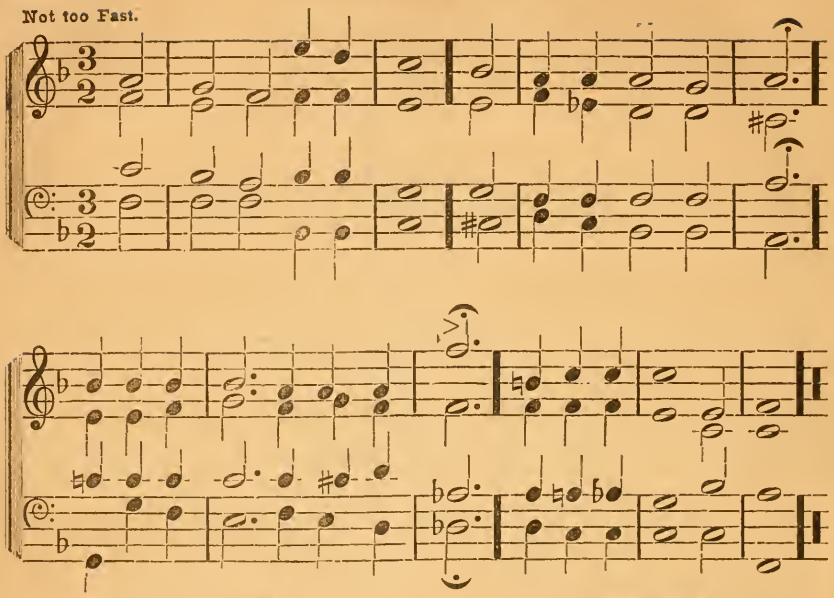
4. Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
   Lay my head upon thy breast;
   Till the morning; then awake me—
   Morning of eternal rest!

Sel. 400. 8s & 7s.

1. PEACE be to this sacred dwelling,
   Peace to every soul therein;
   Peace, of heavenly joy foretelling,
   Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
   Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver;
   Peace to worldly minds unknown;
   Peace divine, that flows for ever
   From its source, the Lord alone!

SELDEN. S. M.

Not too Fast.



Sel. 401. S. M.

1. STILL with thee, O my God,
   I would desire to be;
   By day, by night, at home, abroad,
   I would be still with thee:

2. With thee, when dawn comes in,
   And calls me back to care;
   Each day returning to begin
   With thee, my God, in prayer:

3. With thee, when day is done,
   And evening calms the mind:
   The setting as the rising sun
   With thee my heart would find:

4. With thee, in thee, by faith
   Abiding I would be;
   By day, by night, in life, in death,
   I would be still with thee.

Sel. 402. S. M.

1. REST for the toiling hand,
   Rest for the anxious brow,
   Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
   Rest from all labor now;—

2. Rest for the fevered brain,
   Rest for the throbbing eye;
   Through these parched lips of thine no more
   Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3. Soon shall the trump of God
   Give out the welcome sound,
   That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
   And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4. 'Twas sown in weakness here;
   'Twill then be raised in power:
   That which was sown an earthly seed,
   Shall rise a heavenly flower!

Sel. 403. 12s & 11s.

1. HARK, sinner, while God from on high
doth entreat thee;
And warnings with accents of mercy doth
blend;
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment He
meet thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will
end."

2. How oft of thy danger and guilt He hath
told thee!
How oft still the message of mercy doth
send!
Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to
enfold thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will
end."

3. Despised, rejected, at length he may leave
thee:
What anguish and horror thy bosom will
rend!
Then haste thee, O sinner, while he will
receive thee;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will
end."

4. Ere long, and Jehovah will come in his
power;
Our God will arise, with his foes to
contend:
Haste, haste thee, O sinner; prepare for
that hour;
"The harvest is passing, the summer will
end."

5. The Saviour will call thee in judgment
before Him:
O, bow to his sceptre, and make Him thy
friend;
Now yield Him thy heart, and make haste
to adore Him;
"Thy harvest is passing, thy summer will
end."

Sel. 404. 6s.

1. STRIVE, for the way is straight,
In which the Saviour trod;
And narrow is the gate,
That leadeth up to God.
Cut off the ensnaring hand,
Pluck out the ensnaring eye;
Turn ye at God's command:
Sinners, why will ye die?

2. Strive, for there are but few
Who find the living way;
Children, alas! will you
Still blindly go astray?
Oh, shun the crowded gate,
Though wide it seem, and fair;—
'Twill bring you, soon or late,
To anguish and despair.

3. Strive, ere life's setting sun
Shall sink in thickest gloom:
Strive; night is coming on;
Ye hasten to the tomb.
Ask; mercy shall be given;
Seek, as for hidden gold;
Knock, and the Lord of heaven,
The gates will wide unfold.

Sel. 405. 7s.

1. HASTE, O sinner; now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2. Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3. Haste, O sinner; now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4. Haste, O sinner; now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

Sel. 406. S. M.

1. OUR Captain leads us on;
   He beckons from the skies;
   He reaches out a starry crown,
   And bids us take the prize.

2. "Be faithful unto death,
   Partake my victory,
   And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
   And thou shalt reign with me."

3. 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
   To every soldier saith;
   Eternal life is the reward
   Of all victorious faith.

4. Who conquer in his might
   The victor's meed receive;
   They claim a kingdom in his right,
   Which God will freely give.

Sel. 407. 7s.

1. Bound upon the accursed tree,
   Faint and bleeding, who is he?
   See his eyes, so pale and dim;
   Streaming blood and writhing limb;
   See the flesh with scourges torn;
   See the crown of twisted thorn;
   See the drooping death-dewed brow;
   Son of Man, 'tis thou! tis thou!

2. Bound upon the accursed tree,
   Sad and dying, who is he?
   Hark! his prayer for them that slew,
   "Lord, they know not what they do!"
   Lo, the sun at noon grown pale!
   Rent in twain the temple's veil!
   Trembling nature knows thee now;
   Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3. Bound upon the accursed tree,
   Dread and awful, who was he?
   Though his lifeless corpse was laid
   In a cold, sepulchral bed,
   Soon the Saviour, from the grave,
   Rose, a conqueror strong, to save;
   Bright the crown that decks his brow;
   Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Sel. 408. 7s.

1. SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep,
   Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
   Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
   Jesus waits his light to shed.

2. Wake from sleep, arise from death,
   See the bright and living path;
   Watchful tread that path; be wise,
   Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3. Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
   From this hour redeem thy time;
   Life secure without delay,
   Evil is the mortal day.

4. Be not blind and foolish still;
   Call'd of Jesus, learn his will;
   Jesus calls from death and night,
   Jesus waits to shed his light.

Sel. 409. 7s.

1. BLEST Redeemer! was it so,
   In thy pilgrimage below?
   Could the peopled earth afford
   Home nor shelter to its Lord?
   While the raven found a nest,
   And the fox a cave of rest,
   Where from tempests they might flee,—
   Had thy world no rest for thee?

2. Theme of many a prophet's pen,
   Wert thou homeless among men?
   Thou that from both sin and fear,
   Bought them at a price so dear?
   Thou that spake as man ne'er spake,
   Thou that bade the dead awake,
   Thou that made our bondage free,—
   Saviour, was it so with thee?

3. Well may ransomed sinners take
   Toil and sorrow for thy sake;
   And, like them, the twelve of old,
   Fear no loss of goods or gold;
   Well may we be found content,
   With the portion God has lent,
   Since for wanderers such as we,
   Saviour, it was so with thee!

Sel. 410. 7s & 6s.

1. GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling;
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2. Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition,
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4. Oh, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare:—
The grace our Father gives us,
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou art in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, too, in gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

Sel. 411. 8s & 7s.

1. LORD of Life, all praise excelling
Thou, in glory unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2. As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.

3. Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:

4. When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind:
CHORUS. These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.

5. When thine olive-plants increasing
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again:
CHORUS. These, &c.

6. When thy favor'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.
CHORUS. These, &c.

7. Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8. Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.
Hallelujah, Amen.

Sel. 412. 8s.

1. PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.

2. Come, freely come, by sin opprest,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In Him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word;
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

Sel. 413. 7s & 6s.

1. I'D love to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,—
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand!
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd strike the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

2. I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But, blessed, pure and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight;
And, with ten thousand, thousand,
Praise Him both day and night!

3. I know I'm weak and sinful;
But Jesus will forgive;
For many ransomed sinners
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel,
To bear me to the sky!

4. Oh, then I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand,—
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand!
And there, before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night!

Sel. 414. L. M.

1. LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

2. There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

Sel. 415. S. M.

1. GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2. These temples of his grace—
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3. In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shown
Through all her palaces!

4. Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5. In every new distress
We 'll to his house repair,
We 'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Sel. 416. C. M.

1. OUR country is Immanuel's ground;
We seek that promised soil:
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2. We tread the path our Master trod;
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.

3. Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstacies of love;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

4. We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

Sel. 417. 8s & 7s.

1. MEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!

2. Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee—
Judgment hath in thee no part.

3. Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all-confiding
To thy heavenly Father's will;

4. Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.

5. Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!

Sel. 418. C. M.

1. LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4. Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

Sel. 419. 8s & 6.

1. JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6. Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Sel. 420. 11s.

1. ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2. Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in danger that threatens thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

Sel. 421. 8s, 7s & 4.

1. HEAR, O sinner! Mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'Tis the voice of Mercy calls.

2. Haste, O sinner, to the Saviour;
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away:
Haste to Jesus;
You must perish if you stay.

Sel. 422. 7s.

1. BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2. Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3. He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear:
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near;

Sel. 423. 7s.

1. WAKE the song of jubilee!
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

2. All ye nations! join and sing,
"Christ, of lords and kings, is King!"
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3. Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Sel. 424. 7s.

1. GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2. Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned,
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3. Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4. Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ has risen, He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

Sel. 425. 7s.

1. COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary wanderer, hither come.

2. Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—

4. Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Sel. 426. 8s & 7s.

1. "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Heaven is still with anthems ringing:
Earth takes up the angel's cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High!"

2. Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts His greatness raises,
And our love His gifts excite.
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3. "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy"—blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most High!"

Sel. 427. C. M.

1. COME to the ark, come to the ark;
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.

2. Come to the ark: the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!

3. Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin:
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.

4. Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose;
Come, for the door, which open stood,
Is now about to close.

Sel. 428. 10s & 11s.

1. HAIL the blest morn! see the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descend
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo! for his guard, the bright angels attend.

2. Bright in the East, lo! the son of the morning
Dawns on our darkness, and lends us his aid;
While his pure light, the horizon adorning,
Guides where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3. Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
Low lies his head with beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch and Saviour of all.

4. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

5. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Sel. 429. L. M.

1. WE all, O Lord, have gone astray,
And wandered from thy heavenly way:
The wilds of sin our feet have trod,
Far from the paths of thee, our God.

2. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep!
Our wanderings heal—our footsteps keep:
We seek thy sheltering fold again;
Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain.

3. Teach us to know and love thy way,
And grant to life's remotest day,
By thine unerring guidance led,
Our willing feet thy paths may tread.

Sel. 130. 8s & 7s.

1. SAVIOUR, hast thou fled for ever,
From my tempest-riven breast?
Will thy gracious Spirit never
Come and cheer and make me blest?
Long, dear Lord, in silent sorrow,
I have sighed to taste thy love;
Hoping on some sweet to-morrow,
Thou wouldst all my guilt remove.

2. Peace, my soul, the Saviour hears thee,
He will chase thy fears away;
'Tis his gracious presence cheers thee,
Turning darkness into day.
Precious Saviour, have I found thee;
Wilt thou then my portion be?
Spread thy sheltering arm around me,
Let me lean alone on thee.

3. Through this world, so dark and dreary,
Be my constant friend and guide;
Hungry, thirsty, faint and weary,
Keep me ever near thy side.
Blessed be his name forever,
For his pardoning grace to me;
Sinners, doubt his promise never,
Jesus' love is full and free.

Sel. 131. 8s.

1. HASTE, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest:

2. The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The waters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path; no refuge near:

3. Haste, while a shelter you may gain,—
A covert from the wind and rain,—
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,—
A refuge from the wrath to come:

4. Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life—the mountain gain;
Look not behind; make no delay;
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

Sel. 132. 11s & 10s.

1. DAUGHTER of Sion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2. Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3. Daughter of Sion, the Power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Sion is free.

Sel. 133. L. M.

1. OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2. To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight;
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3. Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4. Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

Sel. 434. 8s. & 6s.

1. GO, watch and pray! thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee.
Death's countless snares beset thy way!
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

2. Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's bright visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust, go watch and pray.

3. Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs, and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er thy tomb:
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

4. Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie:
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go watch and pray.

Sel. 435. 7s.

1. MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she bro't, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone;
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2. But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now He bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

Sel. 436. 7s.

1. PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait:
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—He loves the mourners' tears;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly grace appears.

2. Hark, it is the Saviour's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Owned—by joys the contrite know;
Bought—by love, and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

3. Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains:
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in full belief shall die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

Sel. 437. 7s & 6s.

1. WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2. Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound!

Sel. 438. 7s & 6s.

1. THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And brighter scenes before us,
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly winds are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending,
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

Sel. 439. 11s & 8s.

1. BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
Oh, serve him with gladness and fear:
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

2. The Lord he is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator, and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his scepter we own,—
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3. Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim:
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4. For good is the Lord, ever gracious and good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

Sel. 440. C. L. M.

1. HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony;
The Lord of all above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2. The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power,
So to o'ershadow Him!
That He who gave man's breath, might know
The very depths of human wo.

3. He proved them all; the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gathered round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

4. It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead;
But there was sent Him from on high,
A gift of strength for man to die.

5. And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way?
Through Him—through Him, that path who trod;
Save or we perish, Son of God.

Sel. 441. L. M. D.

1. HE dies, the Friend of sinners dies;
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For Him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood.

4. Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
The risen God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies,
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.

3. Dry up your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
Say—"Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting,
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Sel. 442. 8s & 7s.

1. SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

2. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb
May the morn, in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Sel. 443. 11s.

1. THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

2. He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint;
The weak, and oppressed—He will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God!

3. And to his green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds;
The lambs in his bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers all safe from the snares.

4. Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

Sel. 444. L. M.

1. THY will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Thy will be done!

2. Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer shall make it more divine:—
Thy will be done!

3. Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done!

Sel. 445. 6s.

1. GO up, go up, my heart!
Dwell with thy God above;
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.

2. Go up, go up, my heart!
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds,—
Dwell in a higher sphere.

3. Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to heaven and God;
Take up thy love to Him.

4. Waste not thy precious stores
On pleasure here below:
To God that wealth belongs;
On Him that wealth bestow.

5. Go up, reluctant heart!
Take up thy rest above;
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts;
Ascend, my lingering love!

Sel. 446. L. M.

1. Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2. Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3. Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Sel. 447. L. M.

1. AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

2. True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3. The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4. From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

Sel. 448. 10s, 11 & 12.

1. BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavour;
The rest that remaineth; endureth for ever.

2. Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised faltereth never;
Oh, trust in the love that endureth for ever.

3. Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever;
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise Him for ever.

Sel. 449. 12s & 11s.

1. THOU 'rt gone to the grave, but we will
not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals
before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro'
the gloom.

2. Thou 'rt gone to the grave, we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by
thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless has
died.

3. Thou 'rt gone to the grave, and its mansions
forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered
long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright
on thy waking,
And the song that thou heardst was the
seraphim's song.

4. Thou 'rt gone to the grave, but 'twere
wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian
and guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will
restore thee,
Where death has no sting, since the Saviour
has died.

Sel. 450. 6s.

1. THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

2. I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So I shall walk aright.

3. The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

4. Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

5. Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

6. Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Sel. 451. 7s.

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy fortell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Sel. 452. H. M.

1. GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise a house of prayer!

2. Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own.
Strangers no more, to thee we come,
And find our home, and rest secure.

3. To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father, King, thy covenant grace,
Our souls embrace, thy titles sing.

4. May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir on Zion's hill.

Sel. 453. P. M.

1. I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.

2. There the glory is ever shining!
O, my longing heart, my longing heart, is there;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

3. There 's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!

Sel. 454. 10s & 11s.

1. COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal.

2. Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,
Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot cure.

3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, boundless in love:
Come to the feast prepared; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrows, but heaven can remove.

Sel. 455. 6s & 4s.

1. FAREWELL! we meet no more
On this side heaven!
The parting scene is o'er,
The last sad look is given:

2. Farewell! my soul will weep
While mem'ry lives:
From wounds that sink so deep
No earthly hand relieves:

3. Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies:
From Him I'll never part;
On Him my hope relies:

4. Farewell! and shall we meet
In heav'n above?
And there, in union sweet,
Sing of a Saviour's love?

Sel. 456. 12s.

1. THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of God-head are bow'd.

2. The glory! the glory! around Him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3. The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4. The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

Sel. 457. 11s.

1. THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded to rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppress'd.

2. Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3. In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more.

4. Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow thy steps till I meet thee above;
I seek—by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—thy kingdom of love.

Sel. 458. 6s & 4s.

1. TO-DAY the Saviour calls
Ye wand'rers, home:
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Saviour calls;
O, hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4. The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
O, grieve Him not away:
'Tis mercy's hour.

Sel. 459. 7s.

1. SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See his mighty arm made bare!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For His judgment now prepare,
Thou must either break or bow.

2. At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
Who His coming may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3. Then the great, the rich, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphemed.
Where are now their haughty looks?
O! their horror and despair,
When they see the opened books,
And their dreadful sentence hear!

4. Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.
Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

Sel. 460. 11s.

1. O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2. How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away;
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3. And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

4. Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We'll journey together, and soon be at home.

Sel. 461. 10s.

1. AGAIN returns the day of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, He bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2. Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3. Father of heaven! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till life shall end.

Sel. 462. S. M.

1. LORD, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.

2. Peace to our brethren give;
Fill all our hearts with love;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

3. Through changes, bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.

4. To God, the Only Wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Sel. 463. 7s.

1. PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

2. For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing;

3. Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;

4. All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;

5. These, great God, to thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And, for these, our souls shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise.

Sel. 464. H. M.

1. CHRIST is our corner-stone;
On Him alone we build;
With his true saints alone
The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love our hopes we place,
Of present grace and joys above.

2. O, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3. Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower, on all who pray,
Each holy day thy blessings pour.

4. Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,—
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Sel. 465. 6s & 4s.

1. GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2. For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

Sel. 466. 7s.

1. LORD of hosts to thee we raise
   Here a house of prayer and praise;
   Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
   Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2. Let the living here be fed
   With thy word, the heavenly bread;
   Here, in hope of glory blest,
   May the dead be laid to rest.

3. Here to thee a temple stand,
   While the sea shall gird the land;
   Here reveal thy mercy sure,
   While the sun and moon endure.

4. Hallelujah!—earth and sky
   To the joyful sound reply;
   Hallelujah! hence ascend
   Prayer and praise till time shall end.

Sel. 467. C. M.

1. DO I delight in sorrow's dress
   (Saith He who reigns above);
   The hanging head and rueful look,
   Will they attract my love?

2. Let such as feel oppression's load
   Thy tender pity share;
   And let the helpless, homeless poor,
   Be thy peculiar care.

3. Go, bid the hungry orphan be
   With thy abundance blest;
   Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
   And spread the couch of rest.

4. Let him who pines with piercing cold
   By thee be warmed and clad;
   Be thine the blissful task to make
   The downcast mourner glad.

5. Then, bright as morning shall come forth,
   In peace and joy, thy days;
   And glory from the Lord above
   Shall shine on all thy ways.

Sel. 468. L. M.

1. FATHER of mercies, in thy house,
   We pay our homage and our vows,
   While with a grateful heart we share
   These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2. The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
   In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
   Scattered his gifts on men below,
   And wide his royal bounties flow.

3. Hence sprung th' apostle's honored name,
   Sacred beyond all earthly fame;
   In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
   Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.

4. So shall the bright succession run
   Through latest courses of the sun;
   While unborn churches, by their care,
   Shall rise and flourish, large and fair.

Sel. 469. 6s & 4s.

1. THE God of harvest praise;
   In loud thanksgiving raise
   Hand, heart, and voice!
   The valleys laugh and sing;
   Forests and mountains ring;
   The plains their tribute bring;
   The streams rejoice.

2. Yea, bless his holy name,
   And joyous thanks proclaim
   Through all the earth;
   To glory in your lot
   Is comely; but be not
   God's benefits forgot
   Amid your mirth.

3. The God of harvest praise,
   Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
   With sweet accord;
   From field to garner throng,
   Bearing your sheaves along,
   And in your harvest song,
   Bless ye the Lord.

Sel. 470. 8s & 7s.

1. DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2. Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3. Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4. Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

Sel. 471. 8s & 7s.

1. HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2. Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3. "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and souls forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4. "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5. "Haste, ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy:
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

Sel. 472. L. M.

1. LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of thy face;
And when to happier days we turn,
Those days but teach us how to mourn.

2. The blessing from thy truth withdrawn,
Its quickening, saving influence gone—
Unwarned, unwakened, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

3. In dews unseen, or scanty showers,
Thy Spirit sheds his healing powers;
The thirsty ground is parched beneath,
And all is barrenness and death.

4. Yet still thy name be ever blessed,
On thee our hope shall safely rest;
Thy saints shall yet exult and sing
The matchless glories of their King.

Sel. 473. 7s.

1. HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born!
When, amid the wakeful fold,
Tidings good the angel told.

2. Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness.

3. While resounds the joyful cry,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Gladly we respond, "Amen!"

4. Thus we greet this holy day,
Pouring forth our festive lay;
Thus we tell, with saintly mirth,
Of Immanuel's wondrous birth.

5. We in perfect peace would live,
We to God would glory give;
Lauding, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Sel. 474. L. M.

1. ON thee, O Lord our God, we call,
Before thy throne devoutly fall;
Oh, whither should the helpless fly?
To whom but thee direct their cry?

2. Lord, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh, spare our guilty country, spare
The church thine hand hath planted here!

3. We plead thy grace, indulgent God!
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
We plead thy gracious promises;
And are they unavailing pleas?

4. These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe:
Let them prevail to save us too.

Sel. 475. 7s.

1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! and earth, reply!

2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4. Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

5. Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Sel. 476. L. M.

1. LIKE Israel's host to exile driven,
Across the flood the pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of heaven,
And heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

2. Then, when their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew;
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew:
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her Head.

3. Then let the grateful church, to-day,
Its ancient rite with gladness keep;
And still our fathers' God display
His kindness, though the fathers sleep:
Oh, bless, as thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last!

Sel. 477. H. M.

1. TH' atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed,
And Jesus now is gone
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great High Priest,
And bears their names upon his breast.

2. No temple made with hands
His place of service is;
In heaven itself He stands,
A heavenly priesthood his:
In Him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfilled, and now withdraw.

3. And though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take his waiting people home.

Sel. 478. L. M.

1. 'T IS midnight, and, on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'T is midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2. 'T is midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple, whom He loved,
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3. 'T is midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4. 'T is midnight,—and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Sel. 479. C. M.

1. BRIGHT Source of everlasting love,
To thee our souls we raise;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.

2. Thy mercy gilds the path of life
With every cheering ray,
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.

3. To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
Thy children, Lord, repair;
And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourners there.

4. The widow's heart shall sing for joy;
The orphan shall be fed;
The hungering soul we'll gladly point
To Christ, the living Bread.

5. Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give;
Thus copy Him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

Sel. 480. 8s, 6s 5 & 4.

1. HALLELUJAH, Hallelujah!
Now is the battle done,
Now is the vict'ry won;
Let us joy, and sing
Hallelujah!

2. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Suffering death's cruel doom,
Jesus hath hell o'ercome:
Let us praise, and shout
Hallelujah!

3. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
He rose by his own might
In heavenly love and light:
Let us joy, and sing
Hallelujah!

4. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Closed are the gates below,
Heaven's halls are open now
Let us praise, and shout
Hallelujah!

5. Hallelujah, Hallelujah!
Lord, by thy passion, save
Us from the endless grave:
Let us ever sing
Hallelujah!

Sel. 481. L. M.

1. HARK! how the distant nations sing,
The mountains and the valleys ring;
And while they welcome Jacob's star,
With joy we listen from afar.

2. 'T is Jacob's star that sheds its light
On lands till now involved in night,
And gives the promise of a day,
Whose glories never fade away.

3. For joy of this the people sing,
For joy of this the mountains ring:
The sacred joy, the cheerful sound,
Will spread, ere long, the world around.

Sel. 482. S. M.

1. LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2. We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3. Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4. The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

5. Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6. Spirit of truth, be thou,
In life and death, our guide:
O Spirit of adoption! now
May we be sanctified.

Sel. 483. L. M.

1. Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2. What gifts, what miracles He gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3. Thus arm'd, He sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north;
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the mystery of his cross.

4. These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force thy are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5. Great King of Grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

Sel. 484. 7s.

1. GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live!
Children's prayers He deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

2. Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children! raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3. Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire,—
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4. Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity!
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

Sel. 485. 7s & 6s.

1. TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that 's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb;
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

THE FIGURES REFER TO THE PAGE.

PAGE.

A broken heart, my God, my King,..... 23
According to thy gracious word, ... 71
Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee..225
A few more years shall roll,.....179
Again returns the day of holy rest,.....236
A glory gilds the sacred page, ... 63
Ah! how shall fallen man'.....107
Ah! wretched souls who strive in vain,.. 15
All hail the power of Jesus' name,..... 57
All people that on earth do dwell, ... 9
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?..... 79
All ye nations, praise the Lord, ...188
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound, ..215
Am I a soldier of the cross?..... 49
Am I called? and can it be, ...201
And canst thou, sinner, slight, ...109
And must this body die?.....103
And will the Judge descend? 107
Another six days' work is done,..... 25
Arise, my soul, my joyful powers, ... 39
Arise, O King of Grace, arise, ... 65
Arm of the Lord! awake! awake! 19
At length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain, ..165
Awake, and sing the song,..... 99
Awake, my soul, and with the sun, ... 33
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,..... 35
Awake, my soul, to sound his praise,..... 65
Awake, our souls! away our fears!.....232

Before Jehovah's awful throne,..... 9
Behold a stranger at the door, ... 36
Behold the morning sun, ... 99
Behold the mountain of the Lord, ... 57
Behold thy waiting servant, Lord, ... 74
Behold us, Lord, and let our cry,.....217
Behold what condescending love,..... 85
Behold what wondrous grace,..... 89
Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth, 230
Be thou exalted, O my God, ... 7
Blest are the sons of peace,.....104
Blest are the souls who hear and know, .. 58
Blest be the tie that binds, ... 97
Blest Redeemer! was it so?.....222
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,.....111

PAGE.

Boundless glory, Lord, be thine,.....129
Bound upon the accursed tree, ...222
Bread of heaven, on thee I feed, ...131
Breast the wave, Christian, when it is ...232
Bright source of everlasting love,.....241
Broad is the road that leads to death, ... 23
Brother, hast thou wandered far, ...226
By cool Siloam's shady rill,.....215

Children of the heavenly King, ...127
Child of man, whose seed below,.....179
Christ is our corner-stone,.....237
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,.....240
Come, all ye saints of God, ...197
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part, .. 31
Come, gracious God, descend and dwell,.. 17
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,... 31
Come hither, all ye weary souls,..... 31
Come, Holy Ghost, descend from high,.. 21
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,..... 26
Come, Holy Spirit, come,..... 95
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,..... 45
Come, humble sinner, in whose breast, .. 67
Come, let us join our cheerful songs,.... 82
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes,.....189
Come, let us sing the song of songs, ...159
Come, Lord, and tarry not,.....173
Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart, 77
Come, my soul thy suit prepare,.....129
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,.....226
Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,...211
Come, sound his praise abroad,..... 94
Come, thou almighty King,.....197
Come, thou fount of every blessing,.....145
Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit, ...191
Come, thou long expected Jesus,.....185
Come to the ark, come to the ark,.....227
Come to the land of peace,.....213
Come, we that love the Lord, ... 93
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye 234
Come, ye that fear the Lord,.....199
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,.. 59
Crowns of glory ever bright,.....181

PAGE.
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy 228
Daughter of Zion, from the dust, ... 61
Dark was the night, and cold the ground, 212
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near, 171
Deny thee? what! deny the way, ... 157
Depth of Mercy! can there be, ... 181
Dearest of all the names above, ... 55
Descend from heaven, immortal Dove, ... 19
Did Christ o'er sinners weep, ... 109
Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord, ... 9
Do I delight in sorrow's dress, ... 238
Dread Jehovah! God of nations, ... 239
Drooping souls, no longer mourn, ... 175
Dying souls, fast bound in sin, ... 175

Early, my God, without delay, ... 83
Exalt the Lord our God, ... 193

Far as thy name is known, ... 93
Far down the ages now, ... 179
Far from us be grief and sadness, ... 191
Farewell! we meet no more, ... 234
Father, how wide thy glory shines, ... 169
Father of all, whose love profound, ... 29
Father of mercies, in thy house, ... 238
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss 69
Firm by the earth thy Gospel stands, ... 55
For all thy saints, O God, ... 195
For ever with the Lord, ... 173
Frequent the day of God returns, ... 47
From all that dwell below the skies, ... 9
From every stormy wind that blows, ... 163
From Greenland's icy mountains, ... 140
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise, ... 61
From the cross uplifted high, ... 131

Gently, Lord! O gently lead us, ... 145
Give me the wings of faith to rise, ... 63
Glorious things of thee are spoken, ... 143
Glory to God on high 123
Glory to the Father give, ... 242
Glory to thee, my God, this night, ... 33
God bless our native land, ... 237
God calling yet! shall I not hear? 157
God in his earthly temple lays, ... 15
God is love, his mercy brightens, ... 185
God is the refuge of his saints, ... 20
God! my supporter and my hope, ... 68
PAGE.
God of my life! look gently down, ... 72
Go, labor on; spend and be spent, ... 232
Go up, go up, my heart! 232
Go, when the morning shineth, ... 223
Go, watch and pray! thou canst not tell, 229
Go, worship at Immanuel's feet, ... 161
Grace, 'tis a charming sound, ... 95
Gracious Spirit, love divine, ... 127
Great Father of mankind, ... 234
Great God, attend while Zion sings, ... 16
Great God! how infinite thou art, ... 41
Great God! now condescend, ... 105
Great God, whose universal sway, ... 12
Great is the Lord our God, ... 224
Great was the day, the joy was great, ... 242
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, ... 147

Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine, ... 75
Hail, sovereign love, that first began, ... 37
Hail the blest morn! see the great 227
Hail the night, all hail the morn, ... 239
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! 241
Happy the home, when God is there, ... 207
Hark! how the distant nations sing, ... 241
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord, ... 129
Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes, 76
Hark! the herald angels say, ... 127
Hark! the herald angels sing, ... 128
Hark! the song of jubilee 183
Hark, sinner, while God from on high 221
Hark! what mean those holy voices, ... 239
Haste, O sinner, now be wise, ... 221
Haste, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on, 228
Have mercy on us, God most high 204
Hearts of stone! relent, relent, ... 205
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims 69
Heavenly Father, sovereign Lord, ... 181
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies, ... 231
He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed, ... 230
Here, at thy cross, my gracious Lord, ... 156
Here, at thy cross, incarnate God, ... 31
He reigns! the Lord, the Saviour reigns, 34
High in the heavens, eternal Lord, ... 15
High in yonder realms of light, ... 134
Holy, holy, holy Lord, ... 181
Holy, holy, holy Lord, ... 183
Holy and reverend is the name, ... 217
Holy Spirit! Love Divine! 181

PAGE.
How beauteous are their feet,----------105
How blest the righteous when he dies, --155
How calm and beautiful the morn,------209
How charming is the place,---------- 89
How did my heart rejoice to say,------- 45
How firm a foundation, ye saints,-------151
How glorious is the sacred place, ------- 77
How happy are they, ----------133
How heavy is the night,----------103
How helpless guilty nature lies,---------- 43
How large the promise, how divine,----- 53
How pleasant, how divinely fair,-------- 10
How pleased and blest was I, ----------121
How precious is the book divine, ------- 45
How sweet and awful is the place, ------ 67
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,--- 71

I'd love to be an angel, ----------224
If Jesus be my friend,----------199
I hear thy word with love,---------- 90
I'll bless the Lord from day to day,-----217
I'll speak the honors of my King,------- 50
I lay my sins on Jesus,----------175
I lift my soul to God, ----------102
I love the volume of thy word,---------114
I love thy kingdom, Lord,---------- 91
I love thy kingdom, Lord,----------195
I love to steal awhile away,---------- 53
I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger, ----------234
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,------- 55
In all my vast concerns with thee, ------ 41
In God's own house pronounce his praise, 39
Inscribed upon the cross we see, -------176
I'll praise my Maker with my breath,----115
I saw one hanging on a tree,---------- 79
I see in heaven those mansions bright, --171
I see the crowd in Pilate's hall,---------212
I send the joys of earth away,---------- 27
Is this the kind return,---------- 97
I waited patient for the Lord,---------- 41
I was a wandering sheep,----------173

Jehovah reigns! He dwells in light,-----161
Jerusalem! my happy home! ---------- 59
Jesus, and shall it ever be,---------- 11
Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,---------143
Jesus, hail, thou great I Am,----------205
Jesus, I love thy charming name,------- 51
PAGE.
Jesus, I my cross have taken,----------144
Jesus invites his saints,----------105
Jesus, lover of my soul, ----------138
Jesus, my Saviour, bind me fast,--------- 79
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,------- 8
Jesus, these eyes have never seen,-------212
Jesus, who on Calvary's mountain,-------219
Jesus, whom angel hosts adore, ---------155
Jesus, with all thy saints above, --------- 75
Joy to the world, the Lord is come,------ 59
Just as I am, without one plea,----------225

Let children hear the mighty deeds, ----189
Let saints below in concert sing,---------211
Let sinners take their course, ----------103
Let Zion in her King rejoice, ----------163
Lift up to God the voice of praise,-------225
Light of those whose dreary dwelling,---185
Like Israel's hosts to exile driven, -------240
Like sheep we went astray, ----------101
Long have I sat beneath the sound,------ 47
Lo! on a narrow neck of land, ---------118
Lord, at this closing hour,----------237
Lord, did'st thou die,—but not for me?---156
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,-------147
Lord God, the Holy Ghost, ----------242
Lord, I have made thy word my choice,-- 52
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, ---211
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear, --- 46
Lord, in these dark and dismal days,-----239
Lord of Hosts, how lovely fair, ---------125
Lord of Hosts, to thee we raise,---------238
Lord of Life, all praise excelling,---------223
Lord of the worlds above,----------110
Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, --- 66
Lord, thy glory fills the heavens, --------227
Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand, ------224
Lord, we come before thee now,----------127
Lo! what a glorious sight appears,------- 77
Lord! when thou didst ascend on high,-- 18
Lo! the stone is rolled away, ----------125
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, ---------- 9
Love divine, all love excelling, ----------145

Mary to the Saviour's tomb, ----------229
Meek and lowly, pure and holy, ---------225
Mortals, awake, with angels join, --------169
Must Jesus bear the cross alone,---------168

PAGE.
My days are swiftly gliding by,---171
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, --- 21
My faith looks up to thee,---197
My God! how endless is thy love, --- 11
My God, my life, my love,---100
My God, permit me not to be,--- 27
My God, the spring of all my joys,--- 61
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend, --- 51
My soul, be on thy guard,--- 99
My soul, it is thy God,---199
My soul, repeat his praise,--- 91
My spirit looks to God alone, ---176
My spirit sinks within me, Lord,---177
My times of sorrow and of joy, --- 79

Nature with open volume stands, ---176
No more, my God, I boast no more, --- 17
Not all the blood of beasts,--- 89
Not to condemn the sons of men, --- 29
Not with our mortal eyes,---105
Now begin the heavenly theme, ---125
Now be the Gospel banner,---141
Now let our souls on wings sublime,--- 27
Now to the Lord a noble song,--- 13
Now to the Lord that makes us know,--- 19

O all ye lands, rejoice in God,---215
O blessed souls are they,--- 96
O bless the Lord, my soul,--- 91
O cease, my wandering soul,---107
O could I speak the matchless worth,---116
O'er the realms of pagan darkness, ---147
O for a closer walk with God,--- 67
O for a heart to praise my God, ---207
O for a shout of sacred joy, --- 62
O for a thousand tongues to sing,--- 71
O for the death of these,---109
O God of Bethel! by whose hand,--- 69
O God of mercy, hear my call,---207
Oh, hallowed is the land and blest,---161
O haste, with every gift inspired, --- 28
Oh, do not let the word depart, ---228
O how I love thy holy law, --- 44
O Lord, our heavenly King, --- 98
Once I thought my mountain strong,---205
One sweetly solemn thought,---195
One there is above all others, ---142
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,--- 63

PAGE.
On the mountain tops appearing, ---191
On thee, O Lord our God, we call,---240
O praise the Lord! for he is good ---207
O praise ye the Lord! prepare your glad-203
Our Captain leads us on, ---222
Our country is Immanuel's ground, ---224
O Zion! tune thy voice,---113
O Spirit of the living God,--- 31
O sun of righteousness arise--- 17
O that the Lord would guide my ways, -- 48
O Thou from whom all goodness flows, --189
O Thou in whose presence my soul takes-167
O Thou that hearest the prayer of faith, -117
O Thou that hearest when sinners cry, --164
O Thou that hearest when sinners cry, --177
O Thou who driest the mourner's tear, --207
O Thou, whose tender mercy hears,--- 73
O turn ye, O turn ye, O why will ye die?-236
Out of the depth of long distress, --- 73
Our God, our help in ages past, --- 40
O where are kings and empires now?---169
O where is He that trod the sea,---211
O where shall rest be found, ---107
O worship the King, all-glorious above,--203

Psalms of glory, raiment bright,---135
Peace be to this sacred dwelling, ---219
Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan,223
People of the living God,---188
Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin, ---229
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,--- 54
Praise to God, immortal praise, ---237
Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,--- 38
Praise ye the Lord; all nature join,---165
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name, ---165
Prepare me, gracious God, ---101

Raise your triumphant songs, --- 95
Rest for the toiling hand,---220
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,---139
Rock of ages, cleft for me, ---132

Safely through another week,---131
Salvation is forever nigh,--- 11
Salvation! O the joyful sound, --- 57
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,---231
Saviour, hast thou fled forever,---228
Saviour, visit thy plantation,---147

PAGE.
Saviour, when in dust to thee,----------188
Say, sinner, hath a voice within,--------- 21
"See how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,155
See what a living stone,---------- 93
Shall man, O God, of light and life,-----156
Shepherds! hail the wondrous stranger, -185
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,-------- 22
Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine,------- 39
Sing to the Lord in joyful strains,-------204
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,------- 60
Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord, ---------204
Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord, --------- 57
Sinner, art thou still secure, ----------236
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep, -------222
Sinners, turn, why will ye die?----------136
So let our lips and lives express,--------- 17
Son of God! to thee I cry,----------201
Sovereign of all the worlds on high,------ 49
Sovereign of worlds, display thy power,-- 19
Sovereign Ruler of the skies, ----------124
Sow in the morn thy seed,----------199
Stand up, and bless the Lord,----------213
Still with thee, O my God,----------220
Strive, for the way is straight,----------221
Sweet is the memory of thy grace,------- 49
Sweet is the work, my God, my King,---- 25
Sweet is the work, my God, my King,---155
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, ----143
Sweet was the time when first I felt, ---- 47

Tarry with me, O my Saviour,----------219
The Almighty reigns, exalted high, ------ 13
Th' atoning work is done, ----------240
The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll--235
The church has waited long, ----------213
The day of wrath, that dreadful day,----209
Th' God of harvest praise,----------238
The God Jehovah reigns,---------- 93
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,---- 14
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall-235
The Lord my Shepherd is,---------- 88
The Lord Jehovah reigns, ----------113
The Lord, the Judge, before his throne, -217
The Lord of glory is my light, ---------- 64
The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,-- 41
The morning light is breaking,----------230
The praise of Zion waits for thee, ------176
The promise of my father's love,--------- 69

PAGE.
There is a fountain filled with blood, ---- 84
There is a land of pure delight, --------- 86
The Saviour, O what endless charms,---- 70
These are the crowns that we shall wear, 204
The Spirit, in our hearts,----------195
The voice of free grace cries, escape,----152
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,-- 21
This is the day the Lord hath made, ---- 65
Thou art my portion, O my God, --------- 43
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will -233
Thou art, O Christ, the way,----------193
Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on ---231
Though troubles assail, and dangers-----148
Thou lovely source of true delight, ------ 51
Thou Prince of Glory, slain for me,------157
Through all the changing scenes of life, - 42
Thus God, the eternal Father, spake,----- 29
Thy ways, not mine, O Lord, ----------233
Thy will be done; in devious way,-------231
Time is winging us away,----------242
'Tis by by thy strength the mountains---215
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, ------241
To-day the Saviour calls, ----------235
To God, the only wise,---------- 99
To-morrow, Lord, is thine, ----------109
To spend one sacred day,----------112

Unshaken as the sacred hill, ---------- 43
Unveil thy bosom, sacred tomb,---------- 17
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,---------- 25
Upward I lift mine eyes, ----------113

Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will,-------- 23
Wake the song of jubilee,----------226
Watchman, tell us of the night, ---------233
We all, O Lord, have gone astray, -------227
We bless the prophet of the Lord,-------- 53
Welcome, sweet day of rest,----------101
Welcome to me the darkest night,-------164
What equal honors shall we bring,-------- 13
What sinners value, I resign, ---------- 24
When all thy mercies, O my God, -------- 75
When I can read my title clear, ---------- 53
When Israel, of the Lord beloved,-------161
When I survey the wondrous cross,------ 27
When languor and disease invade,-------- 81
When on Sinai's top I see,----------188
When overwhelmed with grief,----------106

PAGE.
When shall the voice of singing, ----- 229
When Thou my righteous Judge shall--- 119
When we our wearied limbs to rest,----- 177
While life prolongs its precious light,---- 156
While life prolongs its precious light,---- 23
While with ceaseless course the sun, ---- 137
Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power,--- 80
Who are these in bright array, ---------- 183
Why do we mourn departing friends, --- 73
Why will ye waste on trifling cares,----- 30
With all my powers of heart and tongue, 165
With glory clad, with strength arrayed, 159
With my whole heart I've sought thy --- 65
PAGE.
With tearful eyes I look around,-------- 157

Ye nations round the earth rejoice, ----- 8
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, 149
Ye servants of the Lord, ---------- 193
Ye sons of earth arise,---------- 193
Ye that in his courts are found, -------- 130
Ye tribes of Adam join,---------- 111
Ye wretched, hungry, starving race, ---- 47
Your harps, ye trembling saints,-------- 97

Zion stands with hills surrounded, ------ 191

INDEX OF TUNES.

LONG METER. PAGE.

Duke Street, 18
Evening Hymn, 32
Hamburg, 16
Hebron, 24
Hiding-Place, 37
Iosco, 176
Loving-Kindness, 35
Luton, 26
Mendon, 30
Monmouth, 34
Nazareth, 10
Old Hundredth 7, 8
Quito, 36
Rothwell, 28
Uxbridge, 14
Ward, 20
Wells, 12
Windham, 22
Zebah, 177

COMMON METER.

Arlington, 52
Balerma, 60
Baptismal Hymn, 85
Barby 54
Bedford, 216
Benediction, 206
Brattle Street, 80
Burford, 78
Cambridge, 58
Canterbury, 189
China, 72
Christmas, 60
Cross and Crown, 168
Coronation, 56
Cowper, 84
Dedham, 46
Devizes, 82
Dundee, 40
Howard, 74
Jordan, 80
Lanesboro', 83
London, 169
Manchester, 214
Mear, 44
Naomi, 68
Northfield, 76
Ortonville, 70
Peterbo o', 48
Phuvah, 212
St. Ann's, 38
St. Martin's, 64
St. Peter's, 62
Tallis, 42
Tottenham, 210
Warwick, 50
York, 204

SHORT METER.

Badea, 88
Boylston, 90
Dennis, 198
Griswold, 192
Hampton, 194
Kentucky, 102
Lebanon, 172
Lisbon, 98
Little Marlboro' 108
Marshall, 178
Marion, 213
Olmutz, 96
St. Thomas, 92
Shawmut, 106
Selden, 220
Shirland, 104
Silver Street, 94
Watchman, 100

PARTICULAR METERS.

America, 6s & 4s, 122
Amsterdam, 7s & 6s, Irr. 139
Ariel, L. C. M. 116
Autumn, 8s & 7s, Double, 218

PAGE.
When shall the voice of singing, ----- 229
When Thou my righteous Judge shall--- 119
When we our wearied limbs to rest,----- 177
While life prolongs its precious light,---- 156
While life prolongs its precious light,---- 23
While with ceaseless course the sun, ---- 137
Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power,--- 80
Who are these in bright array, ---------- 183
Why do we mourn departing friends, --- 73
Why will ye waste on trifling cares,----- 30
With all my powers of heart and tongue, 165
With glory clad, with strength arrayed, -159
With my whole heart I've sought thy --- 65
PAGE.
With tearful eyes I look around,-------- 157

Ye nations round the earth rejoice, ----- 8
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, 149
Ye servants of the Lord, ---------- 193
Ye sons of earth arise,---------- 193
Ye that in his courts are found, -------- 130
Ye tribes of Adam join,---------- 111
Ye wretched, hungry, starving race, ---- 47
Your harps, ye trembling saints,-------- 97

Zion stands with hills surrounded, ------ 191

INDEX OF TUNES.

LONG METER. PAGE.

Duke Street, 18
Evening Hymn, 32
Hamburg, 16
Hebron, 24
Hiding-Place, 37
Iosco, 176
Loving-Kindness, 35
Luton, 26
Mendon, 30
Monmouth, 34
Nazareth, 10
Old Hundredth 7, 8
Quito, 36
Rothwell, 28
Uxbridge, 14
Ward, 20
Wells, 12
Windham, 22
Zebah, 177

COMMON METER.

Arlington, 52
Balerma, 60
Baptismal Hymn, 85
Barby 54
Bedford, 216
Benediction, 206
Brattle Street, 80
Burford, 78
Cambridge, 58
Canterbury, 189
China, 72
Christmas, 60
Cross and Crown, 168
Coronation, 56
Cowper, 84
Dedham, 46
Devizes, 82
Dundee, 40
Howard, 74
Jordan, 80
Lanesboro', 83
London, 169
Manchester, 214
Mear, 44
Naomi, 68
Northfield, 76
Ortonville, 70
Peterbo o', 48
Phuvah, 212
St. Ann's, 38
St. Martin's, 64
St. Peter's, 62
Tallis, 42
Tottenham, 210
Warwick, 50
York, 204

SHORT METER.

Badea, 88
Boylston, 90
Dennis, 198
Griswold, 192
Hampton, 194
Kentucky, 102
Lebanon, 172
Lisbon, 98
Little Marlboro' 108
Marshall, 178
Marion, 213
Olmutz, 96
St. Thomas, 92
Shawmut, 106
Selden, 220
Shirland, 104
Silver Street, 94
Watchman, 100

PARTICULAR METERS.

America, 6s & 4s, 122
Amsterdam, 7s & 6s, Irr. 139
Ariel, L. C. M. 116
Autumn, 8s & 7s, Double, 218

	PAGE.
Benevento, 7s, D.	136
Mt. Calvary, 7s, 6 lines,	205
Beulah, 7s, D.	134
Bowen,	154
Dalston, S. P. M.	120
Fount, 8s & 7s, D.	144
Ganges, L. C. M.	118
Greenville, 8s, 7s & 4s,	146
Helen, 11s & 8s,	166
Haddam, H. M.	112
Hotham, 7s, Double,	186
Invocation,	156
Italian Hymn, 6s & 4s,	196
Lennox, H. M.	110
Lyons, 10s & 11s,	148
Martyn, 7s, D.	138
St. Michael's, 10s & 11s,	202
Mozart,	162
M'Ilvaine, 7s,	128
Missionary Hymn, 7s & 6s,	140
Nashville, L. P. M.	114
Norwich, 7s,	180
Nuremberg, 7s,	124
Old St. George's,	158
St. Paul's,	160
Playford,	164
Pleyel's Hymn, 7s,	126
Portuguese Hymn, 11s,	150
Rapture, 7s, Double,	182
Rosefield, 7s, 6 l,	130
Rowley, 6s & 9s,	133
Scotland, 12s,	152
Shining Shore, 8s & 7s,	170
Sicilian Hymn, 8s & 7s,	142
Thedora, 7s 6 lines,	200
Toplady, 7s, 6 l,	132
Towne, 8s, 6s & 8s,	208
Trust, 8s 7s,	184
Utica, 7s & 6s,	174
Zion, 8s, 7s & 4,	190